# THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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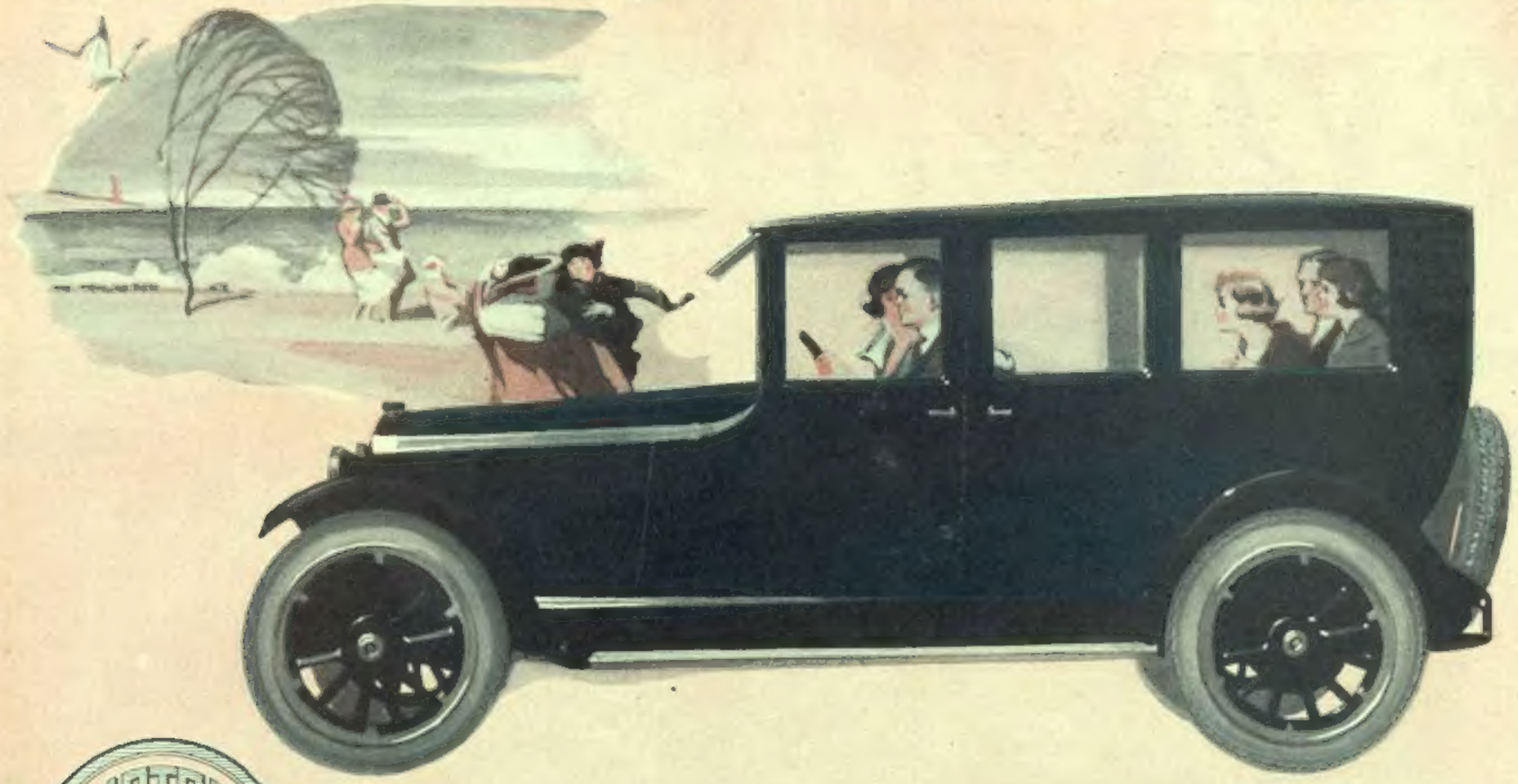

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# MEN OF AFFAIRS

## By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

AT A PAWNSHOP in the Gray's Inn Road, Richard Frencham Altar disposed of the last of his worldly goods—four suits from a tailor in Saville Row, two pairs of shoes in brown and patent by a craftsman of Jermyn Street, some odds and ends of hosiery, a set of dressing-table brushes with black monograms on ivory, and the gold cigarette case Doreen had given him on the day of their engagement. In consideration for which he departed with a sum of twenty-seven pounds sixteen shillings in his trousers pockets. At his rooms in Golden Square he settled his account with the landlady, a luxury that reduced his wealth by a matter of nineteen pounds. Of the eight pounds sixteen shillingsremaining, five guineas were placed on one side for the tobacconist who had supplied him with Gold Flake and the rest transferred to another pocket for the purpose of one final engagement with the habit of high living. After that—well, time would show. It was futile to speculate upon the future. He had the clothes he stood up in, the brain and tissue heaven had provided him with, and a spirit unawed by adversity. Many men have started life with less.

A neighboring clock chimed the hour. Too early to dine; besides, there were things to be done first. From a highly decorated vase that stood upon a particularly restless overmantel he drew a small packet of letters and untied the tape that circled them. They were written in a careless, sprawling hand, with lots of ink and little thought. They were very full of "darlings" and "dearests" and "how much do you love me's." They were very, very rapturous; they were very, very silly. They had made him very happy when first he read them because silliness and sincerity are often partners, but now he knew better; now they made him laugh. Not a very cheerful laugh, perhaps—a little cynical, maybe—but on the whole tolerant and forbearing.

He put a match to the first and lit the others in succession one by one until a charred chain of memories stretched across the tiling of the grate. The last "Doreen" straggled scarlet across a black and twisting page, whitened, grayed and disappeared.

"And I'll grow a beard and forget all about you," said Richard. "And it oughtn't to be very difficult really."

He rose, crossed to the window and looked out.

"If ever I fall in love again—if ever I earn enough for the luxury of falling in love again—it won't be with ——"

But he changed his mind about finishing the sentence, for after all it is folly to speak hard words against pretty little things that make the world very jolly while they last.

Besides, Doreen had her way to make like any other girl, and no one can deny the difference between the son of an exceptionally wealthy and indulgent parent and the same son after the parental wealth has exploded and the parental brain has been drilled with a .45-caliber bullet discharged at a range of two inches from the frontal bone and making a somewhat unsightly exit by way of the parietal.

*"I Wish You Were as Poor as Poor as Poor," She Said, "So I Could Just Love You for Nothing But Yourself"*

James Frencham Altar, father of Richard, did not believe in failure or exposure or public obloquy. His lodestar was success, and when the forward speed of success threw out its selectors and went suddenly into reverse the liquidation of his affairs was conducted by the firm of Colt and was covered in a single report. Thus ended an ambitious career.

Richard had suffered rather heavily under the generosity of his father, whose cherished wish was that his son should be a gentleman and nothing more. Accordingly Richard had been sent to Eton, Oxford, and round the world three times. He had been given a racing stable, an enormous allowance, and was instructed to spend as much as he could and enjoy himself all he knew how. Being a high-spirited and obliging young fellow, Richard did all these things very engagingly, and somehow contrived not to spoil himself. He emerged from the war with a Military Cross, a row of service medals, a brace of foreign decorations and an ambition to do some work. His father, who appeared to applaud the ambition, actually discouraged it with specious argument and an introduction to Doreen—who did the rest.

Doreen, of course, was a perfect darling. She always bit her lower lip and she held her arms tight to her sides like a child who has been naughty. There was no possible excuse to refrain from hugging Doreen. One just had to and damn the consequences. Doreen would cry after being kissed, and would continue crying until again kissed into an even frame of mind. Lots of people kissed Doreen because they could not help themselves, and she forgave them all on that account. There never was such a darling. Richard Frencham Altar, fresh from the wars, simply wanted to eat her, and, seeing that he was a handsome young fellow with a pleasant golden aura, Doreen arrayed herself in her most eatable frocks and devourable smiles, and just let him.

"Oh, Dicks," she cried, soon after their engagement—Dicks being the name she called him, for Doreens all the world over adore plurals and attaching *s*'s to names because it makes them so snaky—"oh, Dicks, there's only one teeny-weeny thing I wish."

"What's that?" he said.

"I wish you were as poor as poor as poor, so I could just love you for nothing but yourself."

It was very pleasant hearing, but when a year later he went to her and confided that he was as poor as poor as poor it transpired she had only said it for something to say, and infinitely preferred young men who were as rich as rich as rich.

Discoveries like that are a little apt to revolutionize a man's ideals, even if they fail to destroy them altogether.

Richard kept his views to himself. He kissed the tearful Doreen for the last time, and she waved a tiny Georgette kerchief from the window as he passed down the street and out of her life. He had not a great deal of leisure to consider the extent of his loss. The proceedings of the coroner's court and the importunities of creditors occupied his days very fully. The chaos of his father's affairs and the winding up of his own provided ample entertainment. The net result was a settlement of something less than a farthing in the pound and the retirement into oblivion of one of the most able spendthrifts of the twentieth century.

He had spent a couple of months looking for work, but the name Frencham Altar, coupled with his complete inability to point to a single marketable asset other than courage and a smiling disposition, conspired together to harden the hearts of employers. Old friends denied him interviews, business acquaintances bowed him from their doors, and the casual advertiser forbore replying to his inquiries. Of course if he had been a little less honest he might very easily have cleaned up a quiet thousand or two from the wreckage of the estate. His solicitor had demonstrated the absurdity of quixotism in such affairs, but whatever other reproach might be laid to his account Richard was no opportunist and lacked the parental liking for feathering his own nest at the expense of his fellows. Wherefore the whole of his worldly resources, if we except the courage and the smile, went into the whirlpool and was swallowed up.

Richard let the curtain fall across the window and crossed to the mantelpiece, where he touched the bell. It occurred to him that there was a certain luxury in ringing bells; it was one of many comforts of civilization that would pass out of his reach. No one answered the bell, so he rang it again and was quite dispirited to hear footsteps ascending the stairs. If his connection with bells was to cease it would have been pleasant to have rung it a few more times. It is an awful thing to contemplate that you have rung a bell for the last time. One can get very sentimental over a thing like that. Dear jolly old bells, what an influence they have upon life! How bravely they whir at the arrival of a dear expected, how madly they riot to the tune Wedding, how sadly they toll when the last of us is borne away!

Mrs. Walton, the landlady, came into the room and said "Yes."

"I am going now," said Richard.

"We shall be sorry to lose you."

"And I to go. Many thanks, Mrs. Walton."

"And what is your destination, sir?"

"I have my eye on a bench facing Green Park," he replied. "It is a favorite locality for the impecunious philosopher. In other words I don't know where I'm going, but I have a pretty solid conviction that one of these days I shall get there. There are two empty trunks in my bedroom which I should be glad if you would accept."

Mrs. Walton shook her head.

"You could raise a bit of money on them," she suggested.

"Maybe," said Richard, "but I don't want to. There are only two kinds of money that are any use—regular money or lots of money; a little money is no good to anyone, and is better spent. By midnight to-night I hope to find myself with none at all."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton.

"That," replied Richard, "is precisely what I am relying upon. And I could not wish to start on my adventures under a happier ensign. Good-by."

And to the amazement of the lady he kissed her very soundly and clattered down the stairs.

At the tobacconist's he settled the last of his small accounts, purchased a hundred cigarettes and hailed a taxi.

"The Berkeley Grill Room," he said.

They were a little surprised at the informality of his attire, but there is something in the bearing of a restaurant habitué that would procure him the best the establishment can afford even though he appeared in a bathing suit.

"Stick me in a corner somewhere," he said; "I have no evening clothes."

"Monsieur has not had time to dress."

"I repeat, I have no evening clothes; on the other hand I've a deuce of a good appetite. A brandy cocktail and the book of words, please."

They were supplied.

Richard ordered his dinner with a reckless disregard for expenditure, and a nice choice of wine and dishes which earned the appreciation of those who waited upon him. He finished with a Villa Villa and a double Napoleon and sat back with folded arms, a pleasant smile and eyes that drowsed comfortably over the agreeable quiet of the café.

*"If Ever I Fall in Love Again—If Ever I Earn Enough for the Luxury of Falling in Love Again"*

It caused him something of an effort to ask for his bill, dispose of it with the last of his notes, tip the waiter and rise to his feet. As he was approaching the swing doors that led to the little hexagonal foyer a man at a table near by raised a pair of keen black eyes, glanced at him quickly, smiled and nodded. The man's face was unfamiliar, but Richard returned the nod casually and passed out. The man half rose, then changed his mind and sat down again. He was a tall man with black hair threaded with white. His face was large-featured but clear-cut, with high cheek bones, a Roman nose, a straight firm mouth and Wellingtonian side whiskers, his age forty or a little more. His companion put a question, but the man shook his head.

"I fancy I made a mistake," he said.

Richard tipped the porter with the last coins in his pocket, a shilling and five coppers, turned slowly down Berkeley Street and crossed Piccadilly. He passed the Ritz, of pleasant memory, and entered into the sleeping apartment of London's destitute—the single bench on the slope that faces Green Park, gratuitously provided by the generosity of the city of Westminster.

There was a constable by the cabman's shelter, and him Richard addressed.

"A fine night, bobby," he said.

The constable agreed that this was so. He did not resent having been addressed as bobby. There was no offense in it and Richard belonged to that class of individual with whom familiarity is a cloak for courtesy.

"Taking a stroll, sir?" he asked.

Richard produced his hundred Gold Flake and bade the officer fill his helmet.

"Better help me out with a few or I shall be smoking all night," he said.

"In trouble, sir?"

"Broke," said Richard, "and I want your advice. I've had the devil of a good dinner with the last of my fortune and I'm looking for words of wisdom. In the first place, how about that bench?"

"The Rowton is better."

"Won't run to it."

"Not to be recommended, p'raps, but it's free to all," said the constable, nodding at the green seat, which was already filling up for the night, with bundles of rags, voluminous overcoats and thin, shiny blue serges buttoned at the neck.

"I don't want to steal a march on the regular custom," observed Richard.

"It's first-come hereabouts, but you'd better not leave it too late. Anyway you'll get a shake-up when the four-o'clock patrol comes on."

"How's that?"

"Always give 'em a shake-up at four o'clock. Don't make many odds. You just get up and sit down again. Takes the cold out of your bones if it does nothing else."

"I suppose," said Richard, "I couldn't doss down on that board that's perched on the two iron standards up toward Hyde Park Corner. It has a single-room touch that I rather fancy."

The constable shook his head.

"I couldn't let you," he said, "though there's no particular harm in it."

"Then what's it for, anyway?"

"Don't rightly know. They do say it was for the garden carriers to rest their packs on when they was coming up to market from the outlying farms. And again I been told that they laid the corpses on it what was being carried to the plague pits when there was one of these 'ere epidemics in London. Long while back, that 'ud be."

"H'm," said Richard; "cheery sort of memory. Well, I'll take a chance with the rest. Good night. Oh, by the way, how's one manage about getting a wash in the mornings?"

"You goes without."

"Well, there's a damn thing," said Richard, and departed with a nod.

There was an empty place on the bench, but Richard hesitated long before occupying it. Although no more than a single step, it seemed a tremendous distance from the pavement to the seat. A happy memory of a similar sensation helped him to take the plunge; it was the trembling nervousness he had felt on the first day of his commission, when he stood in an agony of suspense outside the anteroom of the officers' mess and tried to summon up courage to enter. A dark shambling figure approaching the spot decided him, and having accomplished the feat it was only to find experience repeating itself. No one took any notice. The sleepers to right and left edged away a trifle to give him room, and continued with their breathy, muttering sleep.

Richard Frencham Altar lit a cigarette and buried his hands in his pockets, and with the whole future before him to contemplate and with every vital problem that a man may be called upon to face, he said to himself, "Now I wonder who that johnny was who nodded to me at the Berkeley."

He was still wondering, for want of something better to do, when an hour later his friend the constable passed slowly by and looked him over critically. An official report of his observation would have read as follows:

Height, about five feet nine. Age, thirty-odd. Hair, dark with a disposition to wave. Eyes, brown, merry and set wide apart. Well-marked brows. Nose of medium length and slightly crooked to the left. Short upper lip. Firm mouth with an upward twist at the corners. A strong square chin. A habit of holding the head slightly at an angle. Quick way of speaking and walks with a springy step. Stands with one hand on his left hip.

"Doing all right?" asked the constable.

"Fine," said Richard.

## II

AS THE taxi turned into the station yard from the Euston Road, Anthony Barraclough unobtrusively opened the offside door and dropped into the street. A pantechnicon concealed the maneuver from the traffic that followed. His taxi driver was blissfully unaware of his departure. It would seem a mean thing to have done, but Barraclough had pinned a Bradbury to the vacated seat as a tacit apology.

On landing in the street he wasted no time, and nipped very neatly into the open back of the pantechnicon. Here he concealed himself until a stream of a dozen taxis had passed by, and in the pleasant straw-smelling shadows Anthony Barraclough grew a beard in precisely half a minute by the clock, and a mustache in even less time. It was a nice beard and a nice mustache, but even so it did not improve his appearance. He was much better-looking without. If you doubt the statement, here is an official report of his looks and bearing, by means of which you may judge for yourself:

Height, about five feet nine. Age, thirty-four. Hair, dark with a disposition to wave. Eyes, brown and set wide apart. Well-marked brows. Nose of medium length and slightly crooked to the left. Short upper lip. Firm mouth with an upward twist at the corners. A strong square chin. A habit of holding the head slightly at an

angle. Quick way of speaking. Walks with a springy step. Stands with one hand on his left hip.

Compare this description with one printed in the foregoing chapter and a certain peculiar resemblance may suggest itself. The absence of the word "merry" as applied to the eyes of the latter must not be mistaken for a careless omission, but rather accepted as a piece of keen observation in physiognomy. These things are very important.

Having pressed his cheeks until the beard wax warmed and adhered, Anthony Barraclough threw a leg over the tailboard and alighted on the pavement. Scarcely a soul bothered to glance his way. At a smart walk he made for the tube station, bought a ticket at the twopenny machine and entered the lift. In the passages below he made a detour, entered an ascending lift and reappeared in the street. A bus was passing in which he traveled for a few hundred yards. Then he got out and hailed a taxi, and two minutes later was at the booking office of St. Pancras Station.

As he was reaching for his note case a man in the queue behind him observed vaguely, as though addressing the air: "Pity to waste the money, Mr. Barraclough. Much better go home and be reasonable."

He returned the note case to his pocket and stepped out of the queue. A sudden inflammation of anger surged to his cheeks, and his brows came down hard and straight.

The individual who had spoken was apparently absorbed in a copy of Answers.

"It is annoying, isn't it?" he remarked sweetly.

And Barraclough did a very stupid thing. He measured the distance speculatively between his own fist and the man's jaw, and uppercut to the point as neatly as you could please. It happened so quickly that the onlookers thought the man had fallen from sickness. Barraclough was gone when they helped him to his feet. He was in a taxi speeding out of the yard.

"Drive north as fast as you can go!" he had shouted.

A loafer standing by the station gates, who had witnessed his hurried entry into the cab, lounged in front as it was passing out. The driver swore and slammed on his brakes, but the loafer took his own time and chances. The speed of the taxi fell to a walking pace. The loafer caught the canopy stay with his right hand and slung his knee to the projecting end of the rear wing. From there he mounted to the roof of the cab, keeping his legs clear of the side windows. It was quite a dexterous performance, and after all, what was against it? The fare for two is the same as for one, and the poor must travel. So hugging his knees and smiling he sat on the battens of the luggage rack and congratulated himself, while within, Anthony Barraclough was tapping with his foot and feeling very angry indeed.

And if you are interested to know why, here is the reason: The little affair that occurred at St. Pancras booking office was a repetition of seven similar incidents within the last twelve hours. By seven different routes he had endeavored to get out of London, and in every instance had been headed back. It had started with the affair on the Croydon train and the woman who fainted in his arms. Then there was the car on the Portsmouth road that had been crashed into by another at the top of Kingston Hill. Victoria, Charing Cross, Waterloo and Liverpool Street. It seemed to make no difference at all where he tried, the result was always the same.

The little contretemps at Rotherhithe when he tried to board a tug was a sufficiently unpleasant experience for one day. A man gets out of the habit of being shot over after two years of peace, and the memory of the little chips of flying woodwork flicked from the bows of the dinghy as he had pulled out into the river was distinctly discouraging. Whoever fired the shots had a pretty knack with a rifle. It was the whir of a bullet just over his head that persuaded him to put back to port. After that the firing ceased. As he dragged the almost foundering dinghy to the mud a fast motor launch went scurrying downstream with a man on deck who shouted "Go home."

But Anthony was not the type to turn back. Opposition sterned his resolve. Besides, he had a pretty sure conviction that they did not mean to kill him. Very much the reverse. Were he dying of a sickness he felt certain they would dispatch to his bedside the finest physicians of the land. The problem was how to escape their unwelcome attentions, and so far it had proved a problem without solution.

They were speeding along the Caledonian Road when the driver leaned out to ask where he should drive. The man on the top of the cab caught the answer "Hendon Aërodrome," and smiled, because he admired a tryer.

"Better wait till we get to a quieter part," he reflected.

The taxi proceeded until the houses of Golders Green ran out into fields near the Welsh Harp. Then very cautiously he spread out at full length and reached for the knee joint of the hood stay. The one on the right broke easily but the left was stiffer and bit his finger as the joint gave. It only remained to loosen the little clip hooks securing the hood frame to the permanent structure. There was room for a knife blade where the frames united and the slips slipped back easily. Holding the hood in position with his left hand the adventurous passenger produced a neat automatic with his right. Then he gave the hood a shove and presented the pistol at Barraclough's head. And since it is not a common occurrence for the tops to fly off cabs and reveal armed desperadoes, no one will blame Barraclough for the views he expressed upon the subject.

"Keep sweet," said the loafer in a very agreeable tone of voice when Barraclough had exhausted his first inspiration. "And if you'll keep your hands in your lap I'll come and sit beside you."

Never for an instant while this agile individual transferred himself from the roof of the cab to the interior did the caressing muzzle of the pistol waver from its mark.

"Sorry to be a nuisance," he observed as he settled himself beside Barraclough, "but I'm afraid you'll have to tell this joker to turn back. Golders Green tube station will do nicely."

And while Barraclough was leaning forward to obey instructions he very neatly removed a revolver from his unhappy victim's pocket.

"Just to be on the safe side," he remarked as he transferred it to his own. "You'll be getting a bit peevish, maybe, and might lose your sense of proportion after such a busy day."

"Tell me this," said Barraclough. "How many of you are there in this?"

"My dear chap, I don't know. Hundreds, I expect."

"H'm!" said Barraclough. "Well, I'm going home to bed."

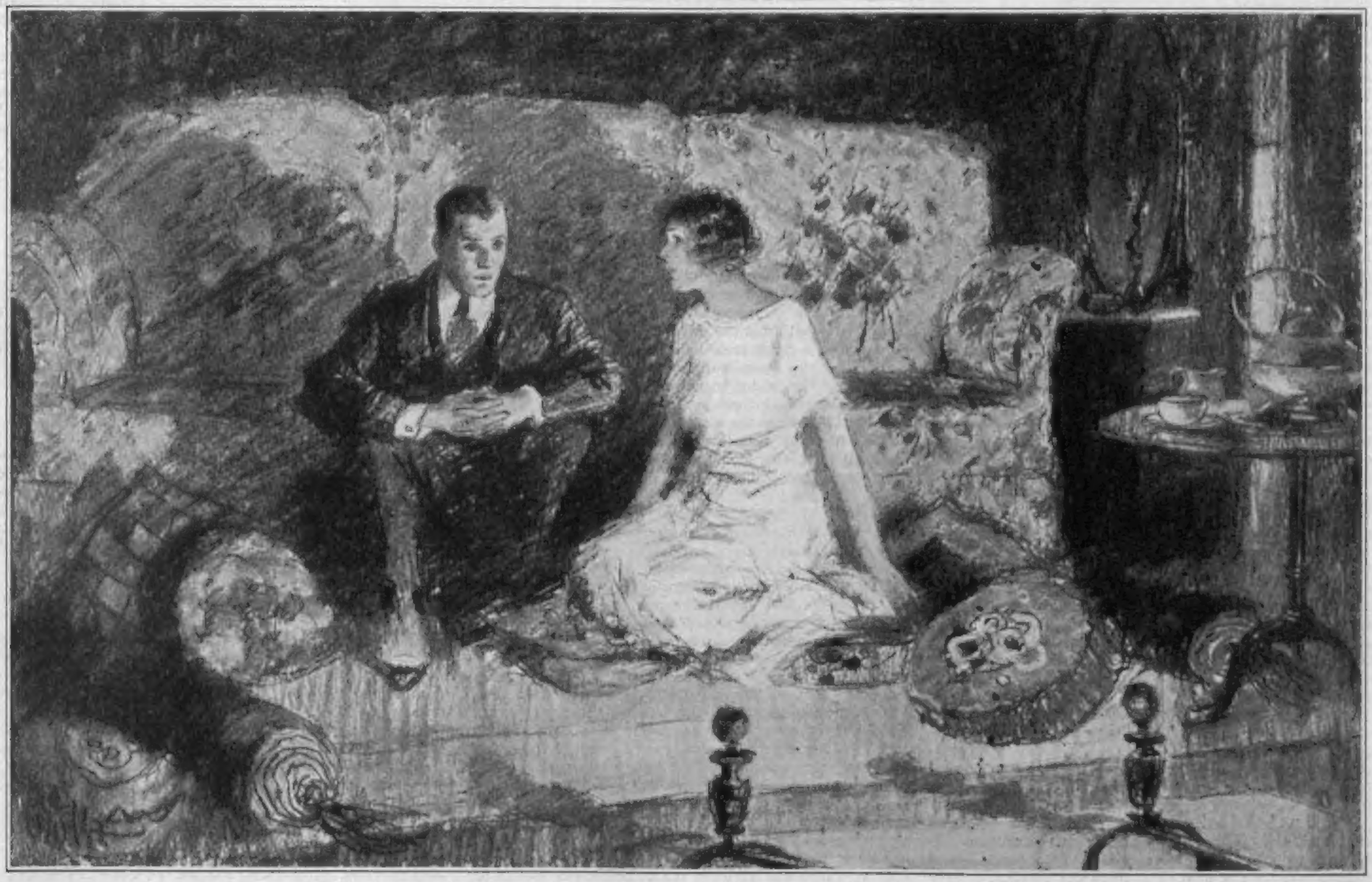
"Sensible fellow, and I'll see you get there safely."

They alighted at Golders Green Station, where the driver was equally amazed by his open cab and the extra passenger.

"No, no; this is on me," said the loafer, and handed out a couple of notes.

In the station he nodded to several men in a friendly fashion, and repeated the performance to some others as they sat side by side in the tube carriage. He rather flattered himself on the inspiration that suggested this performance, for, as a fact, every one of them was a stranger.

(Continued on Page 56)



*"I Want to be Told What You're Doing, 'Cause I've a Funny Feeling it Isn't—Oh, I Don't Know"*

# WILD HONEY

## By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"I Found These in the Ashes of Your Father's Homestead"

IT WAS morning, the cool of the morning, the brief ecstatic hour when the sun drinks dew from gleaming chalices and all men are giants. A fugitive moment, this, when the gods in ironic lenity lift the veil from mortals' eyes and let them know their own strength. Hunger, thirst and fatigue are vanished; youth comes again to creaking joints, love warms dried hearts, ambition stirs the blood; and, as the Arabs say of eternal bliss, one holds to his lips the wine of desire, the measure of whose content is one's wish. But unless one bestir himself to grasp it, the sublime and volatile spell escapes him and he is only a man again.

Even old Ezra Beddes felt the stir of the morning. The sour, suspicious heart ticking under his spare ribs was stirred by a thrill in which there was no misanthropy; his beady little black eyes, peering out under a thatch of thick hair pressed tight to his forehead by his battered old hat, gleamed with something that was not hatred of the human race. He sat astride the chopping block by the woodpile, shaving a toothpick with delicate strokes of a razor-edged clasp knife. Now and again as the orbit of his meditations reached its apogee he would pick up a ragged knee in his scrawny fingers and nurse it, while he gazed at the cerulean heavens in which not a single cloud floated. At this moment the little old man, the magic of the dew-drinking hour having lifted from about him the surly cloak in which he clothed himself against human kind, was almost beautiful. He was dreaming of cogs and pawls and ratchets and whirring pinions.

The day before, driving home from the big city, as he called Beldenville—the tiny hamlet in the valley that was the only metropolis he had ever known—behind his old white horse, Kit, with his son Urial, he had paused with carefully veiled interest at the door of the scythe shop. There a group of natives were watching, with sheer bewilderment of unbelief, a newfangled machine that with one dexterous twist turned a stick of hickory into a polished ax helve. It was a new machine, its red paint and gilt letters still shiny; and all day long the curious villagers had watched it, trying to surprise the secret of its eccentric genius. They made way for little black Ez. He could tell them, they knew, if he would. But though his heart thrilled at the sight of this legerdemain he held himself in check. In one swift look through the mat of hair he photographed the thing on his retina, then with apparent indifference drove on. Now, in the wealth of morning, old Ez was taking the thing apart, being careful not to lose a single cotter pin or to misplace a gear, as he sat, alternately whittling a toothpick and nursing his knee, on the chopping block.

Before the greedy sun had slaked his thirst the bright and shiny machine old Ez had taken apart to examine was reassembled, in his mind's eye, to the last rivet of its complicated insides; and he made a pass through the air, as if to shift a loose pulley belt and set its dozens of knives whirring in eccentric orbits.

"There!" he exclaimed in a tone of triumph, so loud and shrill that Gyppie, the velvety black spaniel idling at his feet, sat up and cocked her ears and swiftly made reconnoissance of hill and dale. But there was nothing; merely old Ez finishing a day's work before the dew was off the grass. It was quite enough, to take down and set up a machine he had never seen before.

He knocked out his pipe and filled it with Plowboy's Delight, struck a match on the ax head and applied the light to the bowl with a curious enveloping movement of an animal fending off a storm. From the woodshed came the song of the separator. Ezra and Urial sold a little cream. A pair of shotes shouldered each other squealing at the trough, waiting for the flow; and a covey of chickens came cluttering up on legs and wings; three scrawny cows with spare udders, drinking their fill at the spring, methodically extricated themselves from the mudhole and, with whisking tails and impatient tosses of the head, wound their way along the deep-cut path through the barway to the cool shade of the woods. A chicken hawk floated lazily overhead; from the alders came the single whistle of a bobwhite; a car in loose-jointed agony passed along the road below the stone wall, rolled across the dry, loose planking of the bridge with a roar that the surrounding hills took up in hollow echoes; away off a mowing machine tinkled; there came the hum of a motor truck a mile away on the main road; the old clock in the kitchen struck eight, and, as if waiting for its summons, a distant sawmill took up its rhythmic complaint.

Old Ez missed nothing of these portents. He codified facts. Orlando Sage's car missed, in the front cylinder—too much oil. Orlando was the town Pooh-Bah. Ed Harrow was sawing maple for a trip-hammer handle; Johnson Benedict was hauling grain to town in his new five-ton truck; Abner Waters was mowing his oats for fodder—and before the dew was off the grass, at that; only Abner, in all this countryside, would do such a thing.

Urial, loose-jointed, long-armed, his long, thin face clothed in the stupidity of a man whose mind moved intermittently, came out of the woodshed, filling his pipe, and sat down on the chopping block beside his father. His attention as he arranged himself was suddenly attracted by the spectacle of two city fishermen working up the stream; they were amateurs, as was evident from their mincing progress from one slippery rock to another. Also from their clothing, which reminded old Ez, now with Gyppie suddenly alert, of the most recent issue of the mail-order catalogue, of which he treasured a library, which was his only window to the world outside.

Father and son and dog watched the fishermen in silence. There was humor in the situation, too obvious for comment. Ez and Urial didn't begrudge the fishermen their sport—they would catch nothing but the river bottom with their fancy flies and mail-order clothes. This afternoon towards dusk Urial, armed with angleworms, would cover the same ground with sure feet, dropping his bait into one spring hole after another until he had a basketful of trout, which would be before milking time. He would manage to go by the hotel, and be asked by the city sports how he did it; he would answer with gulping candor and bulging eyes as he examined in detail the lineaments of his questioners.

Suddenly from behind the maples screening the up road came the drum of a sweet-running motor. It was a sleek little green car. It turned in at the gate, changing to low when it struck the sawdust drive. It held a man and a woman whom father and son recognized as the city people, the Armistons, who had recently bought the old Emmons place. They were of some note in the village because of a cow they had immediately purchased from Lemuel Bannon. Lem in clinching his bargain had said that he never yet had been able to get all the milk in one pail, which was true, because the cow always kicked the pail over before the operation was complete.

At this approach of visitors Urial plucked the ax out of the chopping block and started for the woods, with an air of sudden industry. Little Ez meditatively knocked the ashes out of his pipe and headed slowly, with a yawing gait, for the house, Gyppie following stoically at heel. He shut the screen door and locked it, shut the inner door, with its broken glass pane, and busied himself about the kitchen. Urial, watching with vacant stare from the cover of alders, saw the man knock, once, twice, then move to the other door and repeat his summons.

After a long time old Ez appeared; while the man talked Ez watched the river and the mountains and the hawk floating in the sky. The man turned away, evidently discouraged; but the woman sent him back to the attack. He knocked at the front door again. No response. He went to the back door, where at length Ez showed himself with a dishcloth, and after a moment's parley closed the door. When the little car was out of sight Urial returned.

"They are going to shingle their barn," said the father. Urial disposed of the ax.

"Cripes! There's more damn work!" ejaculated old Ez with the air of one completely staggered by the overwhelming demand for his time.

"What you tell 'em?"

"I said maybe—when we get in the oats."

But Urial lost the reply. He was pointing in intense excitement in the direction of the chopping block, his face animated into vivid resemblance to that of an American Indian.

"There's another now!" he cried in a guttural whisper.

Father, son and dog, in rigid attention, stared in the direction of the pointing finger. Old Ez, without relaxing his gaze, reached inside the door stealthily for some hidden object. It was a tiny white box. Clutching it in his fingers, he crept towards the chopping block, Urial and the stiff-legged spaniel at his heel. The object of their breathless stalking was a honeybee, visible only to eyes as keen as theirs. Negotiating the last ten feet on hands and knees, old Ez at arm's length from his goal paused to open

his little box, and with a touch as delicate as a lapidary's deposited it close to the ranging insect.

The three crept back to the doorstone. Minutes passed. The hawk still floated overhead; the sun blazed the threat of a blistering day; the tall poplar tree by the gristmill, as if in sudden terror at some unseen danger, rustled violently and then was still. Old Ezra snatched a look at the heavens—it would rain before night, probably one of those crashing thunderstorms that visited the valley these hot days. Father and son smoked a pipe through and visited.

Presently the honeybee discovered the little box, and in its quest for sweets crawled inside. The box had two rooms, one a sugar trap. Eventually old Ezra rose, boldly approached the box and shut the lid, imprisoning the gorging bee. Another half hour passed. Then the great moment came. Old Ezra cautiously opened the trap; and the bee, full to repletion, dutifully bethought itself of home and empty cells. It rose straight in the air for a yard, then began a corkscrew spiral, like an airplane climbing for height, the coils becoming wider and wider. No untrained eye could have followed that tiny speck.

"There he goes!"

The shout was simultaneous as father and son, in the stiff attitudes of pointing scarecrows, strutted forward a step or two, forefingers aimed at an invisible mark against the metallic sky, from which the honeybee was at this instant drawing a straight line—a bee line—to its hidden hive somewhere off in the forest. The next instant, the spell broken, father and son fell into their habitual slouch and shambled back to the doorstone, where they sat down again. Raptly they searched the undulating, leafy surface of the forest rising from the opposite bank of the river. Finally old Ez, casting his eyes on the ground, drew two lines in the dust.

"Right there!" he said. "That's the dead maple on top the ledge of Rocelia Swan's lot."

Urial nodded. "Yep," he agreed.

That dead maple was five miles away as a crow, or a bee, flies. It stood in the midst of a tumble of granite and forest growth, a mile from any made road. Old Ez might have added that it stood at the top of an all but impossible climb. It was a historic tree—it was where the Markhams were shot dead in a bloody battle by a posse thirty years ago, one winter night after they had murdered and robbed 'Gene Johnson, a cattle buyer. Old Ez might have identified the ledge and the tree thus, but it was unnecessary. Urial knew just the tree. Stones, stumps, spars and boles, scattered hither and yon through the lonely woods on every hand, each bore a countenance, a figuration as familiar to these two as the faces of their own cattle, and they could direct each other to an exact spot by a word.

Old Ez curled up under the apple tree and, pulling his tattered hat over his eyes, arranged his mind for sleep. It was a prime day for cutting the oats, only it was a little late to start. Besides, he had done enough for one day. First, that ax-helve machine that he had taken down and set up again while sitting on the chopping block. It wouldn't have been too late to start cradling the oats then, but as luck would have it he had been forced to stop and explain to the city people—who bought the Bannon cow that couldn't be milked in one bucket—that he couldn't help them right now with the shingling. Fortunately, too, that they delayed him, else probably—probably—he'd have missed the chance to line that bee. Old Ez sighed. He had been doing headwork this morning, which, as anyone knows, is the most trying kind of work; it takes the tucker out of a man. That ax-helve machine—probably the man who invented it got, well, maybe he got a thousand dollars.

"I put one together in half an hour—no, fifteen minutes. Maybe not just like his, but it will work just as good as his. And I don't get a cent!"

Ez finished this hurt soliloquy aloud, and Gyppie, nested beside him, looked up, cocking an ear in inquiry.

The bee tree was something else. That old maple was a whopper. Three feet through at the butt. They ought to get fifty—no, a hundred—maybe as much as two hundred pounds! Old Ez began to snore to the tune of the dainty drip-drip of the honey in that bee tree five miles away.

Truth to tell, it had been brain work to locate that bee tree. Armed with a sextant, a compass and a book of logarithms and traverse tables, any midshipmite fresh from Bowditch would have been proud to put his finger on a position by the same method. Two lines would have been necessary for old Nathaniel Bowditch, the original American navigator, and his child the midshipmite. Also for old Ez. Where two lines intersected, on the ocean floor or in the forest, would be the desired position or bee tree, as the case might be. Men were paid for doing just that sort of headwork, and paid well. Bowditch called for a compass and tables; Ez used two bees. Bowditch called it trigonometry and traversing; Ez called it linin' bees. The first line necessary for his calculations he had obtained at the abandoned charcoal kilns one morning a week ago, at daybreak, when returning from bullheading at Spectacle Pond. His cows lowing at the bars and his hogs grunting at the empty trough had had to wait for that bee to climb for height and select its tangent.

The sun rose higher and hotter. Urial in the woodshed gossiped with his pet crow, which was learning to talk. Occasionally he rose to inspect the leaching of a barrel of ashes for soft soap and a crock of potato yeast warming itself by the stove. Flies now and then pestered Ez to wakefulness, as they did Gyppie; as he would fall back into easeful slumber the steady drip-drip of the honey five miles away, nailed down by two bee lines, accompanied him back through the door of dreams.

Once he said very distinctly: "Cripes! I did it in fifteen minutes—and I don't get nothing!"

Afternoon droned on into evening. Ez and Gyppie started for the cows; off on the hills floated the sonorous "Soo, boss! Soo, boss!" of the little old man. When the cows failed to be lured from their cool thickets by his enticing tones Ez became more personal and acid in his remarks to the sly hidden creatures, and shrill profanities echoed from crag to crag with shameless distinctness. Then the milking and evening chores, and supper. Then old Kit was put between shafts, a lantern swung from the rear axle, and father and son, with dog at wheel, journeyed to the big city, there to sit on the post-office porch to watch and listen, and occasionally join in the talk, until the postmaster snuffed out his lamps at nine. Then the solitary lantern wound its slow way homeward through the dark.

The next morning unusual industry pervaded the yard. Axes were ground to razor edges; there was a muster of

*(Continued on Page 33)*

*Ezra, Grasping the Box, Shrieked Hysterically: "It Belongs to Me! There Ain't No One Goin' to Have It!"*

# Where is the Tropic of Capricorn?

## By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

"Mullaney, You've Failed. You Fell Down Hard on Question Seventeen"

ONE, two, three, bend! One, two, three, bend!" So barked the physical instructor, a bulgy man with muscles popping out all over him as if his skin had been stuffed with hard-boiled eggs.

Little Peter Mullaney oned, twoed, threed and bent with such earnest and whole-hearted violence that his blue eyes seemed likely to be jostled from their sockets and the freckles jarred loose from his thin, wiry arms. Though breathless, and not a little sinew-sore from the stiff setting-up exercises, his small, sharp-jawed face wore a beatified look, the look that bespeaks the rare, ecstatic thrill that comes to mortals so seldom in this life of taxes, prohibitions and denied ambitions. Such a look might a hero-worshiping boy wear if seen by his gang in the company of Jack Dempsey, or a writer if caught in the act of taking tea with Shaw. Peter Mullaney was standing at the very door of his life's ambition; he was about to be taken on the cops.

To be taken "on the cops"—the phrase is departmental argot, and is in common use by those who enjoy that distinction—this had been the ideal of Peter Mullaney since the days when he, an undersized infant, had tottered around his Christopher Street back yard, an improvised broomstick billy in his hand, solemnly arresting and incarcerating his small companions. To wear that spruce, brass-button-studded blue uniform and that glittering silver shield, to twirl a well-trained night stick on its cord, to eye the layman with the cold impassive eye of authority, to whisper mysterious messages into red iron signal boxes on street corners, to succor the held-up citizen and pursue the crook to his underworld lair, to be addressed as officer—he had lived for this dream.

And here he was, the last man on a row of thirty panting, perspiring probationary patrolmen, ranged according to height across the gymnasium of the police training school. From big Dan Mack, six feet four in his socks, they graded down as gently as a ramp to little Peter on the end of the line, a scant, a bare five feet five and seven-eighths inches tall, including the defiant bristle of his red pompadour.

Peter was happy, and with reason. It was by no generous margin that Peter had gained admission to the school that was to prepare him for his career. By the sheerest luck he had escaped being cast into the exterior darkness; by the slimmest degree he had wiggled into the school, and whether he could attain the goal on which he had kept his eye for twenty years—or ever since he was four—was still decidedly in doubt. The law said in plain, inexorable black and white that the minimum height a policeman can be is five feet and six inches.

Peter Mullaney lacked that stature by the distance between a bumblebee's eyes; and this despite the fact that for years he had sought most strenuously by exercise, diet and even torture to stretch out his body to the required five feet six. When he was eighteen and it seemed certain that an unsympathetic fate had meant him to be a short man, his father found him one day in the attic, lashed to a beam, with a boxful of window weights tied to his feet and his face gray with pain.

"Shure, me bye," remarked old man Mullaney as he cut Peter down, "are ye after thinkin' that the Mullaneys is made of Injy rubber? Don't it say in the Bible, 'What man be takin' thought can add a cupid to his statue?'"

Peter, in hot and anguished rebellion against this all-too-evident law of Nature, had sought relief by going straight out of the house and licking the first boy he met who was twice as big as he was in a fight that is still remembered in the Second Ward. But stretching and wishing and even eating unpleasant and expensive tablets, alleged by their makers to be made from giraffes' glands, did not bring Peter up to a full and unquestionable five feet six.

When Peter came up for a preliminary examination which was to determine whether he possessed the material from which policemen are made, Commissioner Kondorman, as coldly scientific as his steel scales and measures, surveyed the stricken Peter as he stood there on the scales, his freckles in high relief on his skin, for he was pale all over at the thought that he might be rejected.

"Candidate Mullaney," said the commissioner, "you're too short."

Peter felt marble lumps swelling in his throat.

"If you'd only give me a chance, commissioner," he was able to gulp out, "I'd ——"

Commissioner Kondorman, who had been studying the records spread on his desk, cut the supplicant short with "Your marks in the other tests are pretty good, though you seem a little weak in general education. But your strength test is unusually high for a small man. However, regulations are regulations, and I believe in sticking to them. Next candidate!"

Peter did not go.

"Commissioner," he begged urgently, "all I ask is a chance ——"

His eyes were tense and pleading. The chief inspector, grizzled Matthew McCabe, plucked at the commissioner's coat sleeve.

"Well, chief?" inquired Commissioner Kondorman a little impatiently.

"He's a good lad," put in the chief inspector, "and well spoke of in the Second Ward."

"He's under height," said the commissioner briefly.

"But he knows how to handle his fists," argued the old chief inspector.

"Does he?" said the commissioner skeptically. "He looks rather small."

He examined Peter through his eyeglasses. Beneath that chill and critical gaze Peter felt that he had shrunk to the size of a bantam rooster. The lumps in his throat were almost choking him.

In an agony of desperation he cried, "Bring in the biggest man you got! I'll fight him!"

The commissioner's face was set in hard and one would have thought immovable lines, yet he achieved the feat of turning up, ever so slightly, the corners of his lips in an expression which might pass as the germ of a smile as he gazed at the small, nude, freckled figure before him, with its vivid shaving-brush hair, its intense eyes and its clenched fists posed in approved prize-ring form. Again the official bent over the records and studied them.

"Character recommendations seem pretty good," he mused. "Never has used tobacco or liquor ——"

"'Fraid it might stunt me," muttered Peter, "so I couldn't get on the cops."

The commissioner stared at him with one degree more of interest.

"Give the lad a chance," urged the chief inspector. "He only lacks a fraction of an inch. He may grow."

"Now, chief," said the commissioner, turning to the official by his side, "you know I'm a stickler for the rules. What's the good of saying officers must be five feet six and then taking men who are shorter?"

"You know how badly we need men," shrugged the chief inspector, "and Mullaney here strikes me as having the making of a good cop. It will do no harm to try him out."

The commissioner considered for a moment. Then he wheeled round and faced Peter Mullaney.

"You've asked for a chance," he shot out. "You'll get it. You can attend police training school for three months. I'll waive the fact that you're below the required height, for the time being. But if in your final examinations you don't get excellent marks in every branch, by the Lord Harry, you get no shield from me! Do you understand? One slip, and good-by to you. Next candidate!"

They had to guide Peter Mullaney back to his clothes. He was in a dazed blur of happiness.

Next day, with the strut of a conqueror and with pride shining from every freckle, little Peter Mullaney entered the police training school. To fit himself physically for the task of being a limb of the law he oned, twoed, threed and bent by the hour, twisted the toes of two-hundred-pound fellow students in frantic jujutsu, and lugged other ponderous probationers about on his shoulders in the practice of first aid to the injured. This physical side of his schooling Peter enjoyed, and despite his lack of inches did extremely well, for he was quick, tough and determined. But it was the book work that made him pucker his brow and press his head with his hands as if to keep it from bursting with the facts he had to jam into it.

It was the boast of Commissioner Kondorman that he was making his police force the most intelligent in the world. Give him time, he was fond of saying, and there would not be a man on it who could not be called well informed.

He intended to see to it that from chief inspector down to the greenest patrolman they could answer offhand not only questions about routine police matters, but about the whole range of the encyclopedia.

"I want well-informed men, intelligent men," he said; "men who can tell you the capital of Patagonia, where copra comes from, and who invented the cotton gin. I want men who have used their brains, have read and thought a bit. The only way I can find that out is by asking questions, isn't it?"

The anti-administration press, with intent to slight, called the policemen Kondorman's Encyclopedias Bound in Blue, but he was not in the least perturbed; he made his next examination a bit stiffer.

Peter Mullaney, handicapped by the fact that his span of elementary schooling had been abbreviated by the necessity of earning his own living, struggled valiantly with weighty tomes packed with statutes, ordinances and regulations—what a police officer can and cannot do about mayhem, snow on the sidewalks, arson, dead horses in the street, kidnaping, extricating intoxicated gentlemen from manholes, smoking automobiles, stray goats, fires, earthquakes, lost children, blizzards, disorderly conduct and riots. He prepared himself, by no small exertion, to tell an inquiring public where Bedford Street is; if traffic can go both ways on Commerce Street; what car to take to get from Hudson Street to Chatham Square; how to get to the nearest branch library, quick lunch, public bath, zoo, dispensary and garage; how to get to the Old Slip Station, Flower Hospital, the St. Regis, Coney Island, Duluth and Grant's Tomb. He stuffed himself with these pertinent facts; he wanted to be a good cop. He could not see exactly how it would help him to know, in addition to an appalling amount of local geography and history, the name of the present ruler of Bulgaria, what a zebu is and who

wrote Home Sweet Home. But since questions of this sort were quite sure to bob up in the examination, he toiled through many volumes with a zeal that made his head ache.

When he had been working diligently in the training school for three months lacking a day, the great moment came when he was given a chance to put theory into practice by being sent forth, in a uniform slightly too large for him, to patrol a beat in the company of a veteran officer, so that he might observe at first hand how an expert handled the many and varied duties of the police job. Except that he had no shield, no night stick and no revolver, Peter looked exactly like any of the other guardians of law. He trudged by the side of the big Officer Gaffney, trying to look stern and finding it hard to keep his joy from breaking out in a smile. If Judy McNulty could only see him now! They were to be married as soon as he got his shield.

But joy is never without its alloy. Even as Peter strode importantly through the streets of the upper West Side, housing delicious thrills in every corpuscle from the top of his blue cap to the thick soles and rubber heels of his shiningly new police shoes, a worry kept plucking at his mind. On the morrow he was to take his final examination in general education, and that was no small obstacle between him and his shield. He had labored to be ready, but he was afraid.

That worry grew as he paced along, trying to remember whether the Amazon is longer than the Ganges and who Gambetta was. He did not even pay close attention to his mentor, although on most occasions those five blue service stripes on Officer Gaffney's sleeve, representing a quarter of a century on the force, would have caused Peter to listen with rapt interest to Officer Gaffney's genial flow of reminiscence and advice. Dimly he heard the old policeman rumbling:

"Whin I was took on the cops, Pether, all they expected of a cop was two fists and a cool head. But sthyles in cops changes like sthyles in hats, I guess. I've seen a dozen commissioners come and go, and they all had their own ideas. The prisint comish is the queerest duck of the lot, wid his 'Who was Pernambuco and what the divil ailed him, and who invinted the gin rickey and who discovered the Gowanus Canal?' Not that I'm agin a cop' bein' a learned man. Divil a bit! Learnin' won't hurt him none if he has two fists an' a clear head."

He paused to take nourishment from some tabloid tobacco in his hip pocket, and rumbled on:

"Whin I was took on the cops, as I say, they was no graduatin' exercises like a young ladies' siminary. The comish—it was auld Malachi Bannon—looked ye square in the eye and said, 'Young fella, ye're about to go forth and ripresint the majesty of the law. Whin on juty be clane and sober and raisonably honest. Keep a civil tongue in your head for ivrybody, even Republicans. Get to know your precinct like a book. Don't borrow trouble. But above all, remimber this: A cop can do a lot of queer things and square himself wid me afterward, but there's one sin no cop can square—the sin of runnin' away whin needed. Go to your post.'"

Little Peter nodded his head. They paced in silence for a time. Then Peter asked, "Jawn— "

"What, Pether?"

"Jawn, where is the Tropic of Capricorn?'"

Officer Gaffney wrinkled his gray eyebrows quizzically.

"The Tropic of Whichicorn?" he inquired.

"The Tropic of Capricorn," repeated Peter.

"Pether," said Officer Gaffney dubiously, scratching his head with the tip of his night stick, "I disremimber, but I think—I think, mind ye—it's in the Bronx."

They continued their leisurely progress.

"'Tis a quiet beat, this," observed Officer Gaffney. "Quiet but responsible. Rich folks lives in these houses, Pether, and that draws crooks sometimes. But mostly it's as quiet as a Sunday in Dooleyville." He laughed deep in his chest.

"It makes me think," he said, "of Tommy Toohy, him that's a lieutinant now over in Canarsie. 'Tis a lesson ye'd do well to mind, Pether."

Peter signified that he was all ears.

"He had the cop bug worse than you even, Pether," said the veteran.

Peter flushed beneath his freckles.

"Yis, he had it bad, this Tommy Toohy," pursued Officer Gaffney. "He was crazy to be a cop as soon as he could walk. I never seen a happier man in me life than Toohy the day he swaggers out of the station house to go on post up in the Twenty-ninth Precinct. In thim days there was nawthin' up there but rows of little cottages wid stoops on thim; nawthin' but dacint, respictable folks lived there, and they always give that beat to a recruity because it was so quiet.

"Well, Toohy goes on juty at six o'clock in the evenin', puffed up wid importance and polishing his shield every minute or two. 'Tis a short beat—up one side of Garden Avenue and down on the other side. Toohy paces up and down, swingin' his night stick and lookin' hard and suspicious at every man, woman or child that passes him. He was just bustin' to show his authority. But nawthin' happened. Toohy paced up and back, up and back, up and back. It gets to be eight o'clock. Nawthin' happens. Toohy can stand it no longer. He spies an auld man sittin' on his stoop, peacefully smokin' his evenin' pipe. Toohy goes up to the old fellow and glares at him.

"'What are you doin' there?' says Toohy.

"'Nawthin',' says the auld man.

"'Well,' says Toohy wid a stern scowl, shakin' his night stick at the scared auld gazabo, 'you go in the house!'"

Peter chuckled.

"But Toohy lived to make a good cop for all that," finished the veteran. "Wid all his recruity monkeyshines, he never ran away whin needed."

"I wonder could he bound Bolivia," said Peter Mullaney.

"I'll bet he could," said Officer Gaffney, "if it was in his precinct."

Late next afternoon Peter sat gnawing his knuckles in a corner of the police schoolroom. All morning he had battled with the examination in general education. It had not been so hard as he had feared, but he was worried nevertheless. So much was at stake.

He was quivering all over when he was summoned to the office of the commissioner, and his quivering grew as he saw the rigid face of Commissioner Kondorman and read no ray of hope there. Papers were strewn over the official desk. Kondorman looked up, frowned.

"Mullaney," he said bluntly, "you've failed."

"F-failed?" quavered Peter.

"Yes. In general education. I told you if you made excellent marks we'd overlook your deficiency in height. Your paper"—he tapped it with his finger—"isn't bad. But it isn't good. You fell down hard on question seventeen."

"Question seventeen?"

"Yes. The question is, 'Where is the Tropic of Capricorn?' And your answer is"—the commissioner paused before he pronounced the damning words—"'The Tropic of Capricorn is in the Bronx.'"

Peter gulped, blinked, opened and shut his fists, twisted his cap in his hands, a picture of abject misery. The commissioner's voice was crisp and final.

"That's all, Mullaney. Sorry. Turn in your uniform at once. Well?"

Peter had started away, had stopped and was facing the commissioner.

"Commissioner ——" he begged.

"That will do!" snapped the commissioner. "I gave you your chance; you understood the conditions."

"It—it isn't that," fumbled out Peter Mullaney. "But but wouldn't you please let me go out on post once more with Officer Gaffney?"

"I don't see what good that would do."

Tears were in Peter's eyes.

"You see—you see," he got out with an effort, "it would be my last chance to wear the uniform, and I—wanted—somebody—to see me in it just once."

The commissioner stroked his chin reflectively.

"Were you scheduled to go out on post for instruction," he asked, "if you passed your examination?"

"Yes, sir. From eight to eleven."

The commissioner thought a moment.

"Well," he said, "I'll let you go. It won't alter the case any of course. You're through here. Turn in your uniform by 11:30 sure."

Peter mumbled his thanks and went out of the office with shoulders that drooped as if he were carrying a safe on them.

It was with heavy steps and a heavier heart that little Peter Mullaney, by the side of his mentor, passed the corner where Judy McNulty stood proudly waiting for him. He saluted her gravely with two fingers to his visor—police officers never bow—and kept his eyes straight ahead. He did not have the heart to stop to speak to her, to tell her what had happened to him. He hadn't even told Officer Gaffney. He stalked along in bitter silence. His eyes were fixed on his shoes, the stout, shiny police shoes he had bought to wear at his graduation, the shoes he was to have worn when he stepped up to the

(Continued on Page 62)

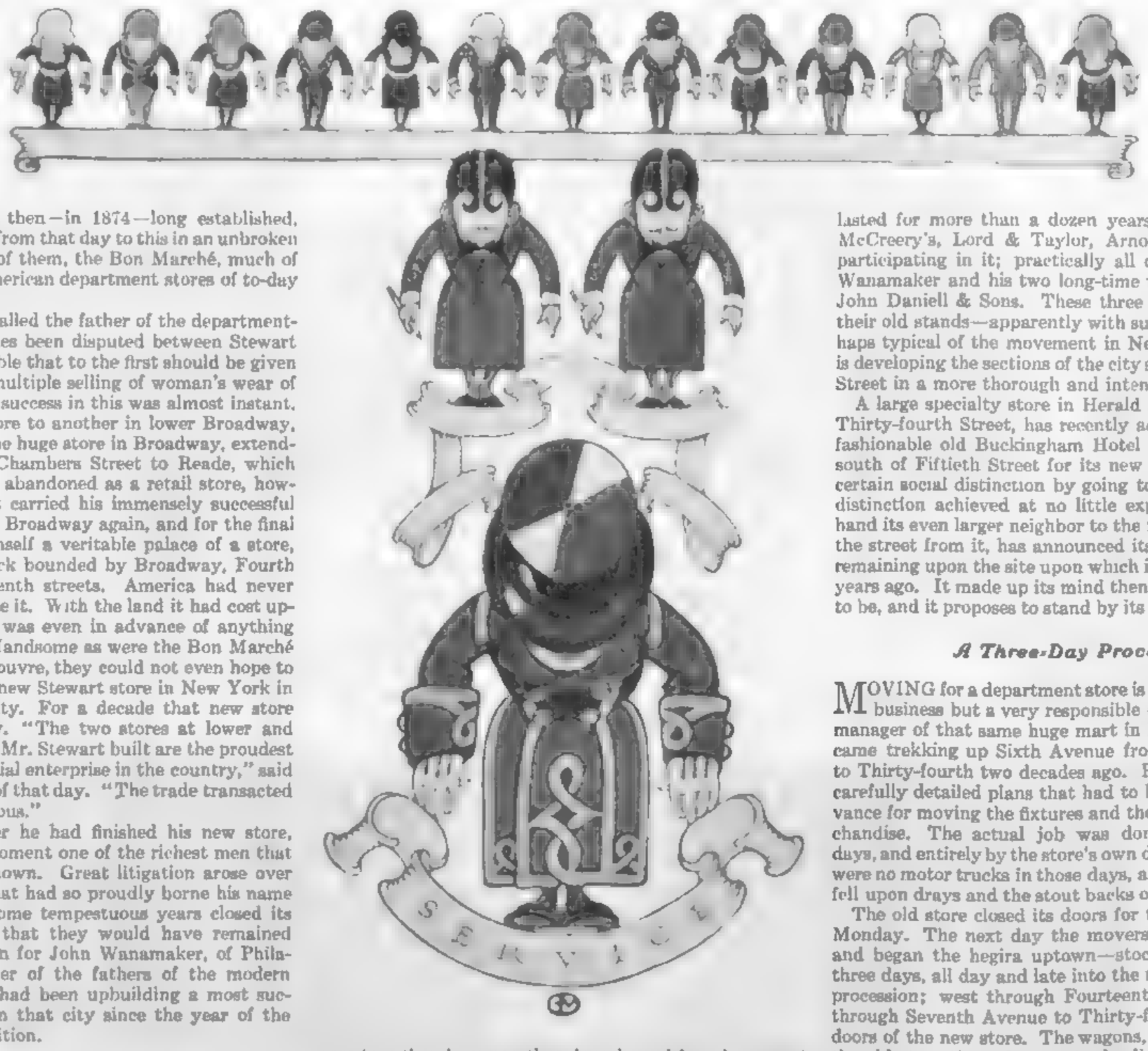
*As She Panted Up to Them in the Deserted Street the Two Men Saw That She Was White With Fright*

# THE BIG-STORE BUSINESS

## How a Department Store Lives for To-Day and Plans for To-Morrow

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE




THE department-store, as we know it to-day in the United States, was really born in America. Yet France might make a fair claim to its origin. An old-time guide to Paris lies in front of me. In it there appear the advertisements of two great Parisian department stores, even then—in 1874—long established, which have come down from that day to this in an unbroken prosperity. Upon one of them, the Bon Marché, much of the principle of our American department stores of to-day has been based.

The honor of being called the father of the department-store idea has sometimes been disputed between Stewart and Macy. It is probable that to the first should be given the full credit for the multiple selling of woman's wear of every description. His success in this was almost instant. He moved from one store to another in lower Broadway, until in 1848 he built the huge store in Broadway, extending a full block from Chambers Street to Reade, which still stands—long since abandoned as a retail store, however. In 1862 Stewart carried his immensely successful retail business north on Broadway again, and for the final time. He built for himself a veritable palace of a store, covering the entire block bounded by Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth streets. America had never before seen anything like it. With the land it had cost upward of $2,750,000. It was even in advance of anything in Paris of that day. Handsome as were the Bon Marché and the Magasins du Louvre, they could not even hope to compete with the then new Stewart store in New York in completeness and beauty. For a decade that new store flourished—marvelously. "The two stores at lower and upper Broadway which Mr. Stewart built are the proudest monuments of commercial enterprise in the country," said the New York Tribune of that day. "The trade transacted in them is almost fabulous."

Then, ten years after he had finished his new store, Stewart died—at the moment one of the richest men that New York had ever known. Great litigation arose over his estate. The store that had so proudly borne his name floundered, and after some tempestuous years closed its doors. It is probable that they would have remained closed if it had not been for John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, who, as another of the fathers of the modern department-store idea, had been upbuilding a most successful retail business in that city since the year of the great Centennial Exposition.

### *Shifting Shopping Centers*

NOWHERE is vision more necessary to-day than in the operation of a great department store. And sentiment. It is a fact worth noting that the three men most clearly identified with the development of the department-store idea in the East—Stewart and Macy and Wanamaker—have had in their make-up a curious intermingling of deep sentiment with keen business sagacity. The whimsical delight of A. T. Stewart a half century ago in not merely planning a store vastly more beautiful and more original than the world had ever before known, but in devising out upon Long Island a modern Garden City such as he had seen and loved in old England—even to providing it with a great hotel, two boarding schools and a small cathedral of exquisite beauty—was matched to a large degree by his much younger friend, Wanamaker, in the reincarnation of the Stewart store in New York.

Macy's sentiment took a different turn. Once in his earlier days he had been for a time skipper of a whaling ship out of New Bedford. Caught in a heavy fog one evening, he despaired of reaching port safely. Suddenly there was a rift in the clouds. Through it he saw a single star—the evening star—in the haze of a brilliant point of yellowish red. By that star he steered safely home, and ever after adopted it as his omen of good fortune. So when he came to set up his store in New York he made a star of red the emblem of his business.

Yet sentiment forever must give way to vision. It takes vision—the hard-headed sort of vision that goes forever hand in hand with common sense—to know when a store must move and when it must stay put. Nowhere is this more true than in our restless American cities. A moment ago and we were seeing New York growing steadily uptown, decade after decade, at the rate of ten squares a decade. It now seems as if that rapid progress had been partly halted. A variety of causes has worked to this end—the adoption of a city zoning plan, which says where business may go and where it may not; the building of two huge railroad terminals, one in Thirty-third Street and the other in Forty-second; the multiplication of new cross-river tubes and bridges to Brooklyn and to New Jersey at the southerly end of Manhattan Island; and finally the fact that the midtown Central Park makes a pretty effective barrier to any large commercial progress of Manhattan north of the park's southern rim at Fifty-ninth Street. These things together are beginning to anchor New York's fine business heart pretty solidly between Fifty-ninth Street and Thirty-second. The big town is apt to be spared the repetition of the economic tragedies by which Twenty-third Street, between Fifth Avenue and Sixth, and part of Sixth Avenue itself—twenty-five years ago the smartest shopping thoroughfares on all Manhattan Island—were reduced to a dusty and pathetic dreariness.

Such changes are the bad dreams of the modern merchant. If he cannot cope with them, or, better still, anticipate them, he had best quit. They are by no means limited to New York. Chicago at last shows signs of bursting out from the narrow business confines of its celebrated and fearful Loop. St. Louis begins to run away from the river and San Francisco from Market Street. Cleveland and Rochester thrust themselves eastward and Detroit to the north. Tremont Street is ceasing to represent shopping exclusiveness in Boston. American cities do not stay put. If they did the problem of their merchants would be easier.

Occasionally, however, an American business in New York stays put—successfully. Wanamaker acquired the old Stewart store in New York on Broadway at Ninth and Tenth streets almost upon the very eve of the great trek uptown, which lasted for more than a dozen years—Altman's, Macy's, McCreery's, Lord & Taylor, Arnold, Constable & Co. participating in it; practically all of them, in fact, save Wanamaker and his two long-time neighbors, Hearn and John Daniell & Sons. These three are sticking it out at their old stands—apparently with success. They are perhaps typical of the movement in New York realty which is developing the sections of the city south of Forty-second Street in a more thorough and intensive fashion.

A large specialty store in Herald Square, just south of Thirty-fourth Street, has recently acquired the long-time fashionable old Buckingham Hotel in Fifth Avenue just south of Fiftieth Street for its new home. It achieves a certain social distinction by going to that site, but it is a distinction achieved at no little expense. On the other hand its even larger neighbor to the north, and just across the street from it, has announced its definite intention of remaining upon the site upon which it settled itself twenty years ago. It made up its mind then as to where it wished to be, and it proposes to stand by its original intention.

### *A Three-Day Procession*

MOVING for a department store is not only an expensive business but a very responsible one. Ask the general manager of that same huge mart in Herald Square which came trekking up Sixth Avenue from Fourteenth Street to Thirty-fourth two decades ago. He will tell you of the carefully detailed plans that had to be made weeks in advance for moving the fixtures and the great stocks of merchandise. The actual job was done in three working days, and entirely by the store's own delivery forces. There were no motor trucks in those days, and the herculean task fell upon drays and the stout backs of stout horses.

The old store closed its doors for the final time upon a Monday. The next day the movers came to work early and began the hegira uptown—stock and fixtures. For three days, all day and late into the night, it was a steady procession; west through Fourteenth Street, then north through Seventh Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street and the doors of the new store. The wagons, emptied, returned to the old store through an entirely diverse route—through Sixth Avenue. In this way there was no interference, nothing even remotely approaching confusion, while the presence of armed guards and patrolmen along the entire route added to the safety of the proceeding.

Thursday evening the boss of the delivery department called the head of the store upon the telephone and said quietly, "We shall be able to open to-morrow."

In other cities, too, the tendency in recent years of the larger department stores, despite a general drift of hotels and theaters and smaller shops to newer and smarter locations, has been pretty much to stay put. The Marshall Field store of Chicago has rebuilt and steadily improved until it has an entirely new plant upon the precise site of the older one; the huge San Francisco establishments upon the south side of Market Street find themselves quite content with the homes that they built for themselves there after the earthquake of 1906; in Boston, not only do Jordan, Marsh & Co. and R. H. White & Co. still stand by the downtown Washington Street locations in which they have been situated these many years, but recently they have been joined by the newest of Boston department stores, Filene's. Definite effort is being made in these cities to stabilize their business centers. If such effort had been made, even as recently as a quarter of a century ago, millions of economic waste would have been averted.

Granted then that the great problem of location—present and future—is fixed as permanently as is ever possible in a nervous, energetic world that itself refuses to stay put, the next question that arises before the modern merchant who is doing business on a big scale is in regard to the planning of his market place of many wares. Assume for the instant that he is facing one of those rare moments

of golden opportunities for the fairly complete replanning of his place of business. Perhaps it has been a growth slow but successful. Many of our department stores in America have come along that path, starting perhaps in some modest eighteen-by-twenty shop, adding to it an adjoining room or store, then another, then another, then another, until perhaps there is a half block or even a whole block of establishment physically upbuilt in this laborious fashion. The disadvantages of such a structure are obvious. It is a fearful handicap upon the business that it houses, and the day must come when it will outgrow such handicap and seek a modern home.

Then the architect and the engineer come into consultation. They take the ideas of the merchant, travel with him far and wide, studying the general features, and the special ones too, of other successful stores. In recent years a good deal of fairly standardized practice has arisen in regard to their planning. It is generally known what patrons will do and what they will not do. The tastes, the preferences and the obstinacies of the customer have a great deal to do with the planning of the modern store. It is known that Mister Busyman, when he wants to buy that shirt or cravat, will not go upstairs, will not bother with either escalator or elevator. Therefore, men's furnishings must go upon the street floor and mighty near the front doors. A Fifth Avenue store in New York has recently undertaken the daring experiment, however, of placing its men's wear departments upon the tenth floor of its fine modern building, setting aside one or two fast express elevators for their exclusive service and giving these departments the benefit of special display advertising to overcome their location handicaps.

In these days Mrs. Busywoman is apt to share the disinclination of Mister Busyman toward burrowing far into the inner recesses of a huge store, particularly for her lighter and more casual purchases—gloves, hosiery and the like. All of which means that the ground floor is the precious territory of any store. A foot of space upon it may be worth ten feet of space upon the third floor, twenty upon the fourth. Even above the second, retail possibilities become comparatively slim, save for the display and sale of furniture, carpets and other merchandise, bought with deliberation by the purchaser, who long since has been educated to understand that this sort of buying is necessarily a time-taking process—an elevator trip to it nothing at all.

### *Store Traffic Problems*

THOUGH these things are deeply fundamental to the future prosperity of the store, they are not its deepest fundamentals. The traffic problems are, apparently, in the planning of a modern department store. These are analogous to those of a railroad yard, a Fifth Avenue or a Times Square. They are tremendously puzzling and perplexing. Yet, when all is said and done, an architect's year is made up of a good many problems of this very sort. If he is reasonably sane and expert he approaches them quietly and efficiently. For months he will study them and those more or less intimately related to them. Finally he is ready to begin, himself, upon white paper.

Beginning with the problem of the store's traffic, he divides it into three great and fairly distinct avenues—the merchandise, the shoppers who come to purchase it and the employes who wait upon their needs. In the course of a fairly busy day from 50 to 150 tons of retail merchandise, ranging in size all the way from a small bundle of hairpins up to an overstuffed divan, will be handled. As many as 5000 or 6000 or 7000 workers will assist in the daily movement of this merchandise. It comes into the store in vanloads and soon goes out again in a vast variety of separate parcels; many, many thousands in the eight or nine hours that it is open for business each day. In addition to these two streams there remains the third—the patrons of the establishment.

One of the largest of the New York stores determined some two or three years ago to make a count of the folk that entered its doors in a single business day. It chose a Thursday in October as being a fairly typical day, removed alike from the extremes of dull midsummer and the pre-Christmas peak loads. At all its doorways it stationed watchers with small automatic counters. These men kept the record from nine in the morning until a little after two in the afternoon. Then they gave it up. They were exhausted. But the record then showed that in five hours more than 110,000 men and women had passed into the store. A little later this store succeeded in making a full count. Its total for eight hours that second day ran well over 200,000. And upon the same day it had handled more than 60,000 individual transactions. When we speak of the big store in America we are speaking of a really big store.

These figures our architect bears well in mind. Then he begins planning the traffic channels for the store that is to be. He begins, perhaps, with the human stream of shoppers that are to throng it. He places the doorways of the building, plenty of them, for you cannot expect to handle a quarter of a million people in a single day without plenty of ingress and egress. The separate channels that come from the different doorways must have room to unite—and separate again—within the broad aisles of the main floor of the new store. From two-thirds to three-quarters of its patrons will not ascend from the street level. The problem of handling them is a fairly simple one. It is for the folk who go upstairs—and it is part of all department-store policy to get as many folk as possible to go upstairs—that the problem complicates.

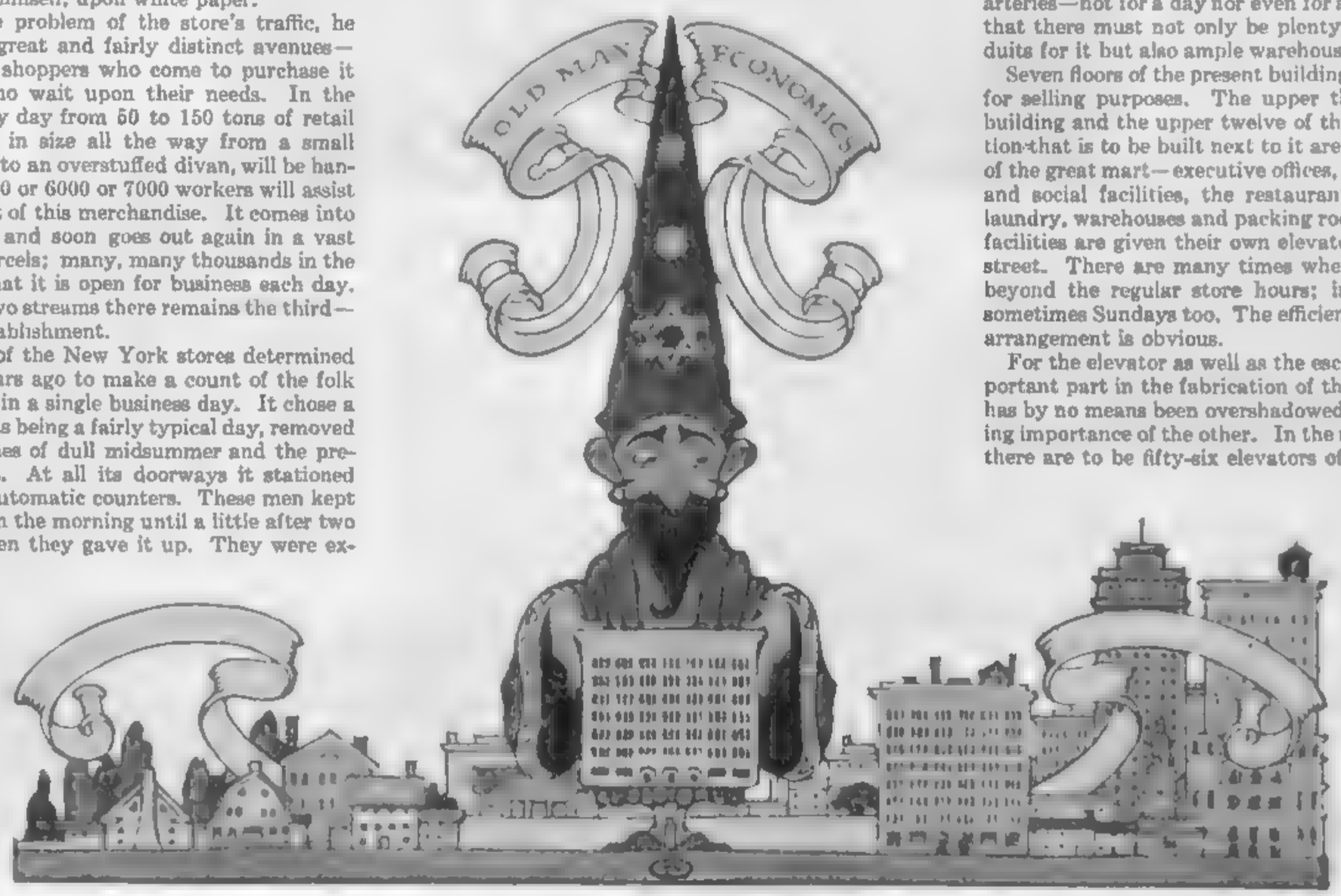
Here is a huge New York store, and a fairly typical one. It contemplates a large addition to its facilities as soon as building costs get down somewhat nearer normal than they are at present. Yet already it well deserves the use of that sadly overworked adjective "big," with its ten great floors covering close to 1,000,000 feet of floor space all told. This store already has fourteen passenger elevators. When the pressure is upon them they can lift from 2900 to 3000 persons an hour up off the main floor. Yet that is not nearly enough. The present business of the store demands that over 10,000 an hour be taken up—as a matter of record about 10,300 an hour is actually attained during the seasons of heaviest demand.

The 7300 folk remaining, after the elevators are worked to their fullest capacity, are handled upon an escalator—the successor of the elevator and the best device yet made for the handling of great numbers of persons—which extends from the ground floor of the store up to its sixth or final selling floor. When this particular escalator was first built, a little more than eighteen years ago, it was looked upon as a transportation marvel. The similar mechanisms that had preceded it were merely known as moving stairways—single-file devices, with their utmost capacity estimated at sixty persons a minute, or 3600 an hour. By the simple process of making this escalator double file it was given slightly more than double the capacity of the older moving stairways, and rendered the full equivalent of at least twenty-five more large-sized passenger elevators.

For enlarging and revising this big store the architect was given an additional plat, 125 feet by 200 feet, upon which to build practically as high as he wished, but always to the immense increase of its facilities.

"I have been making a little study of the demands that are to come upon us in the fall of 1931," said one of the owners of the store, "and I feel that by that time we shall have to raise 20,000 people an hour off the main floor."

His architect scratched his head for a moment, then replied: "You will have to add another of the double escalators. That will bring your lifting capacity upon the two moving stairways up to almost 15,000 persons an hour."




An elevator of modern size and speed in a department store with seven or eight selling floors ought to lift 240 persons an hour, which, as you can quickly figure out for yourself, means that there will be needed for the new store but twenty passenger elevators to make good that deficit between increased escalator capacity and the total number of folk to be carried upstairs, and fourteen of these the store already possesses.

What goes up must come down. Shoppers are no exception to this rule. If you think that they are, stand some busy afternoon at the main stair of any large store and watch them descend. They ride up, but most of them walk down. They frequently come at the rate of 100 to the minute.

It is neither practical nor modern greatly to increase stairway capacity in remodeling the store, and so the question of a descending escalator thrusts itself upon the architect's attention. Despite a certain old-fashioned prejudice against it on the part of some old-fashioned New Yorkers, a descending escalator is both practicable and safe. In Chicago there is to-day a store with twelve floors of retail selling—which goes considerably against the ordinary rules of store planning. Escalators—descending as well as ascending—were its salvation. In Boston, too, both types are used in subway stations as well as in department stores. One or two are to be found as near Manhattan as Brooklyn.

### *Handling the Merchandise*

THE success of the device is unquestioned, and so a descending escalator for its patrons was placed in the plans for this new department store in the heart of New York. And still other escalators, both ascending and descending, this time for the store's own workers. For do not forget this second traffic stream, whose prompt and efficient handling is quite as important as that of the shoppers. The broad stair at which the majority of the store family arrive—between 8:30 and 8:45 of the business morning—frequently becomes choked with the sudden inrush of employes. Once the new store is done it never will be choked, for then the workers will be handled upon a double escalator; double not merely in that it provides for a double file, but also in that ascent and descent are handled simultaneously and in compact space; very much as do the double stairways that are installed these days in modern schoolhouses and industrial plants.

In the new building the locker rooms and the other facilities for the arrival and departure of the store's workers will be placed upon the second floor and the adjacent mezzanine balconies, very close to the employes' escalator. All of which sounds simple and easy, but which is really not so easy for a store army which already numbers 6000 men and women and which by 1931 is expected to number about 8800.

A third traffic stream remains for our consideration—and the architect's. In many respects this last is the most difficult. Human beings can move themselves. Goods cannot. Yet the great streams of merchandise flowing into the store and out again must never be permitted to clog its arteries—not for a day nor even for an hour—which means that there must not only be plenty of channels and conduits for it but also ample warehousing or reservoir space.

Seven floors of the present building and the new are used for selling purposes. The upper three floors of the old building and the upper twelve of the nineteen-story addition that is to be built next to it are the behind-the-scenes of the great mart—executive offices, employes' educational and social facilities, the restaurant, workshops, a huge laundry, warehouses and packing rooms. These nonselling facilities are given their own elevator service up from the street. There are many times when these are in use far beyond the regular store hours; into the evenings and sometimes Sundays too. The efficiency of such an elevator arrangement is obvious.

For the elevator as well as the escalator will play an important part in the fabrication of this new store. The one has by no means been overshadowed by the steadily growing importance of the other. In the reconstructed building there are to be fifty-six elevators of one type or another; none more interesting than the ingenious lifts by which whole motor trucks, laden as well as empty, are to be carried into the new structure; up eleven floors to the merchandising reception rooms and then down into the basement and sub-basement for refilling for city delivery.

*(Continued on Page 49)*

# The Pocket Snake

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"Congealed was the snake
When the husbandman saw it—
Concluded to thaw it for charity's sake."

FOR twelve rough dusty miles Mr. Cray had thought mainly about crooks, except when the mare clamped her ratty tail over the lines and flicked his fat face with it when he tried to free them. She did this rather often, because Mr. Cray's weight required him to sit in the center of his buckboard, so that the lines were always within easy reach of the switching tail. Mr. Cray's temper had neither of the usual outlets—he never swore, and he had learned the futility of his whip. In twelve miles he had swallowed a good deal of wrath and when he reached the Humber place he was breathing strongly and his nostrils were a dirty white above his straight-edge mouth.

In this mood the Humber place served to feed his humor; he was offended by its clean paint and the medleyed colors of the little flower garden between the house and the road, by the sagging wire which hung between the telephone trunk line and the south wall; most of all by the sight of Joe Humber in the doorway of his carriage barn frittering away daylight on the polish of his little tin-pot car.

Normally Mr. Cray disliked these proofs of extravagant folly on general principles. He hated innovations, on the sound theory that they disturbed his business; telephones and rural free delivery of mail were bad enough, but the little tin cars were worse. As for furnaces and water systems, Cray had a vague impression of impiety when he found them in farmhouses; they hinted of decadence. In Joe Humber's case these things were doubly offensive, because Humber was unorthodox by nearly all Cray's standards, neither a proper farmer nor a right-thinking man, a person who had no right to these exotic comforts.

This afternoon the spectacle had a peculiar provocation for Mr. Cray because of something he had witnessed at the county seat—the cause of his reflections during the slow drive home. Instead of driving past with only his usual sullen nod he yielded to impulse and drew back on the reins. Humber would be sorry to hear his news. It would therefore be pleasant for Cray to impart it.

"Saw a friend of yours over at Canastego, Joe."

He had a high voice, with a saw-edge quality even when he was pleased. Humber straightened slowly, wiping his hands on cotton waste. He was as old as Cray, nearing sixty, but he looked ten years younger, a lean deliberate man with a placid and exceedingly clear eye.

"That so? Who?"

Cray laughed thinly. "Lou Gratton. They let him out ahead of time."

His tone hardened. He had no patience with this new-fangled idea of babying convicts with ten-year sentences that were served in six.

Humber's face revealed no surprise. "I saw in the paper they were going to. Said he was poorly."

Again Cray laughed, without mirth. "He won't be up to his old tricks again for a while, that's sure. All twisted up with rheumatism—hands on him like a dead crow's claw." He illustrated with a plump hairy fist. "Hobbles on a crutch."

Humber shook his head. "That's too bad. Lou was always lively. Is he staying at Canastego, d'you know? Like to run over and see him."

"He's staying, all right!" Cray giggled once more. "They sent him to the poor farm this morning."

He saw that he had succeeded in startling Humber this time.

He had always enjoyed his newsmongering; one grievance against the telephone rose from its habit of flattening his announcements.

"You don't say! Broke, is he? That's pretty hard on Lou. Been a high roller all his life."

"Too high."

"Yes, that's so. But the poor farm!" Humber wagged his head. "That'll be hard on Lou."

"Huh! Guess he can stand it if we can. Pretty cool for the state to turn him back on the county, I say. We taxpayers got enough to do looking after honest paupers. Jail's the place for crooks."

Humber's eyelids drew together, puckering his face with tiny radiating wrinkles. He looked down the road toward the ugly little schoolhouse.

"Yes—it's a shame," said Cray. "You and Joe Treated That Fellow Like One of the Family, and He Cheats You Out of a Thousand Dollars the First Chance He Gets"

"It won't break the county to feed Lou, I guess." He drew his breath between his teeth. "Queer, Jim—I was just remembering him at school—way he used to do his tricks with a pen, way back then. 'Member? Teacher'd pin 'em up for the trustees to see."

Mr. Cray nodded. He had hated Lou Gratton even then. He could shut his eyes and see those specimens of his pencraft displayed against the homemade blackboard—the overlapping perfect ovals, the loops and flourishes, the shaded copperplate script, the Lord's Prayer copied in a circle drawn around a silver dime. It had been easy for Lou; he always seemed to be mocking the inky labor of the rest, their tongues toiling in sympathy with their pens. There had never been any satisfaction for him in the tale of Lou's subsequent triumphs; the rest of the Glen always displayed a certain pride in Gratton when the word trickled back about his exploits. Sometimes in the days of his prosperity he had come home for a day or two, showing off his clothes and the diamond he wore in his tie, chuckling over his rascality with his old cronies. He always wriggled out of trouble somehow, with that oiled tongue of his to help him. Only when he'd begun to grow old had his victims managed to trap him. Ten years at Stillburn. Jim Cray had hugged the thought when the news came.

"Talk to him, Jim?" Humber interrupted his thoughts.

He chuckled harshly. "Well, he heard me, all right. I up and told the board what I thought about wasting county money on a crook."

Humber's eyes seemed to close a trifle more narrowly. He did not speak, however, and Cray, twisting painfully in his seat, followed his glance to the road. A small garter snake squirmed out from the grass at the wayside and lay still in the warm deep dust. Safe as he was, Cray felt his old blind hatred of creeping things—hate touched with a fear that no boyhood ridicule had taught him to control.

"Kill it, Joe!"

Humber glanced at him silently, and the gathered skin about his eyes relaxed. He reached in at the door and brought out a hayfork. Cray watched him slip the bright tines through the dust under the snake and lift it, wriggling, back to the grass. The act seemed an intentional affront, a deliberate revelation of the squeamish sentimentalism he publicly detested.

"That's it! Baby a snake and wait on a crook! That's what's wrong with the world. Wait till one of your pets bites you, Joe."

"Never was much of a hand to kill things," said Humber, replacing the fork. "Maybe we're getting soft, Jim." He paused. "Paper says Congress is bound to fix things so a farmer can borrow easier."

Cray's bulk stiffened and the white showed at his nostrils. He knew that Humber meant to annoy him; this matter of government meddling in farm loans always maddened him. There was something indecent about it, to James Cray. A farmer had been devised by Providence to borrow of such men as Cray, twisting his hat the while in his clumsy harsh-skinned hands, speaking humbly, paying premium and fee above the legal interest, mortgaging land or chattels in security. He saw crimson when he thought of Humber, driving his snorting little car over the road to Canastego, dealing directly with a bank, even inciting other farmers to such ways.

It was all part of the vicious change he had seen in the world, the change which included telephones and daily papers and phonographs on the one side, and the soft-headed trick of compromise with evil on the other. Juries wouldn't hang a murderer any more.

"You—you ——"

He felt a sudden hunger for profanity, and denied it, knowing that Humber would laugh and tell. He tugged at the reins, over which the mare had clamped the moth-eaten tail. She flicked him deftly on both cheeks as he released them. He drove on, his vague resentments crystallized in a silent hot fury at Joe Humber.

The loose wheels clattered on their axles in the rutted dust; the sound punctuated his meditations. There must be some way of hitting back at Humber; for all his show of prosperity he wasn't well off. Cray knew that the place was mortgaged and that even the car hadn't been fully paid for. If he could—— But Humber wouldn't borrow, and had no unencumbered security to offer if he would. Cray had always wanted the Humber farm. It lay between two parcels he had taken in foreclosure sales; even with Humber's indolent methods it paid a little something. If he could only get it, get rid of Humber, once for all ——

The idea rode with him, tormenting him. He was frowning at it when he heard the distant roar of the west-bound train on the bridge and realized that he was late. He clucked impatiently to the mare, who seemed to mock him with the flick of her ratty tail and the three quicker steps she condescended to take before resuming her wonted gait. Cray lapsed into his sullen thoughts. Humber—coddling snakes—sheltering thieves with honest men's money—Federal farm loans.

*No One Was Watching When He Pulled the Bill Free From the Tacks and Slid It Into His Duster Pocket*

The mare shied sharply, nearly unseating him. He stared blankly at the man who sprawled face downward in the shadow of the railroad viaduct, one arm flung out in the dust, the right leg twisted in a sickening angle under him. He must have fallen from the train, Cray thought as he lowered himself, wheezing, to the ground. Mighty careless, some people were. Served 'em right. He wasn't dead though. Heart beating all right. Just stunned; leg broken too. Cray felt in the pockets of the neat coat for a means of identification. They were empty, except for a paper packet of cigarettes and a fountain pen; in the hip pocket he found a flat fold of bills—bright clean money. It was characteristic of him to count them. A hundred and sixty-four dollars. He fingered them, scarcely realizing that they tempted him. He was honest—so honest that the men who hated him best admitted it when they cursed him. Nobody, not even James Cray himself, guessed why he hated crooks so bitterly. He tucked the bills back in the pocket and gingerly lifted the man's head so that he could see the face. It was bleeding a little from trivial scratches, already closed with the fine dry dust of the road, but Cray had a sense of familiarity, even before he cleansed it crudely with his duster.

Then he knew, and a kind of mirth filled him. He was in luck, after all. The chance he had always half hoped for, never believed in, had come at last. This man was wanted; there was a poster on the notice board in the sheriff's office, with two photographs, which Cray had studied only a few hours before, just as he always studied such handbills. He couldn't be mistaken. He had an eye for faces, and this one was distinctive in its way

He stood up, hands on hips, his lower lip projecting. Always he had envied the men who caught fugitive thieves; they were paid for the finest fun in the world, it seemed to him, a double pleasure. And there was a reward for this man: he could not be sure of the sum, for there had been a lot of posters, but it was something, and he would get it.

He tried to lift the unconscious body, but he had no strength, for all his bulk, and the limpness of the form seemed to add to the weight. He glanced up and down the road, fearful of a need to share his fortune with some other passer-by. He'd have to get help, though, to move the man—get a wagon, probably, judging by the shape he was in. He thought of Joe Humber, whose house was nearest; Humber was fool enough to do a thing like that for nothing. He heard himself laughing softly as he turned the horse and scrambled to the seat, and he whipped steadily as he drove back.

Humber was milking, and singing at it, when he found him. He suppressed a desire to laugh at the farmer's sudden show of energy at the news. Humber could hustle when there was no profit in hurry, he told himself. He tied his horse and climbed into the car when Humber had cranked it. They traveled at a dismaying speed, skidding in the dust at the turns. He was relieved when they came in sight of the bridge. Nobody had come along, so far.

Humber made a quick examination.

"Smashed his leg," he announced. "Maybe hurt his head too. Breathes kind of funny. One thing, he won't feel the pain when we move him."

Cray shrugged. There it was again—worrying about a crook's suffering! He corrected himself. Humber didn't know this fellow was a crook of course. But it wouldn't have made any difference if he had. He helped lift the man into the back seat; it was hard to handle him, with that dangling leg, and hard to arrange him so that he wouldn't roll off the seat on the way back.

"We'll take him to my place, of course," Humber said. "Minnie's a pretty good hand at sick folks, and we can phone for Doc Linton."

Cray opened his mouth to protest, but thought better of it. His own house was four miles away, and he did his own housekeeping. It would look queer to Humber if he insisted on driving there, and it would be a nuisance, too, looking after the man till the police came for him. Let Humber and his wife do it; here was a scotched snake for them to coddle. They'd never suspect that he was worth money. He could manage the affair just as well with the man in their hands, and it would be a joke on Humber, too—something to answer him when he mentioned the farm-loan scheme.

"I guess that'd be best," he agreed.

And he did not contradict Humber's theory that the fellow must have fallen off the rear platform. But he guessed easily enough that he had jumped. A new fear seized him. Perhaps he had been under arrest when he jumped. Such things happened. In that case there might be trouble about the reward. He'd go about it carefully

It amused him to watch Humber's wife fuss over the man as they three got him to bed in a ground-floor room in the white house. He'd never liked her. He distrusted city women, especially city women who came out into the country as housekeepers and married their employers. And Minnie Humber let him see too plainly that she disliked him. He blamed her, too, for most of Humber's follies; she'd turned Joe around her finger, he told himself, to get those do-funnies around the house. Of course Joe was to blame, too, for being soft, but it was the woman who had put him up to his crazy notions, Cray was sure.

He stood out of her way as she worked. Let her fuss all she liked. It would serve her right when the police turned

*(Continued on Page 28)*

*He Thought of Joe Humber, Whose House Was Nearest; Humber Was Fool Enough to Do a Thing Like That for Nothing*

# MUSIC HATH HARMS

## By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

PROF. ROSCOE GRIGGERS arrived in Birmingham possessed of eighteen dollars in cash, a nickel-plated cornet in a silver-trimmed case, seventy-two dollars' worth of medals and a plenitude of ambition.

Professor Griggers smiled disdainfully as he stood on the platform of the L. & N. station and surveyed the hurrying crowds. He trudged ponderously in the human current, vastly amused by the haste and anxiety which appeared to grip the other ex-passengers.

Roscoe was in no sort of hurry. Once he paused, placed cornet case and traveling bag upon the platform, and interestedly inspected the scene of his future activities. He was a pudgy little man, atoning in girth what he lacked in height. He was garbed in a suit of darkest black; a pink carnation, somewhat the worse for wear, and an ocher necktie being the only relieving spots of color.

He emerged from the station and hailed a sea-going hack. To the hack driver he imparted his desire to be conveyed to a boarding house specializing in colored patrons of the better class. The driver nodded, clucked to the nag in the traces and pushed laboriously forth into the traffic seethe of Morris Avenue.

They came out on Twentieth Street and turned southward. Professor Griggers gazed upon the business center of Birmingham and found it exceedingly pleasing to the eye. There were many tall buildings, much activity; an atmosphere of business first, last and all the time. That was as it should be, for the professor operated most successfully in cities of greatest prosperity.

They dragged southward on Twentieth Street until they came to Avenue F, where the cab swung to the right. There the business houses gave way to smaller structures of the residential type; neat little places with flowers in the front yards and washtubs in the rear. On the narrow verandas sat ladies of the colored persuasion and Roscoe gazed upon them with vast approval. They appeared to be ladies of leisure, and ladies of leisure betokened husbands who worked—and worked for adequate wages. Roscoe sank back comfortably in the hack and smiled a satisfied smile. He was convinced that Birmingham was an oyster waiting to be opened by his fat and expert hand.

The rickety conveyance came to a halt before a two-story building which, barring its need for paint, was a rather imposing edifice. Roscoe deciphered the weather-beaten sign on the porch:

WANTED
PERMANINT & TRANSOM BOARDERS

"Heah you is, boss." The driver dismounted and swung open the door. "Bestest cullud boahdin' house in Bummin'ham."

Roscoe gazed upon his future residence approvingly. "You is pos'tive the cullud folks which boahds heah is of the uppest class?"

"You said it, brother. High-class boahders is the on'y things Sis Callie Flukers don' take nothin' else but."

Roscoe paid his fare and trudged heavily up the veranda steps to the front door. Sis Callie, startlingly skinny, answered his knock with a promptness that indicated she had not been unaware of the stopping of the hack.

Professor Griggers made known his simple wants. Sis Callie eyed him with approval as she invited him inside. Then she asked for personal data. In response the stranger handed her a business card of salmon pink with vermilion printing. She read:

PROFESSER ROSCOE GRIGGERS
WORLDS MOST GREATEST COLORED MUSICIAN
AND ORKESTRA LEADER
MY MOTTOE:
"WHAT I PLAYS IS MUSIC."
ALSO EXPERT AT REPARING & TUNING ORGANS
UMBRELLERS FIXED

*The Professor Coughed Meaningly: "Jes' What C'n I Do You Gen'lemen Fa'?"*

Sis Callie was duly impressed. Nor was that original favorable impression lessened when he pressed upon her six dollars in payment of one week's board in advance. She installed him in one of her choicest rooms and instituted a quiz regarding himself and his plans.

"Musician, professer?"

"I is."

"Which kind?"

"The best kind which is."

"What you plays?"

"Music. Any soht of music."

"I mean—which instriment?"

"Oh!" languidly. "Cornet mos'ly. I is prob'ly an' undoubtlessly the greatest cullud cornet player in the world. But I mos' ginrally don' play 'cept for crown heads or folks like'n to that. What I does is to lead orchistras."

"H'm! Which orchistras does you lead?"

"My own."

Sis Callie became more deeply interested. "Is you got one in Bummin'ham?"

"Not yit."

"What you mean—not yit?"

"I preposes to organize me one an' show these heah cullud folks what ginuwine music is."

"An' you leads which orchistra you organizes?"

"You said it, sister; you suttinly said it. An' which orchistra I leads is the bestest orchistra you is ever listened at."

Roscoe rescued from his suitcase a box of purple velvet. This he flung open with high ostentation.

Presented to the popping eyes of Sis Callie was an array of medals that would have caused an even less impressionable person to gasp. There were gold medals and silver medals and medals that were simply medals. They were attached to ribbons of all sizes, materials and hues; and prominent upon the face of each one was the name of Professor Roscoe Griggers.

"Wiggilin' tripe!" ejaculated Sis Callie. "Did you git all them medals fo' jes' tootin' a horn?"

"Mos' of them," retorted the professor modestly. "The res' was gave me on account I is such a elegant orchistra leader. Them medals, Miss Flukers, is prob'ly the mostest medals which any musician in the world has got. An' I might say that they ain't half as many as I deserve on account I is so good as what I is."

Fifteen minutes later Sis Callie fluttered forth to spread the news about Birmingham. And had the professor known it, Sis Callie was the undisputed champion news spreader of the Birmingham colored set. As a disseminator of information the emaciated little spinster was in a class entirely by herself. And though it is true that she drew upon her imagination to augment the importance of whatever she happened to be telling—in this particular case the very vividness of that imagination planted the seed of certain triumph for the stranger within her gates.

Professor Roscoe Griggers was distinctly a personage, although his greatness lay more in those faculties which he did not advertise than in those which he heralded loudly to the world. As a matter of fact, Mr. Griggers did not know one note of music from another. Too, he could not play the cornet—or any other instrument—even by ear. But as experience had made him an adept in fooling all the people some of the time—and then effecting a triumphant exit—he was the sole possessor of his own secret.

For three years now the orchestra game had been a fairly lucrative one. True, it had not enabled him to lay away any sizable sum of money in a savings bank, but he had led a life replete with ease and adulation. But even that may grow tiresome eventually, and Professor Griggers had decided that Birmingham was to be the last victim of his clever exploitation.

The reason for this decision had nothing whatever to do with conscience. The professor's orchestras were good orchestras and universally had given satisfaction. But the existence was too hazardous a one. Besides, he had recently learned of a barbering business in Atlanta that could be purchased for five hundred dollars—and in the old days Roscoe had been considerable of a hair trimmer. After all, barbering had it over musicianing several ways from the deuce. There was no danger of an inopportune blow-off, and though that particular type of catastrophe had thus far escaped Mr. Griggers it nevertheless constituted an omnipresent menace.

Mr. Griggers had scraped up fifty dollars in surplus cash, with which he had purchased a sixty-day option on the Atlanta barber shop. According to the terms of that agreement, title to the business was to pass over to him upon payment of four hundred and fifty dollars additional. The balance of the total purchase price of fifteen hundred dollars was to be paid in monthly installments of fifty dollars each. But those installments caused the professor no whit of worry. He knew a good barber shop when he saw one and there was no reason in the world why—once he was firmly in possession—he could not make more than enough to splice both ends.

Meanwhile, Sis Callie—supreme long-distance talker of Birmingham—had been breaking her own world's records. Sis Callie was not unused to housing celebrities; for despite the acridity of her tireless tongue Sis Callie was a clever caterer and an immaculate housekeeper. Used, therefore, as she was to those of her color who soared above the average social plane, she nevertheless was excessively impressed by Professor Griggers.

For one thing, there was the novelty of it. She had met colored artists and aviators and actors, but never before had she collided with a negro impresario. He represented Art with a huge "A," and the array of medals which he had flashed upon her still glistened in her memory.

So it was that dusky Birmingham—from Tittisville to Twenty-fourth Street and from Avenue H to the Champion Theater—heard sung the praises of the latest arrival. There was a mad scramble to be the first to bestow fitting

honor upon the professor; a race which was won by Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson as Honorary Vice President of the Junior Beautifying Society and Regal Magnificent Chairman of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the First A. M. E. Church.

For three days the professor was waited upon by local personages of color and made to understand that he was warmly welcome in Alabama's metropolis. Under this barrage of adulation his chubby face beamed in supreme satisfaction and he accepted the attentions of rival clans with urbane impartiality. He was finding the hospitality—and gullibility—of Birmingham's colored citizenry all that it had been advertised to be—and more. And he lost no golden opportunity to let his patrons understand that when it came to leading an orchestra or tooting a cornet no Afro-American extant had anything on him.

He was apparently a man of means, a cultured traveled gentleman to whom mention of things material was not at all appropriate. He let it be understood that he was in town to organize the finest orchestra that had ever been known in the city, and that he was open for applications from those who fancied that they were adept in luring harmony from reed and string. But it was not until the fourth day of his sojourn in Birmingham that he was sought on a business basis.

Sis Callie ushered them in, and they stood in the doorway like caricatures of Tweedledum and Tweedledee—one tall and gangling, the other short and stocky, both unutterably melancholy. The professor hoisted himself from the bed and advanced to greet them, his manner regal.

"I has the pleasuah ——" He paused interrogatively.

"My name's Sam Gin,"—this from the taller and sadder of the two.

"Mine's Willy Trout,"—from the other.

"Mistuh Gin an' Mistuh Trout—I 'nounces myse'f as bein' mos' happy to meet up with you. Meetin' gen'lemen informal thisaway is jes' 'bout the fondest thing I is of."

He paused and awaited speech from them, gazing directly at Mr. Gin meanwhile. But Mr. Gin said nothing and Mr. Trout repeated it.

Finally the professor coughed meaningly: "Jes' what c'n I do you gen'lemen fo'?"

Mr. Gin looked unhappily at Mr. Trout and Mr. Trout returned the stare with one of equal misery. It was the tall one who exhibited the first symptom of human intelligence.

"You is Prefesser Griggers?"

"I is him!"—with pardonable pride.

"You aims to orchistra some in Bummin'ham?"

"Ise the orchistranest man what is."

"You craves fellers which plays?"

"You said it, brother."

"Well," volunteered Mr. Gin, "Ise a pretty good saxophone player."

"An' me," chimed in Willy Trout, "I kinder blows the cornet a li'l'."

"Brethern!" The professor's face was beaming as he extended an eager hand to each. "The happiest thing I is about in meetin' you-all, is that I was jes' lookin' fo' a saxophone player an' a cornet tooter. I always gits them fust fo' my orchistras an' kinder builds up roun' them an' the traps." He paused slightly. "Does you play good?"

"We brung our instriments with us, prefesser. Lef' 'em in the hall outside."

"Git 'em," sizzled Roscoe. "Git 'em an' blow."

They got 'em and they blew. Roscoe Griggers listened in open-jawed approval. They played together—and they played as Mr. Griggers had never heard saxophone and cornet played before. With the first wailing notes of the saxophone and the initial shrilling of the cornet, all traces of melancholy disappeared from both musicians and they sent a toe-tickling rush of exquisite jazz spurting into the room.

Of the two musicians Sam Gin was possibly the more expert. He drew notes from his saxophone that the inventor of that complex instrument never knew were there. He fingered nimbly from a rich and rumbly low B flat to the penetrating sweetness of high F with never a quaver in tone nor the slightest hint of sourness in a single note. He blew truly and sweetly even on the G sharp of the upper octave—and when a saxophonist unerringly performs that feat he has achieved the ultimate of saxophone accomplishment. Nor was his companion far behind him as a performer; he triple-tongued his silver-plated cornet with an ease which promised greater things under proper direction—and he lowered his instrument apologetically.

"Co'se I knows that ain't much cornetin' to a man which cornets like'n to what you does, prefesser, but it goes all right fo' dance music."

Roscoe brought himself abruptly back to earth. He knew it would never do to exhibit the full measure of enthusiasm that had come to him. "It ain't so wuss, Brother Trout. Co'se all of yo' technics ain't so good as what they might be—but you rilly ain't so awful as some corneters which I has hearn. An' you, Brother Gin—does you git a li'l' practice you is gwine be so you plays the saxophone pretty good."

They flowered under this praise. "Gits we a job with yo' orchistra?"

Roscoe simulated deep speculation. "Has you ever had orchistra spe'ience?"

Again Sam Gin and Willy Trout exchanged looks of enormous lugubriousness.

Sam answered: "Kind of."

Roscoe's fat little head cocked to one side. "Says which?"

"Says kind of."

"What you mean—kind of?"

"Mean we has played in Prefesser Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchistra fo' th'ee yeahs."

"H'm!" Roscoe had heard unpleasant rumors of the musical efficiency of that potential rival and was more than impersonally interested. "How come you to git out fum that band?"

A glint that was undeniably of anger appeared in the eyes of each musician. "He done us dirt."

"Done you dirt?"

"Awful dirt."

"How come?"

"He kep' payin' us less an' payin' us less ontil we ain't even made 'nough money to git plenty eatments. He thunk they woul'n't be no other band in Bummin'ham an' if'n we di'n't wuk fo' him we woul'n't have no jobs a-tall. So when we says to him he was doin' us dirt he asts us what was we gwine do 'bout it."

"An' you tol' him ——"

"We says 'Nothin'!' An' nothin' is all what we has done ontil now. But if'n you is willin' to leave us have a job ——"

Roscoe gave birth to a new thought. "He ain't be'n doin' the trap drummer dirt, too, has he?"

"Uh-huh!"

"You git the trap drummer to jine up with you in my orchistra an' I gives jobs to all th'ee of you."

Sam Gin immediately commenced dissecting his saxophone. He addressed his companion.

"C'mon, Willy. Us travels."

"Where you is gwine to?"

"Ise gwine git that trap drummer to jine up."

Their efforts were highly successful; more successful than Roscoe had dared hope, for not only did they return with the trap drummer but they brought with them also a clarinet player, a bass fiddler and a violinist. The scraper of the bull fiddle modestly proclaimed that he was also no mean banjo tinkler—and the sun shone brightly upon Mr. Roscoe Griggers.

He went into executive session with his musicians and duly impressed them with his own magnificence, and, too, with the fact that mere association with one of his world-famous orchestras could not fail to make of them better musicians and insure easy living forever after. He then explained that he paid no salaries, but operated entirely on a coöperative basis: "I gits one-fo'th of all which we gits, an' you-all splits all the rest."

His logic was unanswerable. He made it clear that mere salaries were unjust to the recipients thereof. "We makes a hund'ed dollars one night," he said, "an' I jes' on'y gits twen'y-five dollars of same. You-all splits the rest betwix you. Does that suit?"

They signified that it did, and one of them suggested immediate rehearsal, announcing that he could obtain free use of a rickety and abandoned warehouse.

For three days thereafter the rafters of the ramshackle building danced to the strains of such melody as the musicians themselves had never believed possible. Roscoe, armed always with his silver-plated cornet case, proved inspiration to his colleagues. They on their part looked upon him as a musical genius and produced effects of dance-inspiring cacophony which delighted them almost as much as it did their conductor.

*There Was Fire in His Eye and Righteous Murder in His Soul. Roscoe Saw Him Coming, and Roscoe Was Afraid*

Then came the big annual ball of The Over the River Burying Society. After mature deliberation the committee in charge asked for competitive bids from Aleck Champagne and Roscoe Griggers. On receipt of the former they passed on the price information to Roscoe and he bid a nickel less, thereby securing the contract. He was glad of that, of course, as he possessed no great superfluity of cash. But the price at which he had agreed to work had been injured by the competition and it did not enthuse the members of his orchestra.

"We is willin' to take this much fo' our fust 'pearance," he argued. "'Taint much, but then folks don'

*(Continued on Page 42)*

# BRISTOL EYES

## By G. Appleby Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

PERHAPS because Traline's bills had a habit of arriving by the last post, the mental atmosphere which enveloped the pair of us for an hour after dinner was usually one of gloomy financial debate.

On the particular evening when *the idea* came to me, however, the atmosphere chanced to be remarkably different. The local doctor had pronounced me "badly run down again"; whereupon Traline had purchased a case of really good port for me. The shortage of ready money, which was his constant trouble, was so acute just then that it caused him no little inconvenience to pay for the wine; he was left with barely enough cash in hand for those expenses, such as gardeners' wages, which had to be met promptly at the end of the week.

In these circumstances I naturally refused to taste the port unless he had a glass. We argued. At length, grumblingly, he sampled the vintage. I made him have a second glass, a third; and the upshot was that presently we settled down in the veranda with two or three bottles between us. The ensuing atmosphere might be described as bright and mixed.

*"Call Me In Presently, and I'll Tell Him That, Though I Object to Lending Money, I'll Advance You a Couple of Hundred"*

At this time I had been Traline's secretary, or rather his guest, eleven months; that period having elapsed since I lurched ashore at Dover, a temporarily pessimistic vagabond of thirty-eight, rocky in health, deficient in dollars, void of inclination to work, and that moment returned from a prolonged sojourn in equatorial regions, every one of which had regarded me as the reverse of an acquisition to its community.

For a little while after landing I had sat on the seafront, staring at those cliffs which old Julius Cæsar didn't like the look of, especially when the Dover Volunteers of the epoch paraded on the crest of them. Then, having forgotten Cæsar in the stress of one of those unpleasant five-minute spells which would descend on me now and again—spells of discerning clearly that I was a paltry rascal, and that the odds were a hundred to one on my remaining a paltry rascal till I died—I rose from the bench and started on a drag-foot walk to London.

After covering a few miles I heard Traline's name mentioned in a village hostel. It appeared that he was a landowner in the neighborhood. I went and saw him. We had not met for fifteen years. Most men would have hustled me off and hoped we should not meet again for fifty. But Walter Traline at once took me as his private secretary—unpaid, because he could not afford a secretary, but permitted to borrow occasionally.

It was sheer, incredible kindness on his part. He did not want a secretary. He preferred to write letters, and to fulminate at columns of figures, for himself. I really retarded matters by beguiling him into conversation when he was at these pursuits. He was a bachelor; he had never traveled farther than Norway; and he had got into a lonely sort of groove. He averred frequently that my companionship was a boon to him. But that does not alter the fact of his utter kindness; and I would not write a word of this chronicle were I not sure that it will be obvious that I alone was to blame for any divergence from strict honesty which Traline may seem to have been guilty of in the course of the events narrated.

Traline and I, with the May twilight deepening about us, and a fresh-scented, newly mown lawn at our feet, sat facing the dim hill slopes, patched blackly with woods, a couple of miles away. I had reverted to an old habit—the making of verses. Into my mind had shot the picture of a beach, very wonderful after a storm, which I had seen somewhere at some time. I could not remember whether the beach belonged to Sussex or Sumatra. I could not recall whether the little things that littered it were starfish or jellyfish. I did not mind which they were. But for the sake of pulchritude they were going to be starfish now. So much of the poem as I accomplished I manufactured aloud, lilting the lines into the twilight:

*"The Beach of the Starfish*

*"I was down by the Beach of the Starfish,*
*Which a blow from the south had bestrewn*
*With a million or so little stars from below,*
*Colored lemon, and mauve, and maroon.*
*I was there in the amethyst ——"*

At "amethyst" Traline interrupted me fatally.

"Now you mention Hammerfest," he remarked, "you put me in mind of a girl ——" Then he interrupted himself. "But Bristol, Dick! Ah-h, if ever you can afford to marry, go to Bristol for a wife. Bristol—all hills and steeples and sweeter-faced girls than you'd find anywhere else on earth. . . . Eh? . . . Sab—Sab—Sabanilla? Never heard of the place. Bristol, I tell you, Dick. No man ever saw Bristol and died a bachelor. I'm going back there one of these days. It's the eyes of those girls that're so wonderful. They're so bright you'd think they'd put something in 'em, if you didn't see it was a pure light shining out from the very depths ——"

"When all those kids wake up of a morning," I said, "they must make a difference to the daylight:

*"'Tis not the rising sun which thus*
*Illumines Bristol skies.*
*It is the gentle opening of*
*The Bristol ladies' eyes."*

"That," observed Traline, "is worse than the piffle about the cray—I should say, the sunfish."

The mention of Bristol was to prove a most astonishing coincidence. My thoughts, however, were deflected from that fortunate city by Traline's unfinished word "crayfish." They were deflected to the village which lay invisible between us and the hill slopes—to old Colonel Crayo's early seventeenth-century house, which was in process of demolition. Twenty years ago I had been a student of history, and in spite of everything I had not quite lost my affection for things historical.

"I was thinking of Crayo's place," I remarked presently.

"Ugliest colonel in Kent, but not a bad chap, although ——"

"I didn't say 'face.' I said 'place'—house. Wonder Crayo didn't try to prop it up. Did Stevens tell you they found a couple of Charles the First coins in the wall this afternoon? Perhaps they'll discover a regular hoard."

"Crayo won't miss it if it's there. And precious quiet he'll keep about it if he finds it when no one else is around—so that the state won't drop on him for a big share. Jove! I can just see him nosing about early and late when the workmen are off the premises. That's my one great objection to Crayo—he's worth half a million, yet he's a money grabber. I consider—I say outright—he fairly did me over Three Pool Meadow."

Traline, breathing indignantly, groped for his glass.

I took out my cigarette case, envying Crayo his opportunity of a treasure hunt in comfortable home surroundings. There is a fine exhilaration in treasure hunting, however problematical the treasure. My principal essay in that direction had been a spell of six weeks' solitary digging in Ecuador. The only material results were a yard-long stick of rust, that might have been a pike head or a poker, and damage to my constitution; but the thrill of those weeks was rapturous. The memory of it, as I sat there in the veranda, suddenly freshened my faculties, bringing other clear memories—memories which caused me to smile. One or two people had to thank me for thrills similar to mine. There was a fellow in Bogotá, and another in Kupang, to whom I imparted for a handful of silver dollars the secret of a treasure which lacked no attractive feature—save that of actual existence.

I lit a cigarette, and felt annoyed that Crayo, with bad taste, had gossiped of me as a "sponge," a "parasite," and "Traline's evil genius, mark my words!"—thereby leading me, since he was too old a man to hit, to insult him virulently in return.

With a sigh I wished that there was a chance of a treasure search in Traline's domain. And it was precisely then that *the idea* came. My brain was strangely alert by this time; and in ten seconds the idea was complete at every point; and it was so sparkling, so touched with humor that I laughed aloud. I moved my chair nearer to Traline's, breaking a bottle—fortunately empty.

"Walter Womack Traline," I said, "I owe you more than all my affection, and all the money I may raise by borrowing from you, can ever repay, don't I?"

"How's that?" asked Traline sleepily, unbelievingly.

I shook him. "Think! For nearly a year you've fed me, sheltered me—simply and absolutely looked after me.

And the whole time you've been worried by your own affairs; for your income won't keep you, and the market garden you're running costs three times as much as it brings in, and you've had to start selling bits of your land, as you don't like the idea of mortgaging it." I pressed his shoulder. "It's all this worry of yours that makes your kindness so unrepayable."

He drew at his pipe.

"No kindness. You're worth a lot to me as an an—an—I should say—antidote to worry. Those yarns that you spin me of your adventures, you know; they do me ever so much good. 'Stead of bothering over £, s. and d. when I go to bed, I think of them, and wonder how'n earth one man can invent so many lies."

"We're getting off the beat," I said. "The mention of my indebtedness was intended as a prelude to another remark. I believe I can return a fraction of what I owe you. You're trying to sell the north field. Well, I may be able to arrange that it sells for several hundred pounds more than you expect."

"Don't expect a ha'penny. I told you I can't get a single offer for it. Nobody seems to want land. The north field's worth a thousand. I'd let it go for five hundred; glad to."

"So if Crayo came along and paid you, say, twelve hundred for it, you'd feel you were making a bit—that you were recouped for the Three Pool Meadow business"

Traline peered at me, a sudden glow from his pipe illumining his puzzled blue eyes and the fair bushy eyebrows he was lifting high.

"Should feel I wasn't awake—if Crayo recouped me, or recouped anybody else."

"Just feel awake now, and tell me—if Crayo happened to find a manuscript which informed him that a treasure worth at least ten thousand pounds was buried in the north field—buried deep and secure—don't you reckon he would readily give you twelve hundred for the field, if that were your price?"

"Exactly what he would do—not say a word about the manus—manus-cript. But since there isn't two penn'orth of treasure in the field ——"

"What has that to do with it? The point is that with your permission there's going to be a manuscript, which I shall insert stealthily to-morrow night into some chink of Crayo's late abode ——"

Traline took his pipe from his mouth with a "P-ff!"

"If that's not a low-down, scoundrelly trick!" he ejaculated. "D'you imagine I'd agree for a moment to such a—a ——" And then his indignation vanished in a chuckle. "I say—just as a joke, it would be immense!" He felt about for a bottle. "But very likely Crayo won't find the paper. The workmen will. What then?"

"They'll probably give it to Crayo without unsealing it—he's only three doors off. But if Crayo's first on the scene after I've been there he'll find it himself. It'll be projecting. A slab of plaster will have fallen during the night. It would be much more than a joke, Walter. Think of the twelve hundred—the couple of thousand—we might screw out of your friend!"

"Cheat him of. No, thank you, Dick. It would have to stop before then."

"He would be trying to cheat you—a second time; doing his best to rob you of a fortune."

Traline held his glass and a bottle athwart the sky, and filled the glass to the accompaniment of considerable waste. He drank, and was silent for a minute. I was preparing to shake him from a doze, when he chuckled again and proceeded to show me that he was extremely awake.

"My dear boy, you couldn't carry the thing through. It would be reality, remember; not one of your efforts at fiction. Presuming that Crayo found the manus—manuscript, wouldn't he take the utmost pains to assure himself it was genuine before starting to deal with me? I rather expect he would cut it in two, and send the half which didn't tell much to a wily expert. That'd finish you absolutely. For instance, what's to be its date?"

"August 19th, 1651," I said without hesitation.

"Oh-h?" Traline was obviously disconcerted by my promptness. "Any special reason for that?"

"More or less. You see, the treasure was buried by that old Cavalier chap, John Lafone, who actually lived in Crayo's house. He buried it before he rode off to join Charles the Second's forlorn attempt of '51. He was killed at Worcester Fight—he really was—and so he didn't come back and dig up the treasure. North field was common land in those days. Lafone went there because he guessed his back garden would be searched."

"I'm hanged!" Traline exclaimed irritably. "Talk of warped genius! I can see us both in the dock for conspiracy to defraud. Where's the seventeenth-century paper coming from?"

"There're five or six seventeenth-century books, which you never look at, knocking about the house; blank leaves in all."

"Seventeenth-century ink? They'd test the ink in some way."

I flipped my cigarette end into the night and watched the curving descent of the red spark. "Two of the books," I said, "are thick with annotations scrawled in seventeenth-century ink. These are doubly useful. An hour's copy-book work with a quill, with an annotation for a model, will enable me to develop a characteristic seventeenth-century hand. Then I shall boil the annotations."

"Boil!"

"Practically, in a drain of water. Then I shall partly distill that, and the process will give me a few drops of color, mostly ink, which your wily expert is welcome to analyze till he's blue in the face. Any further objections, beyond the obvious one that a specimen of Lafone's handwriting may exist? That's an unlikely thing that we must chance."

"He might have come back and dug up his valuables—before Worcester."

"The manuscript will prove that he didn't. You'll understand when you read it."

"Shall I?"

Traline struck a match for his pipe, searching hard for further difficulties; while I drank blithely to the project.

"Why did he want to make a document at all?" was what I heard next.

"Being methodical, he naturally compiled a list of what he had buried; and of course he wasn't going to trust to his memory for the exact number of yards from his house

*"I Suppose You are the Man Macaulay?" My Face Grew Fairly Hot at That*

at which he had planted the treasure. Like me, by the way, he was able to pace yards with uncanny accuracy."

"Um-m," said Traline, "I should imagine you haven't an equal at specious argument."

I fumbled for my matches, borrowed his, and got another cigarette going.

"Among your neglected literary heirlooms," I said, "is a Tudor-period law book. It has a queer curling parchment cover which looks like green gelatin, and several tabs of ancient sealing wax. Ever shown that book to anyone?"

"Didn't know it was there. Worth anything?"

"As a supplier of specious arguments it's worth a lot. It supplies me with centuries-old wax; and part of that cover is just what I want for forming a sheath to hold the manuscript—which would have moldered if it hadn't, fortunately, been protected. Somehow that parchment isn't suggestive of a book. Nothing about the manuscript must be, of course. That would give a dangerous hint. Before I write on the blank page I shall have to cut off the edges deeply, because three will be browned by light and the fourth by the binding. I shall have to soak the page in dirty water and knead the new edges, to remove all trace of cutting. Even after the writing's done I shall have to moisten that page again—by steaming, I think—to dull the ink and drive it well into the texture."

Traline chuckled once more, a little uncomfortably.

"This—what d'you call it?—grasp of essentials is making me half believe one or two of your adventures—the most villainous ones. But we've been talking rot long enough. I'm off to bed."

"I'm off for a stroll," I replied, shaking a bottle to ascertain its condition. I tossed it into a bush and stood up. "I want your electric torch and the compass on your watch chain—if the needle isn't still pointing sou'west by south."

"Why?"

"I'm going to set my heel against the north wall of Crayo's house and steer a straight course north till I'm opposite the north field, and then a straight course east to the plumb center of it."

"Not being a clever person myself," said Traline urbanely, "I should have steered straight from Crayo's to the field."

"I'm sure of that. You'd have laid a nice intricate nor'-nor'east course which, if by any chance it didn't floor you, would certainly floor Crayo—land him in one of Jim Taylor's meadows. No, by going due north and due east I simplify things for him. And by having the treasure in the center of the field I make certain that, unless he muddles his pacing desperately, he will come to anchor somewhere in the north field. . . . What did you say? You'll sleep with an easy conscience? What d'you mean?"

"I mean," answered Traline, who was getting to his feet somewhat laboredly, "that if your legs are anything like mine—and I presume they are—there'll be so many paces in those straight courses of yours that Crayo'll finish up on Walmer beach."

II

AFTER breakfast next morning Traline went out to poke the hedges for his compass and torch, and I set to work on the manuscript.

Traline had recovered his property by lunchtime, but it was nearly midnight when my manuscript was ready for sealing in its sheath. The thing that had taken me longest was the composition of a statement which, without seeming quite unnatural, should explain all that had to be explained. I succeeded fairly, but only by dint of making poor Lafone a prolix old curmudgeon. Mounting to Traline's bedroom I woke him up and handed him a piece of drab paper on which was faintly inscribed the following:

Writ this XIX day Aug., 1651, and to be hidd in my wall against my returne, if that shal bee, from the campaigning, I now setting forth to joyn His Maty., that is by Stoke towne with his Scots battaila.

These stones and gold, that I suffer none to knowe of, lest I, who haue given so much to His Maty., bee upbraided for that I gave nott these allso, and that I feare to concele hard by the house, since, when I am rode abroad, divers rebbels and ill persons will of surety both spoile my house and prie the earth nearanto, these, wich I haue bury'd fower foot down in the chalk in the night—my cares and the raine hauing even now dispel'd all signe of my digging—these, lett me note (for feare my head shal nott retaine the numbers) I am to discouer again thus

Setting my back to the midst of the north wall of my house, and every of my strides beeing a true yard, I shal make of such strides eight hondrede strayte to the north, wich done I shal look strayte easte and make thereto two hondrede strides and a score, and my foot shal bee onn the place.

Lest I strike open the box when I do delve for it, whereby aught maye fall out, I must haue care that I recouer the fower contentes thereof.

I. The gold and diamant cup the D. of Orléans gave my uncle.

II. The little purse of three rubies and five diamants.

III. The litle purse of six finger ringes.

IIII. The leather sacke of three-pounde pieces, dragon angels, sovereignes, and double royales, to the amount of two thousand pounds.

Tho' there is no savour in my tobacco-pipe as I sit before this paper and thinke onn my treasury bury'd yonder yett, when I do bringe it hither again, a sweet pipe I promise me for I deemse I will fire my tobacco by a flame from this paper wich now I looke uponn in such parlous mind.

J. LAFONE.

Traline, ruffling his hair, blinked for a while at my calligraphy. Then he examined it with a steady frown. His eyes, when finally they turned to me, were dubious. They were perturbed, yet there was a glimmer of excitement in them.

"Can't make it all out, but it looks—too thundering real! I think I shall tear it up."

I smacked my hand on his wrist, gave it a wrench, and, before he could bring his other hand into action, retrieved the manuscript unharmed.

"Now go to sleep," I said, making for the door; "it'll be your last night in bed for perhaps a week."

He stared across his blue-and-white-striped shoulder in blank amazement.

I explained.

"I'm just off to Crayo's house—as soon as I've sealed this in its sheath. He'll have it to-morrow. If you and I don't pitch a tent on the edge of the north field, and sleep there for our health from to-morrow night onward, what d'you think will happen? We shall find a big hole one morning—and you won't get an offer for your field."

That was the turning point with Traline. From the first he had been against the project. I expected him to refuse uncompromisingly to camp out, and half anticipated that he would follow up by forbidding me to go on with the matter. But somehow the idea of lying in wait for Crayo, Crayo tracking treasure under cover of night, appealed to him immensely.

He lay back in bed and shook with glee.

"If he comes what shall we do? Jump out with a war whoop—eh?"

"Jump out with ——" I nearly swore in my irritation. "We shall do absolutely nothing," I said, "except that, if necessary, I shall cough in my sleep to draw his attention to our open-air habits."

And I snicked out Traline's light.

III

IT WASN'T Crayo. So far as I could make out, with the moon floating in cloud, it was that tall, red-headed gardener of his.

The fellow had slipped, causing a rare cracking of sticks, into the ditch on the inner side of the north field hedge, just as I had a fortnight before; and though when he glissaded I was sleeping much more deeply than I had intended, the snapping was amply sufficient to bring me to my knees, peering through an interstice of the bathing tent. For a moment I thought I heard a voice besides his, but he alone came out of the shadow of the hedge, slowly taking big stiff-legged strides, like a man measuring a cricket pitch. They, of course, removed any possible doubt as to why he was in the field.

I was the only occupant of the tent. After eight nights Traline had abandoned it, vehemently abusing the manuscript and scoffing at me because I hung doggedly on. And this very evening, two heavy bills—old acquaintances—having arrived, accompanied by threats of immediate action, he had decided that he would go on the morrow to Taylor, our farmer neighbor, and practically give him the north field for three hundred pounds.

I had made my way to the tent thoroughly depressed. Traline, discouraged from war whooping, had evinced for a while a more businesslike appreciation of the scheme, and had promised me the handsome commission of 20 per cent if it succeeded.

Because of this, and because it was quite fascinating in itself, it had been of huge interest to me.

Having deposited the manuscript in Crayo's wall I had strolled into the village the following afternoon, and casually glancing at the work of demolishing had noted that the green sheath was gone from its cranny. But with the passing of nights my hopes were borne down steadily by disappointment. Traline's decision was a final blow.

I had felt so certain that the project was a complete failure, that now, with the intruder before my eyes, I found it curiously hard to realize that it was a brilliant success. But it was! It was!

My heart thumped and raced, causing me to shake all over, as I watched the grotesquely striding figure. Yet for an instant, though only for an instant, my thoughts veered from it. That was when I became aware that my right hand was stealing to my hip. A memory told me why—a memory of a night in less peaceful surroundings, when, kneeling much as this, I had taken a desperate chance by drawing a bead on a point of space six inches in front of the nose of Magistrate Biggin of Spotted Shark. The zephyr of that bullet was most satisfactory in result. Mr. Biggin waited for reenforcements and I embarked for somewhere else.

My hand went from my hip to my chin. I held it tightly as the intruder drew close to the center of the field, which was roughly fifty yards from the tent. I was intensely interested to see how his pacing would agree with mine. He did not pause at the center. One—two—three—four—I counted his strides as he continued on. Eighteen—nineteen. He stopped. And again he reminded me of cricket by digging his heel into the turf and turning on it, like a bowler making his mark.

Facing the hedge from which he had come he lifted his hand.

So Crayo was there! But though the moonlight was better it was possible that he would not detect his henchman's gesture. And I did not want any shouting. If I woke up the situation would be awkward. I moaned in my sleep. The sound carried. I saw my man start round as though I had challenged him. The white of the tent caught his eye; and unmistakably he perceived what I wished him to—namely, that he was in the haunt of an open-air enthusiast whose proximity spoiled all chance of unauthorized digging. He flung down his hand disgustedly, stood for a while directing—I surmised—maledictions at the tent, and then walked leisurely to the hedge and vanished in the gloom of it. There was a faint cracking; I caught the sound of his voice, low-pitched, and five minutes afterward I heard him cough, away toward the village.

I picked up an electric torch and looked at my watch. It was half past eleven. My hands were quivering rapidly. I felt dizzy—almost ill. I was not quite fit enough for excitement, it seemed. But some hot tea from a vacuum flask improved me; and presently I lit a cigarette and thought Crayo a fool to take his gardener into his confidence, as, by the man's demeanor, he appeared to have.

IV

THAT was on a Tuesday night. Until the Thursday of the following week there was no development. Traline, who shared the tent with me again, began plainly to hover between two opinions: Either I had lied to him or I had dreamed of an intruder.

The development, when it took place, was no uncertain thing. Traline and I were having tea; the parlor maid brought him a card. He blenched.

"She's let a London solicitor into the house!" he whispered to me, his broad, pleasantly rustic face wearing an expression of sheer helplessness. "It's trouble. Those seed people, I expect. Shall I see him?"

"Yes. Call me in presently and I'll tell him that, though I object to lending money, I'll advance you a couple of hundred on Monday."

Traline went. I filled my cup and contemplated the blue flame of the spirit lamp which was on the table. In a minute Traline was back with a rush, gasping in his elation.

"It's the field! He wants to buy it! Look here; what had I better ask?" He rubbed his hand over his hair, his blue eyes scintillating. "What shall I ask? It's a dastardly game, but—but I'm going to sell. Serve Crayo right! Why didn't he come himself? Suppose he thought a lawyer would get it cheaper. Dick, what shall I ask—twelve hundred?"

I leveled my finger at him with something like menace.

"Fifteen hundred. Stick out for that. Don't you take one penny less."

"Fifteen? He wouldn't listen ——"

"He'll listen. But you're not to listen when he tries to beat you down. Now go back. Tell him fifteen hundred's absolute zero."

Some twenty minutes later I heard the stranger leave, and Traline reappeared, a mixture of triumph and incredulity.

"Thirteen hundred," he breathed.

"Not so bad. Got the money?"

"Shall have next Thursday. You can't fix these things up in five seconds. I haven't my title deeds here, for one thing. Scarisbrooke's got 'em. I'm to meet this chap at Scarisbrooke's office to-day week to complete matters."

"Talk of delays!" I fumed, thinking of my 20 per cent. "Anyhow," I added, brightening, "this means another week in the tent for you. I rather expect a raid, and I'm not equal to fighting lone."

Scarisbrooke was Traline's lawyer in Dover. Before the day of the appointment arrived Traline was wavering badly—now hinting that he would put a stop to the business, now speaking of altering his price to a thousand pounds or less.

By argument and entreaty I steadied him again at thirteen hundred. But I thought it necessary, to frustrate last-hour vacillations, to accompany him when he went to Scarisbrooke's. In fact, I accompanied him into the presence of the two lawyers and took a seat in the background. Crayo was nowhere visible.

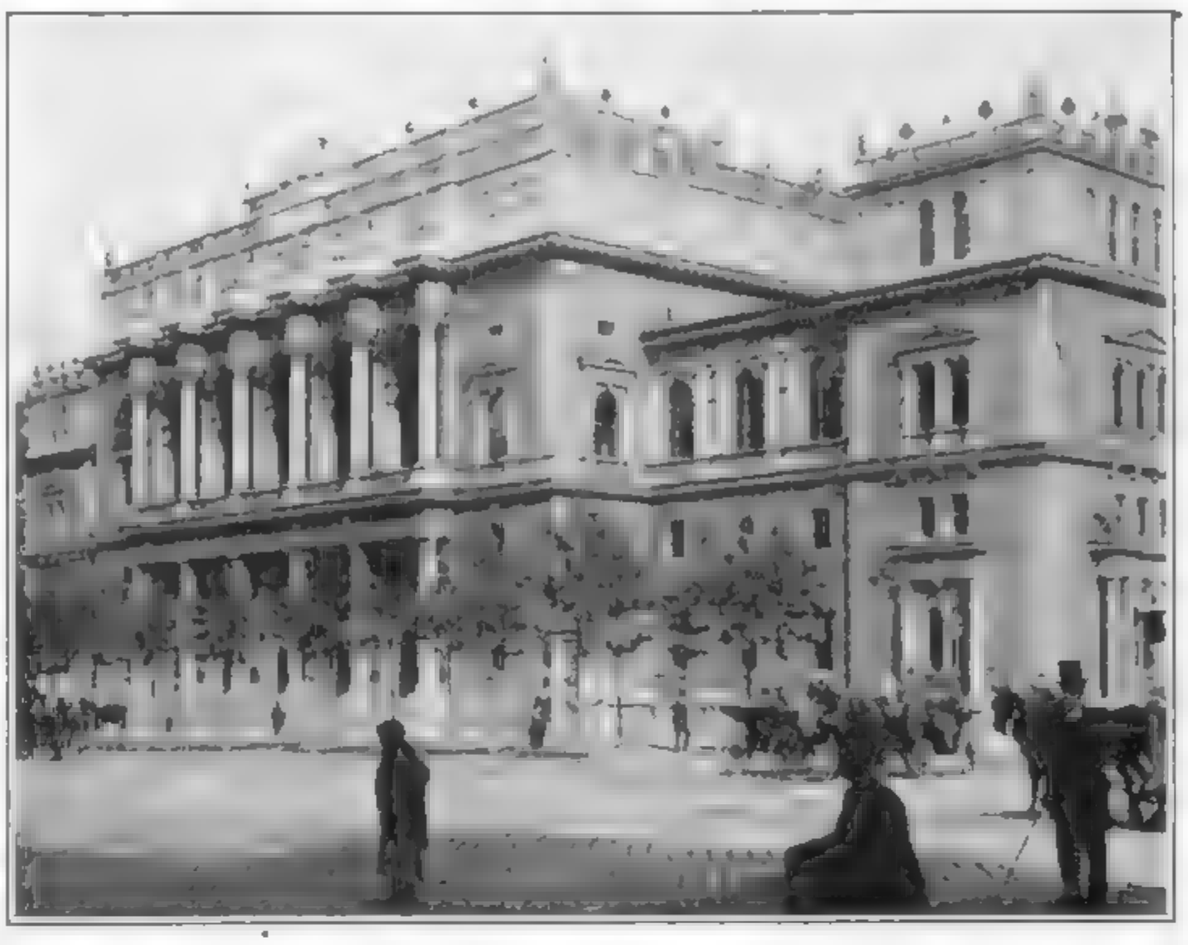
Scarisbrooke, dark-haired and youngish, greeted us cheerily from behind the breastwork of papers on his desk, and fired a joke at Traline. The London solicitor—a big, stout, gray-headed man—scarcely spoke and looked positively sullen. Traline quickly revealed himself as impatient and peevish. Scarisbrooke, having shown a document to his professional brother, wished to read something aloud. Traline said that he knew all about it and did not want to hear; whereupon the two lawyers murmured together over the document for a minute. Then the London gentleman handed to Scarisbrooke another document and a check. Scarisbrooke read the former and, laying it on his desk, remarked, "Just run your eye over this and sign it, Traline."

(Continued on Page 81)

# THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

## By JOHN MOODY

IN THE mind of the average American, Italy has held a minor place among the great powers of Europe, and it is still assumed by many that Italian affairs can be largely disregarded or given but incidental attention in viewing the European situation as a whole. But this is far from the truth. Italy may have been a side issue in the prewar Europe; she is not so to-day. A glance at the map of the new Europe will emphasize this. Prior to the war the position of Italy was overshadowed by that of Austria-Hungary. The powerful monarchy of the Hapsburgs loomed large at the very doors of Italy. It blocked her progress to the east and stood as a constant menace Even though Italy was nominally in alliance with Austria-Hungary through her membership in the Triple Alliance, yet the presence of the great monarchy at her side was a liability and not an asset. The Austrians, backed by the Germans, frowned on the desires of Italy to dominate the Adriatic; they looked askance on her friendship for Rumania and continually attempted to minimize her influence among the Balkans and in the Near East. Certainly, on the old map, Italy appeared to be located far from the center of the stage.



*The Exchange of Vienna, Austria*

But on the map of the new Europe Italy's position has undergone some sweeping changes. Her boundaries have been moved eastward and she dominates the Adriatic. The Austria which overshadowed her for so long has shriveled up into a little land whose population is only about 2,000,000 more than that of Switzerland and not equal to that of Belgium. The vast territory extending across Central and Eastern Europe from Italy to Russia, which constituted the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, is now split up into half a dozen independent countries, all financially weak, all antagonistic to the new Austria. Italy has nothing to fear from any of these peoples. Rather, they all fear her and are apprehensive of the day when she may try to dominate them as Austria did before the war.

For there can be no question but that Italy's face is turned toward the east. This is the direction in which she expects to grow or to increase her influence; the field in which she hopes to reap wealth through commercial and industrial exploitation in the years to come. On the west Italy is completely blocked by France; Northern Africa has nothing worth while left to dominate or develop, and to the southeast, along the Mediterranean, her future is limited. But she is much nearer the Balkan section than France, and as Germany separates France from Central Europe on the north, she separates France from Central Europe on the south

### *Critical Days*

EVER since the close of the war, and particularly since the signing of the Versailles treaties, Italy has been dreaming of possible closer commercial relations with a new and resurrected Germany. More than any other group in Europe, the Italian has probably realized clearly from the beginning that the revival and recovery of Central Europe would depend in large measure on the recovery of Germany; that Germany would certainly become in time the great wealth producer of Northern Europe, and would probably be the chief practical factor in the restoration of Russia. And her whole attitude during the past two years bears out this theory. Italy has little fear of a future powerful Germany, as France has. She would not fear to let Germany absorb the new Austria, for she knows that Germany in her revival will want to be a friend to Italy and will be keenly interested in building up close commercial and industrial relations with her. Certainly it can be said that Italy is becoming a more friendly enemy to Germany with the passing of time, and superficially, at least, Italy and France have been drifting apart. There never was much love lost between Italy and France. There were always jealousy and rivalry between the French and Italians, and their alliance during the war was little more than an emergency alliance.

Possibly if Italy were stronger financially and economically than she is she would drift to the side of Germany rather rapidly, and even more promptly were Germany also stronger financially and economically. But Italy's financial position has been difficult ever since the close of the war, and it is only within the past year that she has shown any distinct signs of recovery. A year ago she was in the throes of violent revolutionary movements; it looked for a time as though her fate might be similar to that of Russia, and he was a rash man who ventured to predict that Italy would be able to surmount her worst troubles and turn the corner toward financial rehabilitation within a year. But such a prophet would have been correct, for this is just what Italy has done.

### *Turning the Corner*

AS WAS the case with every other country in Europe, Italy was forced along the road of currency inflation during the war and after. The paper issues of the Bank of Italy rose from about 2,000,000,000 lire before the war in 1914 to a high point of over 11,000,000,000 lire at the close of the war, to which was added about 2,000,000,000 lire of so-called state notes, making a total currency circulation at the time of the armistice of about 13,000,000,000 lire. From that time on the inflation increased progressively, until at the close of 1920 the total paper issues reached about 22,000,000,000 lire, including notes for commercial purposes as well as government accounts. In the meanwhile the buying power of the lira declined as in other countries. The records show that wholesale prices in Italy rose over sevenfold from 1914 to the end of 1920. Wages, on the other hand, rose much more slowly, and by the end of 1920 the country had hardly begun to start new production on a comprehensive scale.

The disorder and chaos so prevalent all over Europe after the end of the war crippled Italy fully as much as Germany or France, and nearly as much as it crippled Austria and other Central European states. Italy has no coal of her own, and in 1919 and 1920 her industries were at a standstill for lack of fuel. Her armies had been largely disbanded, she was finding it difficult to feed her people, and her foreign credit was so poor that she could secure but little help from abroad. Then followed social disorder—strikes, riots and revolutionary demonstrations. And added to all this was the bad effect of the Fiume disagreement. Like the Upper Silesian controversy between Germany and Poland, this long-drawn-out Fiume anomaly kept Italy in a state of constant unrest and disorder.

*Scars of Age Mark the Exchange at Rome, Italy*

But surprising as it may seem, it can be safely stated to-day that Italy is rapidly recovering from her weakness and disorder, both financially and economically. Although her public debt reaches a frightful total—about 106,000,000,000 lire if we figure her large foreign debt at the par of exchange, and perhaps 160,000,000,000 lire if we

*(Continued on Page 76)*

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## *Ellis Island Sob Stuff*

THOUGH Congress has lately given some attention to the amendment of our naturalization laws, pressing legislation of one sort and another has held in abeyance consideration of a new immigration code. The Dillingham Act, which restricts the admission of aliens in any one year to three per cent of the number here, reckoned nationality by nationality, as shown by the Census of 1910, automatically becomes inoperative on the thirtieth day of next June. In the meantime it will be the duty of Congress to frame, debate and pass a new set of permanent restrictive measures of such a character that they may be relied upon to afford the country adequate protection in the unprecedented emergency that will confront it next summer.

Every day it becomes more apparent that the problem Congress has to face has changed from one of immigration to one of migration. Before the war emigration was an overflow from the thickly populated countries of Europe. During the next few years, unless drastic measures are taken to prevent it, the overflow will become a deluge, and whole peoples will sweep in, bags and baggage, rags and cooties, in such numbers that all previous immigration records will be dwarfed into littleness. That is precisely what various racial groups are hoping for and working for, with the assistance of such foreign-owned ocean-transport companies as regard the United States about as a contractor regards a public dump.

Opposition to restriction of immigration is unceasing and untiring. President Harding's signature on the Dillingham Act was scarcely dry before the enemies of the new law set to work to discredit it. Ocean liners raced across the Atlantic to land their human cargoes before monthly quotas should have been exceeded. Summoned to Washington, the representatives of offending lines promised to be good; but old habits are hard to break off and time-set methods are not suddenly abandoned.

Scarcely a week passes that the metropolitan newspapers of the Atlantic States do not print harrowing stories of the hardships wrought by the Dillingham Law. One week the tender victim is a penniless but beautiful young girl who must be deported because her country's monthly quota has been exhausted; the next, it is a rich and gifted young student who must be excluded for the same reason, or some apple-cheeked old peasant woman whose plight would melt a heart of ice.

These moving tales are keened with the tremolo stop pulled all the way out, and constitute striking examples of what is known in newspaper offices as sob stuff. They are often followed by verbatim reprints of the letter of protest addressed by the indignant victim of our barbarous law to his own government.

There is no more doubt that the Dillingham Law has caused occasional hardship to worthy aliens than there is that it has proved a protective measure of the highest importance, justified a hundredfold by the conditions that required its adoption. It should be remembered, however, that any immigration code worth the parchment upon which it is engrossed is bound to bear heavily and harshly in sporadic cases unless it contains provisions whereby official discretion is permitted to soften its rigors. In the past, official discretion has often been so grossly abused that the House Committee on Immigration will do well to be exceedingly chary of incorporating any but the narrowest of such powers in the legislation that it is now framing.

Unfortunately, a single case of beauty in distress skillfully played up in the newspapers makes a deeper impression upon many minds than the most authoritative recital of the disastrous effects upon our race and nation that will inevitably take place unless we speedily reverse our old policies based upon the Melting Pot Myth and control immigration by rational restrictions. It takes a more vigorous mind to envision the dilution and the breeding out of our old Nordic stock fifty or a hundred years hence than it does to think concretely in terms of pretty penniless girls, sweet old peasant women and earnest young students denied admission to our country. This is the psychological basis upon which rests the untiring press work of the anti-restrictionists.

Mr. Madison Grant, author of The Passing of the Great Race, in a paper presented to a learned society a few weeks ago, admirably summed up the situation with which Congress will have to deal this winter: "Immigrants by the millions drawn from the lowest stratum of European society are ready to flock here. Now that peace is established with Germany, millions of Germans will seek to better their fortunes within our country because the Fatherland with its industries checked will be unable to support its present population. Add to these the uncounted mass of that half-Asiatic welter of peoples we call Russians and we can readily see that in another decade the controlling Anglo-Saxon element would be in a hopeless minority. The menace is not immigration in the old sense of the word, but is true migration of peoples on a scale never before known. . . .

"The enormous votes in both branches of Congress in favor of restrictive measures show that at last the public sentiment in America has been aroused and that we have a President who is in sympathy with the popular demand for the preservation of what is best in America. Former restrictive measures were vetoed by President Cleveland, who lived to repent his action; by President Taft, who did not understand the issues; and by President Wilson, who was in sympathy with the racial elements seeking admission; but at last legislature and executive are coöperating in a manner that should give Americans a new confidence in our form of government. 'Race, all is race,' said Disraeli, and he certainly knew whereof he spoke. The day is dawning when the Myth of the Melting Pot will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten fallacies and take its place with Symmes' Polar Hole, with the machine of perpetual motion, with special creation, and with a flat earth."

## *Foolish Money*

TO WHAT extent the millions of men and women who patriotically purchased small amounts of Liberty Bonds during and shortly after the war are still in a position to rejoice at the rise in market price is difficult to determine. That many sold at a loss is common knowledge. How many used the proceeds to buy luxuries which gave pleasure for the moment only, or invested in stocks which have since proved worthless, it would be instructive to know. One banker has said that in his opinion two-thirds of the Liberty Bonds bought by the financially illiterate have been exchanged for questionable or worthless stocks.

Whether principles of sound investment and thrift can be inculcated the better during the course of a speculative mania or during the subsequent headache and aftermath is a nice problem. Probably eternal vigilance is the only method of treating such a disease. Nearly forty states already have blue-sky laws, and there has been some agitation for a national law. But though no doubt much good can be and is accomplished by state or Federal regulation, where is the law or government bureau operating thereunder which can prevent a thrifty but ignorant and gullible citizen from buying the Grand Central Terminal in New York City from a confidence man for twelve hundred dollars?

It will take eons of time for the formalities, classifications and rulings of a government bureau to wipe out on the one side the cleverness, trickery and knavery of those who live by their wits and on the other side the ignorance, foolishness and cupidity of many who have money to invest. Nor is the blue-sky-law idea quite logical or altogether honest as long as the states themselves are the culpable offenders in the laxity of their incorporation laws. Why in the name of common sense should a state legislature create a blue-sky or security commission to protect the interests of investors when it seriously impairs such interests by permitting the issuance of charters for corporations in the loosest possible manner?

If every allowance be made for unavoidable and unforeseeable losses, if it be admitted freely that wise and thoroughly informed investors are misled at times, it still remains true that the fool and his money are soon parted, and that a sucker is born every minute. Through the closest mesh of the most conceivably effective governmental machinery these victims of their own ignorance or cupidity will still pour in a countless multitude.

Admit that the day of extreme individualism has passed. Concede that an aroused social conscience has usurped the idea that it was a good thing for the poor and ignorant to suffer the results of their ignorance and poverty because such consequences tended to reduce their numbers. Carry the idea of the responsibility of society to the individual to its farthest possible point, and just so long as property remains in the hands of the individual at all he will escape to a considerable degree every paternalistic effort to prevent him from losing it. Before even the most able and quick-witted public authorities can dish his game the shady promoter has fled to another state, changed his game, altered the form of his proposition, or sold shares to at least a few victims. How laws and commissions can prevent a crook from dashing into a state, selling stock to people too ignorant even to know there is a blue-sky law or a commission and much less to start its machinery to work, and then dashing out again, it is difficult to see.

One of the most experienced and acute students of the problem of poverty has said that we do not so much need new facilities for savings and thrift as to make the old ones better known. It is often said that affirmatives accomplish more than negatives. If the ignorant investor—without, of course, being told that he is ignorant—can have impressed upon him with sufficient force the desirability of savings banks, life-insurance companies, postal savings and other unquestioned forms of investment, the positive, constructive idea will gradually fill his mind enough, in at least more cases than at present, to keep out the destructive stock salesman. To a constantly increasing extent those in charge of the great and beneficial savings facilities and institutions of the country are recognizing this fact and acting accordingly.

But no such campaign will ever attain one hundred per cent effectiveness. For hundreds of years the countries of Western Europe and the United States at intervals have gone through manias or crazes of speculation, which in the perspective of history have seemed so foolish and ignorant as to be unbelievable. The last, of course, took place in Boston and vicinity a year ago, about ten million dollars having been dropped in that particular mania. In a few years there will be another outbreak somewhere else, and the only hope is that a steady education of the people in the advantages of the sound savings institutions of the country may to some small extent reduce the number of victims of this fatal pestilence when it does come.

# The Rise of Japan as a World Power

## And the Question of the Limitation of Armaments

By BARON ROSEN

IT WAS but little more than half a century ago, indeed within the memory of some survivors of those days, that Japan had emerged from her complete seclusion from the outer world, which had lasted about two centuries, and that Commodore Perry had concluded in the name of the United States the first treaty with that semi-legendary hermit empire which has now become one of the foremost powers of the world.

In view of the Conference, which will have to deal with the question of the limitation of armaments, in connection with the situation in the Far East it might not come amiss to attempt to inquire into the conditions which have enabled Japan to advance in such an almost incredibly brief span of time from a negligible quantity in world politics not only to the proud position of the dominant power in the Far East but also to admission as a member to the charmed circle of the five Powers which undertook to settle the fate of Europe.

These conditions were partly geographical and ethnographical as given by Nature, and partly political as created by the play of rival and conflicting interests on the chessboard of world politics.

### Japan's Strategic Position

TO BEGIN with, Japan has the inestimable advantage of being an island empire, comparatively small in size proportionally to its population, and therefore compact and tight, like another tight little island that has become the greatest and most powerful empire of the modern world. Japan's geographical position on the right flank of the Asiatic Continent corresponds to that of Great Britain on the left flank of Europe, positions which create for both these empires the most favorable conditions for asserting their naval supremacy over the continental powers they geographically seem to dominate.

Thanks to its insular position, the Japanese Empire is even more than Great Britain unassailable by land forces, since there is not, never has been and probably will not be in any appreciably near future any power on the Asiatic Continent disposing of fleets and armies with which a similar adventure could successfully be undertaken. Also the specter of the formidable Russian menace and the legend of Russia's designs on the integrity and independence of Japan never had nor could ever have had any basis in fact, however effectually they served the purposes of propaganda by rousing the fighting spirit of the Japanese people and preparing the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War.

As a base for the development of sea power, the Japanese Archipelago, stretching from Kamchatka, far up in the north, down almost to the equator, offers unique advantages, far surpassing those of Great Britain's geographical position. It is therefore hardly to be wondered at that Japan, taught by the experience of the early years of her intercourse with foreign powers, should have set herself the task of building up a navy capable of holding its own against any naval forces any power might feel tempted to array against her in the waters of the Far East. That Japan should have succeeded within half a century in creating practically out of nothing a navy that enables her to-day to take rank as the third naval power of the world is in itself an achievement of which she may well be proud, and which establishes for her a position of influence in world politics which she will hardly be found ready to jeopardize by any concessions to the universal desire for a limitation of armaments. Japan's probable reluctance to consent to any such limitations, unless compensated for by special concessions to her political aims in the Far East, may well prove one of the most difficult problems the Washington Conference will have to deal with.

Whatever one may think of these aims Japan has been and is pursuing in the Far East, it must be conceded that the mere fact of her having reached in so short a time the influential position which she occupies at present bears eloquent witness to the remarkable skill, foresight and consistence with which the country's policies, foreign as well as domestic, have been conducted by her statesmen, and no less to the presence in the mental and moral make-up of the nation of certain qualities which have enabled her to assimilate so rapidly and so completely the attainments of Western civilization, and to show herself so highly successful and equally proficient in works of peace as in deeds of war on land and sea. What then are these qualities, and what have been the conditions that have favored their development?

In the first place, its insular position has for ages assured to the Japanese Empire entire security from military or peaceful invasion by alien peoples, with the result that the population of the four main islands of the Japanese Archipelago, presumably of mixed origin, has finally become a nation racially, lingually and culturally entirely homogeneous. However real may appear in the eyes of some ethnologists the supposed ill effects of racial inbreeding, and however much others may vaunt the problematic advantages of the so-called melting pot, it would seem that in the case of Japan centuries of racial inbreeding have not produced on the Japanese people any perceptibly injurious moral or physical effect. The somewhat lower stature of the average Japanese could hardly be accounted such, considering that it does not seem to impair in any way their physical strength and endurance. On the other hand, homogeneity of the Japanese people seems to have imparted to them a greater similarity of mental and moral characteristics and a greater unity of mental outlook than may perhaps be found elsewhere, and which is in itself unquestionably a great element of strength in a nation.

### The Benefits of Isolation

NOR could it be said that the two centuries of entire seclusion from the outer world, preceding the opening of intercourse with foreign powers, had adversely affected the Japanese people in a cultural or political sense. The adoption of the modern civilization of the Western world was, of course, retarded thereby. But when the doors were opened to its introduction its assimilation set in at once and progressed very rapidly, with the results an astonished world has been watching ever since with sympathetic concern and perhaps not without alarm. That this assimilation should have been so easily and so rapidly accomplished is indeed not to be wondered at, the nation having been found fully prepared for it, in as much as the Japanese people had long ago, and long before most of the peoples of Europe, attained a very high level of general culture—such a thing, for instance, as illiteracy being almost unknown among the popular masses—and in the upper classes a high-grade culture of singular completeness and refinement.

Moreover, a great advantage derived from Japan's prolonged exclusion from contact with other peoples consisted in this: That when free intercourse with the Western world had been established the leaders of the nation found themselves in the presence of a world totally unknown to them, which they were able to observe, carefully study, and—if need there was—confront or exploit to their own advantage

(Continued on Page 72)

# THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

## By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVII

MY FIRST feeling was one of huge relief, just as it had been when Maricopa himself had told me that Jim was only hanging by a hair. I hadn't realized until that moment what a burden I had been carrying in the way of that two-faced program that Maricopa had forced on me. Even in sleep, and just below the threshold of consciousness, had lurked that spiny figure of my sheriff trifling with his gun pocket and asking in those purring accents what I had done to justify myself as deputy. And I hadn't done anything and didn't mean to do anything; and now, praise be, I didn't have to do anything. Nobody knew of my obligation save Maricopa, and Maricopa lay at Madcap, toes up and his trigger finger uncurled, long and orderly and horizontal.

Such being the case, how came it that directly after this I set on foot that plan to lower myself into the Pandora? Maricopa, it transpired, wasn't hit as hard as first reports would have it; but he was incapacitated for a safe while. He hadn't been tackled in his bed, but down among the ore cars. He had tried to gouge out too many rustlers at once, and one of them had dropped him. No, I had nothing to fear from Maricopa, and yet I had never been more inclined to help him. Everything pointed that way.

The morning after that little piece of eavesdropping, when May was serving up the scantiest fare we had seen yet, she said with a wry face: "It looks like Washington at Valley Forge for ours, doesn't it?"

With a pang it struck me that she had grown thinner. She was suffering from that hard bargain I had driven with her. And what right had I to drive it? We were certain to find ore, you say; but I had lost some of my confidence. It seemed to me that the short cut to wealth now lay in an examination of that mysterious Pandora. The claim was well named. You remember that box of Pandora's, full of secrets that, when the lid was lifted, buzzed over the world and never could be coaxed back into the box again, and never will now to the end of time. Yes, Pandora was curious, but not more curious than I was.

Curious, and hungry too. Hunger is a mighty lever, even a mightier one than pure romance. Our table was all but bare now, and even May's ammunition nearly gone. The larder empty, and still that kitchen shack rang with optimism. The less we had to eat the nearer we drifted to that gold, it might appear. The more completely we beggared ourselves the more certain we were of our earthly reward.

To Clint, as well, I owed something; and perhaps the debt could not be paid better than to reveal to him that secret. My partner led his usual life of an optimist waxing and waning. In the dead watches of the night he would tell me that he came into that canyon a happy, smiling man, with the complexion of a girl. He used to sing before breakfast, and now he jumped out of his shoes if a pebble worked loose. He couldn't sleep, either. No one in that accursed canyon could sleep. Upon his word he believed that Syd was right and that murder had been done there.

Next day when Old Sprowl asked him how his courage was, with a side glance the lucky Swede replied rigorously, "Like iron."

It was at those scant meals, those Barmecide feasts, that Clint was most radiant. He voiced all his hopes, banging the table with his fist and heaping up millions for us while we made motions as if we were eating. Old Sprowl, who knew that things were on a shoe string, scarcely ate at all.

"Let the young fellows have the food," he muttered. For days he fasted, and his eyes burned bright, while his cheeks wasted.

Sometimes Azalea said coldly, "Leave the dishes, please," after one of Clint's outbursts.

She always punctured him with a remark like that at a time when the tides of zeal had risen to their high point. He collapsed in his chair then. She was the bane of his life. Nothing delighted her more than to let loose those baying hounds of logic against the twinkling hare, optimism.

It was clear to Juan, the miner, that she knew what she was talking about too. She had grown so thin that he thought she would soon die, and he declared that those whom death watches have clear brains. Consequently he refused to work longer in the Neck-or-Nothing unless it was timbered. That night Clint told Dan brutally that he would have to abandon this claim for the time being.

"Abandon?" faltered the old seaman.

*She Stood Out in High Relief in That Candle Shine, and There Was More Than a Touch of the Tigress There*

For an instant he sank back rigid, as if a stroke of paralysis had seized him, and then glared into the burning sky, where remotely several huge birds glided, circling, sleeping on ragged wings spread wide. Buzzards, his vultures, his aërial enemies, on whom he kept a wary eye, as if he and they played a watchful game with one another in which the winner was the one who could outwait the other.

"What's the matter?" he said hoarsely. "Is your dynamite gone?"

"No," Clint said, "but I'm afraid of that soft rock, and so is Juan. I don't want to make that place my tomb, and I don't want to spare the time to sledge in square sets, either. That would mean timbers—dead work—sawing down cottonwoods—too much time."

"Don't abandon me," Old Sprowl rasped. "You wouldn't abandon me, would you, when the next shot—the next shot, man—may be the shot that tells? As long as there's dynamite ——"

"Certainly, dynamite," Clint returned, beaming again. "I'm not likely to forget that, and I'm not through with this canyon yet by a long shot. I've told you the gold is there, and by the powers, it is here, only maybe we've been barking up the wrong tree. Well, it's never too late to mend, is it?"

"No, never too late—never too late—never too late," muttered Sprowl.

"All right. I'm going in under the Golden Girl in the morning," Clint said with a light of triumph, as if he had been reserving this glad intelligence for a last convincing argument with the old fellow, and indeed Black Dan's eyes glittered, his lips worked, his brows, brushed on in broad strokes, rose flexibly, as if here was a solution that had been overlooked. The Golden Girl! Of course! Go in under it. This was better. Anything but abandonment. Abandonment was death. As long as he had an illusion of a pulse to his enterprise he was satisfied.

So we went into the tunnel under the Golden Girl and let the Neck-or-Nothing languish. But the heart was out of that for me.

What was gold to me? The one nugget of it that had seemed priceless had been stolen away from me while I was asleep on my feet. I felt like one who had been fingering wishfully the stops of a rare instrument, only to have it snatched from my grasp and by careless gifted fingers stung into a voice and a rhapsody beyond my capacity to fathom or interpret. The Australian was that superior artist, of course.

One night I found May outside the compound, executing difficult underhand flings of that lariat of hers with a lithe twist of her body and a tumbling of her bobbed hair that brought that Australian between us like a dark apparition. I wanted to sink to my knees, confess my eavesdropping and beg her to furnish some interpretation of those hard facts that would jibe better with my hopes. Instead of that I had my flash of illumination, came close up to her and asked her rapidly and miserably if she did verily believe in the one-man-for-one-woman conception.

(Continued on Page 24)

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**Campbells' BEANS**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

"One man for one woman?" she repeated. I think she was fairly halted for once in her life, and probably she was faced by whole multitudes of men that she couldn't help remembering gratefully. This reflection had its sting. "Certainly I am strong for monogamy," she said, and began picking up the dusty loops of that rawhide.

"What is your notion of an ideal marriage?" I said, walking along with her.

Without an instant's hesitation she answered. "That of the Sabine women. It took them by surprise, and that's how it will have to take me, if it overtakes me," she said proudly.

"You can't mean that! It's simply too haphazard!"

"This life is haphazard all the way, Bobolink," May said, and she touched my wrist as if to arrest me and hold back the avalanche. It didn't avail her.

"Haphazard, yes," I rushed on; "but there is destiny in it too. Do you think, when a woman is once actually married to the man she loves, or is engaged to him, that she could ever have been happy with another man?"

"Of course she could," May laughed. "I've seen shoals and shoals of men that I could settle down with at a pinch, and probably be happy with them, once I got acquainted with their ways. You know that old adage about there being as good fish in the sea, don't you?"

"You don't believe in the from-all-eternity-to-all-eternity proposition then," I advanced feebly. May answered tartly that she had all she could do to keep abreast of the from-the-cradle-to-the-grave idea, and I believed her.

"Spring it, Bobolink," she said, looking at me gravely. "You're holding something back, old-timer. Don't keep me in suspense."

So then I told her that it seemed to me that every Simon-pure romance had been predestined, and that thousands and thousands of little causes had to contribute to the great glowing culmination. The germ of the thing could lie in a drop of rain or a puff of wind, in a predestined whisper or a flash from a dark eye. For that second or fractional part thereof the image of forsaken Inky loomed there reproachfully. And once that little shove was given, it went on unfolding and expanding and jumping fences and moving across lots at lightning speed; but just at the start it demanded sacrifices on the part of a good many people who wouldn't figure very largely in the final fructification.

"Yes, but whose romance, my Bobolink?" May asked me.

It was a bold question, and it did nearly bring down on her unsuspecting head a fervent answer. I was burning to say, "Yours. Yours and mine, little May." Why didn't I? But I procrastinated.

There must have been something patronizing in the slant of that dark head, and I brought out desperately, "Clint's—my partner's. He will never marry her unless he finds that gold."

"Then he is a small part of a man, is all I can say," May said. "But why all this philosophy, my bonny prince?"

I narrowed my eyes and whispered that it was evidently for me, a man outcast and unattached, an adventurer, in short, whose life was habitually on a shoe string, so to speak—it was my part to pick up the ends of their two destinies and splice them together where they lay severed.

"The first thing he knows she will get out of hand," I urged it on May. "She won't see all this hanging back from his angle."

"What woman would?" May answered shortly. "But just how good are you at splicing, may I ask?"

"In this case the remedy is sudden fortune, I happen to know," I went on, "and I'm going to see what I can do for them."

"You?"

"That same! I'm going into the Pandora—to-night."

"The Pandora!" May breathed. "It's three hundred feet deep!"

I acknowledged that, but I argued that if I boggled at that my reputation for intrepidity wouldn't stand very high.

"Nobody that once knew you would ever question your personal courage for one second," May said softly. "But it's so much better than your judgment."

I felt that rapier flash of romantic approval dart from her woman's eyes, pierce and withdraw, and it seemed as if my heart's blood gushed forth then.

"You certainly need a guardian, you mad, mad boy," May said, and faced me squarely and put her hands to my shoulders. "What won't you think of next?"

I reached up and took her two wrists and put them slowly away from me with a renunciatory gesture—where had I seen that in operation before?—and I turned half away and said, "I can try, and Try never was beaten, the old fellow says."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind," May said, and her eyes snapped. "It's perfectly outrageous! It isn't expected of you!"

I felt a dryness in my throat, but merely whispered, "Watch my smoke!"

I explained to her rapidly my conviction that the Pandora was a secret spigot that tapped the riches of the Sprowl estate, and that the gold was being taken out from under our very feet. Who knew? It might be the very gold that would carry Terrazas into Mexico, rally his armies again around him and raise up that deadly viper's head of revolution that would surely force intervention and the death of thousands of good men.

"It's too big. I can't get that theory all inside me," May said with a trace of satire.

Suppose I had told her in so many words the part I had been assigned to play with Inky. Could she have got that inside her, I ask you? A woman's benevolence has to have a personal object, furthermore, don't you think? They don't dwell on the big universal themes somehow. They look at things in the concrete. We've got to remedy that somehow by education.

May did come down off her high horse after a little, but she didn't get my point of view from first to last. She told me not to make a fool of myself for people who probably wouldn't lift a hand in my behalf if the shoe was on the other foot.

"Lift a hand?" I repeated. "Where is the question of lifting a hand involved?

"As far as I go, it's all one whether I sink or swim, now that you are in safe hands."

By George, May was indignant with that point of view, and went from red to white in an instant. Well, I did play fast and loose with the major emotions that night, and I admit it. I took the part of a lonely outcast who meant to stake everything in one generous adventure that would result in making two people happier at least, and without their ever knowing the extent of my sacrifice, either.

*I Did Just Manage to Totter Over There and Jerk Open the Mouth of the Nearest Sack*

"You've no right, not the least in the world, to take that attitude," May said hotly. "It's simply intolerable in one so young to be so cynical about his own chances!"

In one so young! The skin crawled on my neck. I fought for utterance, but May was beforehand with me.

"Why not let him go down and see for himself if everything hinges on it so?" she blazed out.

It was my cue to tell her then frankly that there was a considerable element of risk attached. The shaft was deep. The rope might be rotten. Then again Los Huesos—Bones—might not care for that sort of intrusion.

"The man that makes the try has a good chance to get a red shirt out of it," I said, and that phrase of Maricopa's sounded picaresquish in my fond ear. I hadn't the faintest anticipation of getting one, really, but my fancy loved to trifle with the gory prospect.

"A red shirt!" May repeated, pale as death. She had all that technic at her tongue's end, of course.

"That's the secret reason why Clint holds off," I said. "Aurelia won't let him attempt it. But, don't you see, that's all the more reason why someone unattached should make the try; someone—like me—with a debt of gratitude to pay off. That man took me up when I might have fallen down and died for lack of food and a kind word."

"Don't!" May cried in a stricken voice.

Her eyes were starry when she clung to me and asked me if I had reflected that, if I wouldn't spare myself, at least I owed it to somebody who was waiting for me somewhere, somebody to whom I was destined to come to mean everything, not to take unnecessary risks.

"So you are coming round to the one-man-and-one-woman idea," I put in maliciously. "You will be telling me next that marriages are made in heaven."

I had angled for this moment. Gad, how I had angled for it! And May threw away her best defenses and said yes, perhaps they were—who knew?—and it was not for her to say. She was getting more malleable every second in that forge fire I had thrust her into. Those eyes of hers were just a blue dazzle. They had steel points and dancing lights in them, and there was something enthralling in that pal's grip of hers. This outdoor life had been imperceptibly conditioning her and modeling her, and now she was right down to the essentials, slim and strong, and every movement of her bewitching body had that romantic significance, that sidelong grace and that *élan* which is the despair of inferior women; that something sympathetic and adaptive in the flesh. She was all necessary to herself, as Joe Carney would have said if he had been on the ground; and those little neck triangles she displayed when she turned her head were superbly chiseled.

"Sometimes I think you are the original horn-in artist, truly," she dashed at me, and I made some queer gesture, but hung to my point of view.

"I guess everything is viewpoint in this world, just as you say," I answered, and May, with an odd sound in her throat, cried at me, "There's more truth than poetry in that, if you did but know it."

Jove, I never shall forget that moment! The moon was coming up over the scrub oak in whose shadow we were standing, and I saw a star hanging in midheaven off the horn of Triangle Mountain. A pearly mist was shrouding those black declivities, and now and then one of those revolutionary cattle that Terrazas had driven over from Sonora would moo, and it sounded like a sad, rich horn being winded by a dying outlaw.

It's absurd, but there certainly is a wild, romantic strain in that cry of a cow in the desert when she's on her peck. It's hungrier than the deep notes of a violin, and with better reason.

There's no denying, either, that I had been touched with that magical ray which gilds, which transforms. Yes, by Mars, I had been caught in that draught from the infinite which makes a sane man nothing but a whirling ground for vaporous emotion, and I felt that nothing would do May and me so much good as a rapid scurry across the ether fields.

"I suppose you call this fatalism," she sighed, and I admitted it, and accused her of fatalistic tendencies herself. She admitted it partly.

"That is," she qualified, "I believe we were put here for a purpose, but what that purpose is we don't know."

I might have enlightened her, but I felt bashfully that the time hadn't come. What was there about that girl that reached out and clamped to my windpipe every time I thought of something fundamental to say? I simply gloomed and agreed. I told her a little huskily that I had given up all hopes of personal success in this world; I was an empty shell, a husk. I had thought of life at one time as a sort of glorious scroll that was being unrolled for me to walk on step by step by the invisible hands of the fates and the furies. But of late everything was dust and ashes, phantoms. I went so far as to tell her that I had the phantom touch, and that I had only to reach out my hand and all those mountains would sink into the dust.

"I dare you!" May cried in ringing tones, and I retorted lamely that I didn't want to.

"It's the most depressing line of chatter I have listened to in many a day, I know that much," May cut in. "Perfectly morbid, in fact. Come over to the tent and have a comfy little smoke and then go turn in like a good boy."

"I don't think you have ever quite understood," I muttered, choked. "Well, wish me luck."

(Continued on Page 26)

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(Continued from Page 24)

I held out my hand, thinking that in another minute I should be picturing her as standing where I had left her, drooping, her heart throbbing and tears dimming her eyes, maybe, at the splendid folly of that undertaking. In place of that she whirled and ran full tilt into the shadows where her tent was pitched.

I stumbled down the canyon trail, thinking that everything had come to nothing through that one act of hers. And will you believe it, I was no sooner on the floor of the canyon than she faced me in that darkness, floated up to me, actually collided with me. She felt like a cool and velvety young solid, and I was surprised to find so much clear substance poured into that slender mold. In our dances she had swayed to a touch, been all ethereal.

To my cry of pure surprise she laughed, "I slid down the water pipe, Bobolink." She looked close into my face and said tensely, "If there's any likelihood of a red shirt, this is going too," and tapped her gun pocket significantly.

She had gone back and strapped that thing about her waist for my protection!

"I don't need that," I whispered. "Go back like a good girl."

"Then come back with me," she said, and I wouldn't do that.

The upshot of it was that we moved on together, my little gun fighter and I. Such was the inauspicious start of my hand-forged opportunity to grow to the stature of the Australian in May's eyes. She didn't know what she wanted the man of men to do, and by Jupiter, I meant to show her!

The Pandora's headgear, raised over the mouth of the shaft, was made of heavy hewn timbers, the butts projecting from the eaves of a temporary roof. This headgear has another name the gallows frame—and my heart sank when I saw it. I had that temporizing or procrastinating instinct to walk past it on some pretext or other and defer the descent.

I took May's arm just above the elbow to enjoin silence and absorb courage, and we crept over toward the Empire and looked in. There was a kind of conclave going on in there, but on account of the catclaws swarming under the windows we couldn't get close enough to hear, and at first I could see nothing but the portentous countenance of General Terrazas glooming in the light of one of those long blue candles. He looked like a dethroned monarch.

He had that dark, proud look of a glorious exile about him, as if he had lost something—a continent for choice.

You remember that Spanish ballad that says in effect, "Yesterday I was King of Spain; to-day I am King of Nothing." Terrazas looked as if he might have stepped out of it. There was certainly an imperial quality adorning that pockmarked, pot-bellied little reptile, with his campaign hat in tatters and his blue-black mustaches twisted into twin spires.

By shifting along a foot or two I caught a glimpse of that genial specter, Los Huesos—Bones. He was standing there in that attitude of silent expectancy that was usual with him. What was he waiting for? He had the look of a man lying in wait, of a man waiting for his enemies to hang themselves at the other end of an invisible rope which he kept paying out to them, and right away I saw that one of the men at the end of this rope was Sydney Hecker. Can you imagine it? So this was what Syd was doing with his evenings. You could have brained me with a ladies' fan, as our ancestors used to say, when I caught sight of poor Syd sitting there on the edge of one of those cane chairs, pale as death and with great circles under his eyes from lack of sleep. Had he sold us out? But what had Syd to sell? Was he offering his services to the opposition camp? I could imagine his asking them in that husky whisper, "Is it legal?" and getting back the same answer I had given him, "Legal as breathing," only this time with the significant wiping of a bony forefinger across a lean throat.

I craned my neck and made out just back of him, half in shadow, the enigmatical figure of that Sebastian Polhill, sitting there, perfectly inert as usual, like a stuffed figure.

I half carried May back into the darkness with her two elbows in the open palms of my hands before she could see Syd. I was afraid she couldn't keep that secret, and I wanted it a secret until I knew more about it. I felt truly sorry for poor Syd. More than ever he looked sick and out of song, and I felt that if he kept on as he was going he would be beyond the reach of any mortal song restorer before many moons.

"My heart is in my mouth," May whispered to me. "What is in the wind, do you suppose?"

"You would come," I said bitterly. "I told you this was no errand for a woman."

"Wait till you hear me complain, will you?" she whispered then.

She told me later that that feeling of dismay had passed clear to her knees like strong drink, and nothing but the sight of my set face had held her back from picking up her skirts and making a run for it. As for myself, I looked upon her as a fair white curtain, hung up where I could see myself shadowed there many times as big as life.

Glancing over her shoulder, with one arm around her to steady her, I could just see the outlines of the gray dump of the Neck-or-Nothing beyond, an integral part of the Sprowl estate, and separated from the Pandora by nothing more substantial than a mathematical line.

These patents are given *ad cælum, ad inferna*, you know; they extend, that is, perpendicularly from hell to heaven. The Government is nothing if not generous.

I couldn't put off clambering into that black shaft any longer. Whatever deviltry might be lurking there, I stood committed a thousand ways, and May was waiting for me. If the guests in the Empire should get wind of this trespass I was certain to be caught like a rat in a trap. If anyone came by at the right time the creak of the windlass drum would betray me. To guard against that I pressed into May's hand a little bug light.

"If anyone comes flash that," I whispered. "Can you look for yourself then?"

"What would you bet to the contrary?" May asked pithily, and I wouldn't have wagered much. Both her hands closed over mine when I gave her that light, and they were cold as ice.

"Think twice," she whispered. "It isn't too late even yet."

I said, "It's all right. I have the phantom touch, don't forget," and I began to let myself slide.

I wasn't lacking, of course, in that instinctive fear of narrow spaces which all men carry to the tomb, and the native heat of earth pinched my lungs tight before I had gone a hundred feet. A smell of dank fungus choked me too.

Gad, the phantom touch wasn't very much in evidence on a rope that began to feel more and more like a red-hot bar! I wondered whether it wasn't the fool in my breast that had dictated a fair half of that philosophy of disillusion that had got me into this predicament. Wouldn't it have been better for me to imitate Clint, swallow the universe at one gulp, and leave it to the involuntary man within to digest its inconsistencies?

But right there, when I hung dangling, I heard those pet words of his ring close in my ears, "Go—on—down," and I dropped another fifty feet. Then, with my head lolling on my shoulders, I saw what looked like the flash of a firefly about a thousand feet in the darkness above me May's signal!

By George, I was visited by a sense of utter disembodiment! I was panicky, right, and it was by the merest chance that I managed to hook my toe into a crack between two loosened planks in the side of the shaft. I twisted my leg, and the plank fell in with a clatter. There was a space behind it.

I crawled in there, expecting to hear that rope rattling down the shaft, and I felt rather low and less adventuresome than formerly; but nothing further happened on that side. But while I was sitting there in blackness, with my chin on my breast, a current of air, coming from what I supposed was the dead end of that drift, touched my cheek. I sprang up and, cupping my hand over the reflector of my carbide lamp, spun the flint sharply. As soon as that needlelike jet of flame shot out I saw my situation plainly. I was in the acute angle of a ragged, wedge-shaped cave with a bad-looking roof which only cleared my head by a few inches. It sloped upward, though, and at the far end I saw a ledge of solid stone rising to a height of ten feet, with a centipede ladder leaned against it. The upper end of that ladder was thrust into a hole in the rock large enough to admit the passage of a man's body.

I took the lamp in my teeth and went up that ladder and dragged myself through that hole, when I found myself in a second cave bigger than the last, with smoother and more workmanlike walls, which showed traces of some kind of mining

Then I saw that this stope was connected with one higher yet by means of an immense black log with steps cut in its front face. I put my thumb into the lowest of those steps and found it worn smooth as glass. The solution came to me in a flash. These steps had been worn smooth by the rub of innumerable bare feet. I had got into an ancient Mexican working, one of those untimbered mines hewn from the rock by the aid of tempered copper tools alone, without the aid or knowledge of blasting powders, by the use of the bar alone—*el barreno*.

Was this then the secret of the Pandora? I was all agog, and I was getting ready to worm my way farther yet up this mysterious backstairs when my eye was caught by traces of a sluggish trail on the ground, the kind of trail that might be made by dragging a heavy sack. Right on the heels of that I picked up a piece of fairy quartz.

That's no receipt for slowing down a rapid pulse. I stood stock-still, staring at that fragment with the yellow vein twisting through it, and I had that consecrated feeling Clint had had so many times, I fancy, only now with the blinding dazzle of triumph in it. I had laid hold of the yellow metal itself. Gold!

It's a fact, I only needed to lift that lancelike flame an inch or two to see the termination of that trail in a row of bulging canvas sacks leaning together there against the hanging wall of the stope with every hall mark of treasure-trove in their bulky rounds.

My knees joggled together, sweat jumped out on me, I was dizzy; and I began to fear I would have to get down on my hands and knees and crawl up to that weight of treasure; but I did just manage to totter over there and jerk open the mouth of the nearest sack.

Yes, the native metal. You couldn't any more mistake it than you could mistake the first approach of love. The real thing! I tore at it with my hands until my finger ends ran red, gashed by those shining matrices. I hefted the sack. Its weight was terrible and miraculous, and I told myself that May and I should never come to want now.

Raw gold! It hadn't even been put through a stamping mill, but stood there just in the shape in which it had lain after those terrific crucibles below had emptied themselves, and earth pressures had squirted it into these seamy crystals. Those few bits that I picked out of the quartz resembled the odd sprawling shapes that small quantities of lead assume when thrown molten into cold water. I should say it must have been three-quarters pure gold, and I knew at once, of course, that it had been stolen from the Neck-or-Nothing on its lower levels.

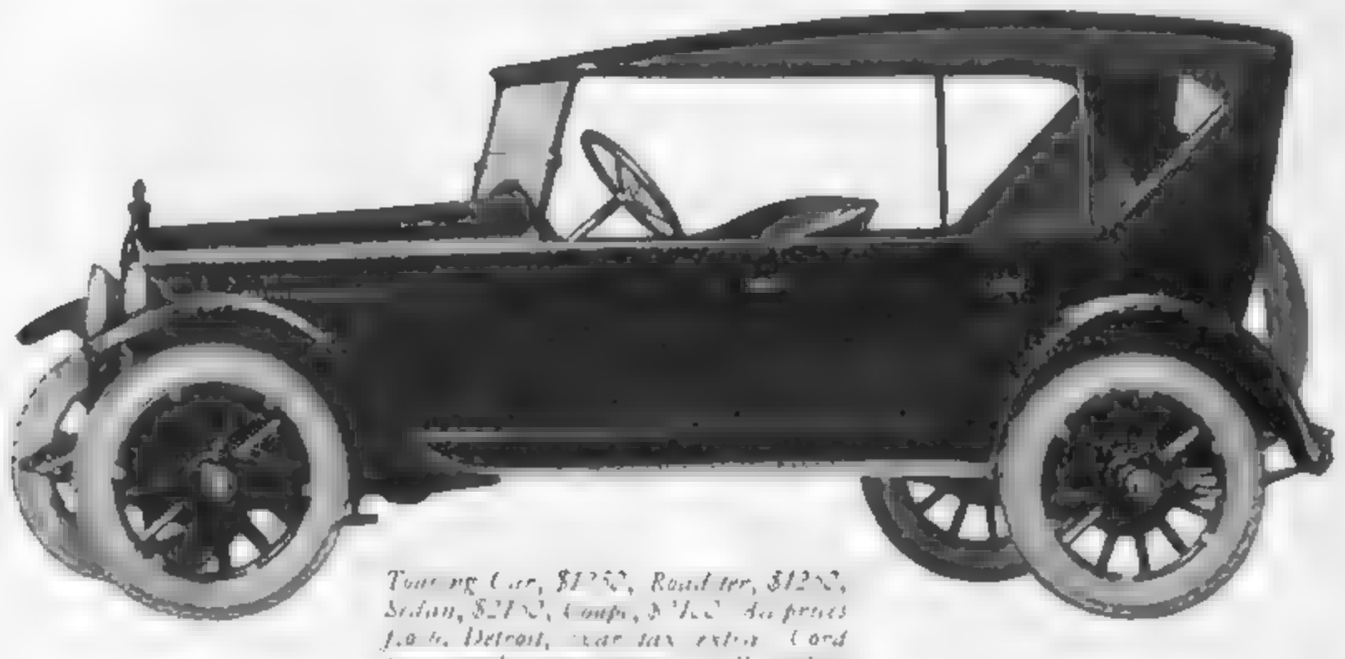
Right on top of that a wave of mistrust swept over me. I was afraid I was dreaming. There certainly was a kind of treacherous insecurity in that vision, and even in the taste of the blood that was running off my finger ends, and in the awful grayness that seemed to be falling on things, oozing out of those rock walls.

I remembered that I used to have dreams that matched this one when I was a boy. I lived then near a big stamping company that made coal hods. Their dump, out back of a big red fence, was heaped up with small circles of tin and sheet iron the size of quarters and half dollars.

(Continued on Page 66)

Big Chief Joe of the Hopis and a Little Eastern Friend

# Hupmobile



*Touring Car, $1250, Roadster, $1250, Sedan, $2150, Coupe, $1850 All prices f.o.b. Detroit, war tax extra Cord tires regular equipment on all models.*

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## Now $1250

# THE POCKET SNAKE

(Continued from Page 13)

up and told her she'd been nursing a thief. He drove away in a better humor. Tomorrow he'd go back to Canastego and see that handbill again.

No use telling the sheriff about it just yet. It would be a long time before the fellow could move.

The idea took firm hold of him before he drove in at his own gate and stabled the mare. There was no hurry. Why not let Humber and his wife work over this rascal a while before telling them? They liked doing such things, did they? He remembered faintly a fable in the old reader, about a farmer who had been sorry for a frozen snake and warmed it in his coat. Maybe it wouldn't do any harm to wait a bit and see what happened when this snake had been thawed!

II

*"Now the viper, thawed out*
*And restored to enjoyment,*
*For pleasant employment*
*Was casting about."*

THE handbill disappointed him a little. The reward was only two hundred dollars—a pleasing sum if considered independently, but trifling when compared to the figures in fat black type on some of the other bills. He felt defrauded; it might just as easily have happened that his captive should turn out to be one of the richer prizes.

The poster, however, satisfied him that he had made no mistake in his identification. This was the man he had found in the road, beyond any doubt. The description fitted accurately in every detail. He checked them carefully, standing close to the board so that he shielded the notice from chance observance by the people who came and went behind him. The fellow had a lot of aliases: Simpson, Corcoran, Grayling. Of course he'd be traveling under another now.

Two hundred dollars, after all, was a pretty good windfall. Cray glanced cautiously about him; no one was watching when he pulled the bill free from the tacks and slid it into his duster pocket. They'd never miss it, among so many, and it would be safer to get it out of sight.

Wanted for swindling, eh? And the address given was some town in Illinois, of which he hadn't heard. Small place, probably. And that meant that this swindler dealt with small prey—village merchants, perhaps, or farmers. He could find out easily enough by writing to the sheriff. But he decided, as he unhitched the tie strap from the stone post before the courthouse, to lie low a while. Simpson couldn't possibly get away; there was no use hurrying.

He confirmed this conclusion when Joe Humber's car stopped beside him.

"Broke his thigh bone," said Humber. "That's all that ails him. Came to while Doc Linton was setting it. Got him all tied up in bed with a weight and pulley to keep the leg from shrinking when it knits."

"Take quite a spell, won't it?"

"Yes. The doc says so."

"Going to keep him till he's well?"

"Guess so. Hard to move him, the way he's fixed. And Minnie sort of likes nursing folks. Company for her."

Cray grunted. It would serve them both right when the truth came out. Petting a stranger, without even finding out who and what he was! Humber glanced at the stores.

"Came over to get some stuff the doc wanted for him. Quite a chore to tinker up a break like this. Stop in and see him when you go by. We told him it was you that found him."

"All right." Cray nodded. "Who is he?"

"Name's Burton. Says he's a sort of drummer. Too sick to do much talking yet." He brightened. "Stopped at the poor farm to see Lou on my way over. He acted mighty glad to see me. Tough, the way he's crippled. But they're good to him, he says. Guess it seems pretty nice, after jail."

Cray scowled and turned away. Good to him, were they? Pampering him, just because he'd been a slick rascal all his days! Wasting county money on a jailbird! A train of sullen thought led from the grievance to the other symptoms of decadence he detested. As he drove back through the dusty heat he worried about the money lying idle in the Canastego bank—money that ought to be paying him 15 per cent instead of 4. Profitable loans were scarcer every year, unless you took big risks. There was too much money, and too many people had it, these days. Wasted it, too, with both hands.

He tied his horse at the Humber farm and went back to the kitchen door. Minnie Humber greeted him quietly, without stopping her manipulation of a patent bread mixer. He scowled at the device, at the enameled sink and the oil stove and the electric bulb which swung above the table. The woman herself was irritating, too, in her neat short-skirted gingham. She didn't look the way a farmer's wife ought to; Cray had the sense of something almost impious about her.

"How is he?" He jerked his head toward the bedroom.

"Well's could be expected."

He disliked her speech. It was too brisk, too assertive. Farm women had no business to talk like this. She needed taking down. She didn't even ask him in. He thought of other women who had made him nervously welcome, urged him to stop for meals, women who were properly afraid of him. His dislike deepened a little.

"Make a lot of work for you, I guess." He spoke with no affectation of sympathy.

"Not much—not as much as you'd think. The house is so handy—and I like nursing."

He resented this because he saw that it was true. The extra burden didn't worry her. Well, she'd have her trouble for her pains. He began to foresee a special pleasure in the humiliation he had waiting for her. Liked nursing, did she? Wait till she found what she'd been nursing! He turned away, grinning faintly. He could afford to wait. It occurred to him that the longer he waited the more work she would waste. There was no reason why he shouldn't let the fellow get almost well before he sprang his trap.

He turned the idea over in his mind on the way home. As he cooked his supper he kept thinking of the Humber kitchen, comparing it with his own. His bachelor housekeeping had taught him enough to let him realize how easy Minnie Humber's work must be, with no water to carry, no wood and ashes to bother with, a machine to wash clothes and another to mix bread, light at the touch of a button, a warm house in winter, with only the one fire to tend. No wonder she could spare time and strength for stray jailbirds with broken legs.

He read his paper by lamplight, his thought slipping away from the print to contemplate his coming stroke.

It was on that first evening that he began to wish that he could hit the Humbers directly, instead of through their guest. After all, it wouldn't hurt them much, merely to turn the swindler over to the law. And again the old fable suggested itself. If you warm a snake in your bosom it ought to bite you. He wondered whether there might not be some way in which the situation could be made to yield something better than two hundred dollars and a satisfied spite. He could take his time to think it over anyway. There was nothing to lose by waiting.

He did not see the injured man until some two weeks later, but he thought of him almost continuously. And his first sight of the face against the pillow pleased him. He had that queer blind sense of repulsion that he felt toward bats and toads and snakes—a sort of fascination below it. Burton, as he was called, twisted bright dark eyes at him, eyes that denied the affability of his lips.

"Much obliged for picking me up," he said. "Nice of you to drop in too. Sit down, will you?"

Cray complied, observing that the Humbers were making him as comfortable as they could. There were flowers on the stand by the bed, magazines and newspapers beside them, and a few books. Cray scowled at the slant of sun which brought out a cheerful color in the rag rugs. Even a reading lamp clamped to the headboard! A nice way to treat a man who by rights should be in state's prison!

"Taking a sight of trouble over you, eh?"

He did not keep the contemptuous note from his voice. The eyes flickered back to his; again he had the half shudder of repulsion as he met them. He would have known that this fellow was a crook even if he had never seen that handbill.

"I lit pretty soft, all right." The grin had no gratitude in it; the swindler clearly regarded his comfort as a matter of private luck, for which he took credit to himself, as if for cleverness. "I generally do," he added. "Never catch me out with a fork when it rains soup."

Cray grunted. "Call it lucky to fall off a train and smash a leg?"

"Sure. Ought to been killed for a trick like that—leaning over the rail on the observation platform and grabbing for my hat with both hands!"

So that was the way he explained it, eh? It struck Cray that possibly this was true; if he had jumped to escape arrest they would have stopped the train and found him. Certainly, before now, somebody would have come back to look for traces of his passage, even if he hadn't been seen to jump. He was inwardly amused, though, at the man's belief in his luck; he'd find out presently that chance had flung him in the way of the only man for miles and miles who could have recognized him.

But he said nothing: it seemed as if it would spoil the pleasure of his coming blow to give any warning of it. He sat a few minutes, listening to Burton's talk, curiously fascinated by the man's utter lack of gratitude. He spoke of the Humbers as hicks and rubes, plainly regarding Cray himself as more sophisticated. For some reason this pleased the money lender, in spite of his aversion to the thief; there was a subtle compliment in the tone.

He went away without revealing his knowledge. Time enough for that later, when Burton could be moved. He discovered a queer reluctance to show his hand and end the game. He stopped in several times during the next ten days, hugging his secret, listening to braggart speech. He saw that Burton had no fear of detection at present. He had sent for some of his belongings, anyway. Cray hated him steadily, and yet found him queerly interesting, as before. Burton had arranged with Minnie Humber to pay board, and chuckled over the figures. It would cost fifty dollars a week, at the least, to buy such care in a city hospital. Here he got it for twelve. And the doctor charged only two dollars a visit too. All this, according to Burton, was pretty soft. Somehow his self-satisfaction angered Cray to the point of speech at last.

"Enjoy yourself while you're at it. You won't get any petting in the pen, and you're going there when you can walk."

"Where do you get that stuff?"

Burton's voice grated. Cray was suddenly a little afraid of him, but his common sense told him that he had no cause. The fellow was still helpless. He showed the handbill.

"Try to tell me this isn't you?"

Burton glanced at it carelessly. "It's me, all right, but there's nothing to it. I can beat that case. And ——"

"It won't hurt you then if I collect the reward," put in Cray. "I can use it."

"Rats—you must be simple if you think you'll ever see a jitney of that! Suppose that yap sheriff'll let you pry it out of him?"

"We'll see." Cray folded the bill. "Anyway, when Humber and his woman know about it you won't get pampered any more, I guess."

He found a certain satisfaction in this. But Burton only laughed.

"And they been telling me you're wise! Ever since I been here they've handed it to me. 'Cray's the smartest lad in these parts!' And now you're all set to pass up the easiest coin that ever came your way!"

Cray's nerves jumped. Perhaps after all there might be more money in dealing with Burton himself. He saw a possibility for playing the game both ways; he could sell his silence to Burton and then notify the Illinois sheriff just the same. A crook was fair game for such devices.

"I'm generally ready to talk business," he heard himself saying. "What's your proposition?"

"Hand me that brown grip, will you? I'll show you."

Cray complied, his interest mounting. A satchel full of money?

"Look here—take a good look! Let's see how wise you are"

Burton opened the bag and produced a printed form. Cray studied it narrowly. At first it seemed to be merely a rather clumsily worded and badly arranged receipt, needlessly wide and unevenly spaced. But something caught his eye in the arrangement of the type. He covered one side of it, and the meaning was clear. Cut the form vertically and one part of it became a commonplace promissory note, with a blank space in which the amount could be written.

He had heard and read a good deal about such swindles. The old seed-oats game, they called it. A farmer was persuaded into signing a seemingly innocent contract which looked very much to his advantage; this was trimmed down into a note, and the note, sold to a third party, was collectible at law. Cray knew that it did not matter how fraudulent the original transaction might be. A bank, for instance, which bought in good faith a promise to pay money, could collect on it, regardless of the circumstances attending the origin of the paper.

He had often thought wistfully of the profit a man could make out of such a deal—a profit entirely sure and legitimate. He had even planned how he would handle the transaction; a man should be able to drive a thrifty bargain with a thief. He would buy those notes for a fraction of their face, he had told himself.

But the game was too old. Everybody had heard about it by this time. Even here in Glen Township people were too wise to fall for such a trick. Even Joe Humber would see something wrong with that receipt form, almost as easily as Cray himself had spotted it. He handed back the paper.

"You think you could work that old swindle here? Why, they'd laugh at you!"

Burton laughed himself. "Would they? Ever know a farmer that would quarrel with ready money? I let 'em think they're skinning me, brother. I pay 'em five prices for something they don't want. They grab it while the grabbing's good."

"For instance?" Cray leaned closer and glanced at the door.

"Oh, there's hundreds of ways. Sometimes I buy fruit or vegetables or eggs above the market. Sometimes I pay spot cash for a calf or a pig that I'm going to call for next week. Anything'll do. All I need is an excuse to ask for a receipt and pay a bit of change. They do the rest."

Cray meditated. It was a sound scheme, he knew. People were wary when somebody tried to secure a signature, but their caution hardly ever concerned itself with taking a profit. It would work—it would work easily on the Humbers, who wouldn't be expecting to be stung by a man they'd housed and nursed for weeks.

His mind leaped ahead. If he could get a judgment against Humber for even a few hundred dollars it might force the place into the market. And it wouldn't be necessary to pay anything for such a note. He could take it away from Burton as the price of his silence, for nothing.

"You seem to think I'm a crook myself," he said coldly. "I wouldn't meddle in anything like that for any amount of money."

Burton's lips twisted. "Oh, very well! See whether you can finger that two hundred, then. I'll bet you five seeds you never get a nickel of it."

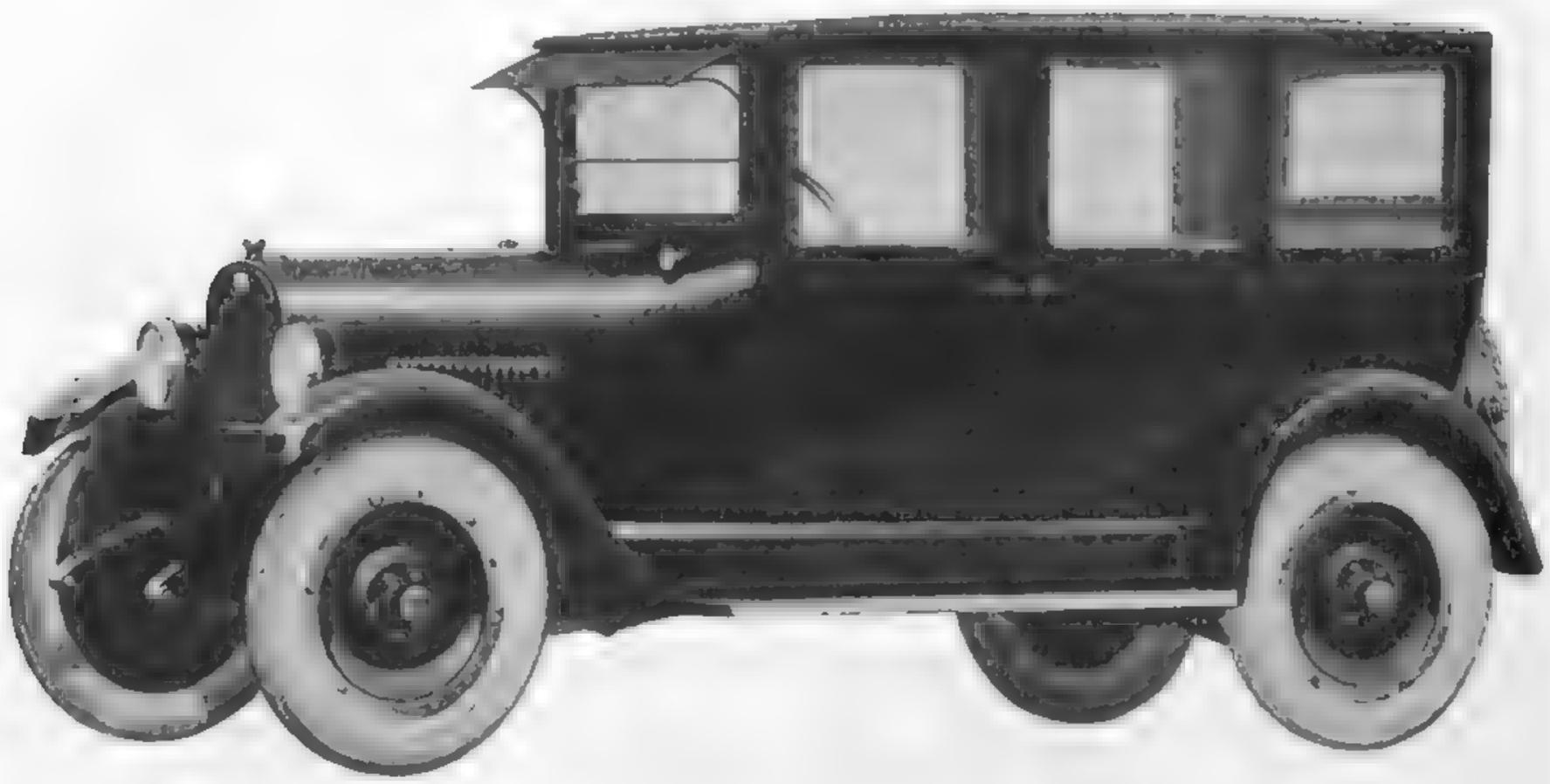
"We'll see."

But Cray discovered that the two-hundred-dollar reward had suddenly dwindled in appeal. Compared to the possible profit on the transaction which Burton had outlined it was a trifling sum. And he reasoned with himself. After all, where was there any dishonesty in his side of the bargain? It was entirely legal for a banker to buy paper without inquiring into the consideration that had been given for it; there was no reason why it couldn't be managed as a regular business transaction. He'd been lending money for thirty years; everybody knew that he bought and sold promissory notes as part of his everyday trade. He would appear only as the innocent third party, in the law's vigilant eye.

He could make a pretty profit with absolute safety, a far bigger profit than the reward, even supposing that he managed to collect that. Burton might be right; he'd probably have to sue the sheriff to collect, at least, dividing with some lawyer if he won.

And it would be Humber who would pay. His hatred nudged him forward eagerly. Here was the chance he had waited for, longed for! He could smash Humber at

(Continued on Page 30)



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# MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 28)

last—break him! And make money doing it too! Finally, he could outwit this thief, who was going to repay Humber's kindness by robbing him.

Burton spoke softly. "Humber says you been trying to get hold of his land. Here's a way you can get it, easy enough. I can make the note call for anything you say. You can levy on the farm to collect."

Cray shook his head instinctively. It wouldn't do to let Burton see that he was tempted.

"You'd have the laugh on him," suggested Burton. "You ought to hear what he says about you now. Talks as if you got your notions out of the Ark. Guess you got it in for him, haven't you?"

Cray shrugged. "I'm not interested. It wouldn't be honest."

"How do you get that way? Why isn't it honest? You know more about honesty than the law? Law says it's square and right, doesn't it? I'm the only crook in the party. I can get sent up for it, but not you."

Cray saw the force of this. After all, it wasn't his business to rewrite the statutes. The law specified the distinction between honesty and fraud very plainly. His part in this transaction was entirely legal, outwardly. And who was to tell that he knew in advance how the scheme was worked? Not Burton, certainly.

"Afraid they'll think you were in on the play? I'll tell you how to fix that. So far as you know I'm selling used cars. Here's my card, see? That's my business. I sell secondhand cars on time, taking notes in payment. I sell you the notes. That's your business. Everything's open and aboveboard."

"I—I'll think it over," said Cray weakly.

"That's right. Think hard. There's big money in this. I can give you Humber's note for anything you say—a thousand—two thousand ——"

"I'll let you know," said Cray.

But his mind was made up even then. He'd take Humber's equity in the farm for nothing! He grinned slightly as he passed Minnie Humber on his way out. They'd warm a snake, would they? Maybe when this thing was over, Joe Humber wouldn't feel like standing up for Lou Gratton—taking him magazines and tobacco!

It would teach the whole community a lesson. He began to see it in the light of a duty; make an example of the Humbers and folks wouldn't be tempted to treat crooks as if they were sick babies!

He kept away from Burton after this, contenting himself with another brief visit, in the course of which he told the swindler that he'd consider any good paper offered him at an attractive discount. He followed the fellow's recovery easily enough through Linton, who was childishly glad to talk about the case.

The leg was mending beautifully, he said. Burton would walk as well as ever in a little while.

By the time Linton told him that Burton was well enough to travel he had settled the question with his conscience. As Burton said, a man had no need to go behind the law; that was what the law was for—to forbid private interpretations of honesty. If Burton chose to be crooked at the risk of punishment, that was no affair of James Cray's.

He met Burton, walking with a crutch, on one of his trips past the Humber place, and arranged matters with him. Burton showed him Humber's signature, but refused to close the deal until he was ready to leave. They would meet in Canastego and settle it next week. Humber was to drive Burton there in his flivver.

"Fifty-fifty," he specified. "How high shall I go, on that basis?"

Cray hesitated. Burton seemed to think he had not understood.

"Suppose I make it for two thousand, you get it for one," he explained. "Suit yourself—I can fill it out for anything you say."

Cray hesitated still. The higher the better, of course, but it would be safer to keep it low enough to avoid too much comment. People would know that he wouldn't lend Humber any very great sum. The matter of advancing Burton's half did not trouble him. He had no intention of paying him anything whatever.

"A thousand's big enough," he decided. "I wouldn't care about going higher than that."

"Small stuff," grumbled Burton. "I'll hardly make expenses on five hundred."

"I can't help that. A thousand's enough."

He drove on, surveying the fields which flanked the road with a proprietarial eye. They were as good as his, except for the mortgage the bank held on them. He could afford to settle that.

Burton was waiting for him at the Canastego Hotel when he reached the county seat a week later. He was slightly nervous. Cray despised him. A crook ought to have courage anyway. This fellow was a coward as well as a thief. Looking over his shoulder all the time, as if he expected Alec McFee to sneak up behind him in the name of the law!

"Here you are. Slip me mine, quick." Burton showed him the note, but did not let him take it. "Nothing doing! I get mine before you put your hooks on this paper. I got your number, Cray—you'd cross me in a second if you could."

Cray's fingers itched. Humber's wife had signed too! But the idea of paying for the note was new and unpleasant. He tried to think of some excuse that would let him pocket the note, but Burton's eye was very bright and very hard.

"Look at it all you want—right here on the table—but keep your mitts off it till I'm paid."

Cray studied it carefully. He knew Humber's awkward signature, and had seen his wife's too. The note was genuine enough. But five hundred dollars!

"I've thought it over and decided I couldn't do it at the price," he said slowly. "It's too big a risk."

"I expected that. It'll cost you six hundred now. And the price goes up every time you squawk. You've got five minutes to settle. I've dealt with twenty cheap skins like you, Cray, and know the combination. Six hundred, and quick."

"I—I'll have to get it at the bank," said Cray.

He felt suddenly helpless. Dealing with a thief was different from handling honest men. This fellow wasn't afraid of him, wasn't even afraid of being arrested.

"I thought so. I'll just fine you fifty for being so raw with it. Meant to toss the hooks into me for the whole works! Beat it down to the bank and come back with six-fifty. I want to hop that rattler in ten minutes from now."

For an instant Cray nearly threw up the chance. He could still turn Burton over to the sheriff and deny any complicity in the scheme. But he saw Humber's note, and beyond it the Humber place and the satisfaction of his ancient spite. Even if Humber met the note there would be a profit of 50 per cent on the investment. And if he didn't ——

"All right. I'll get it."

He hurried away. At the teller's wicket it occurred to him that he'd better draw out a little more than the required sum. It would show on the bank's records if the case ever came to court, prove that he'd paid a fair price for the note. He made his check for nine hundred and barely paused to verify the teller's count. He did not realize his error until Burton calmly took the whole sum from him as he tried to separate it, and handed over the note.

"Nine hundred." Burton riffled the bills swiftly. "That's better all around, Cray. It makes your part in the deal mighty near legal, and it's an extra two-fifty for me. You're wise. Never go off the square unless you're cut out for a crook. Thanks. So long."

Cray stared after him, open-mouthed, permeated with a helpless envy. Crooks could do such things, he thought. An honest man would have had to watch that extra two hundred and fifty go back into the pocket, instead of snatching it.

His loss affected him only as his admiration faded. And he took it with a resignation that surprised himself. After all, it made his position much better. He could take the stand now, and swear truthfully that he had paid nine hundred for the note. Perjury was risky in a case like this.

It occurred to him to make things a little safer still by telling several people that he heard Joe Humber was getting another car. That would explain the note when it came to court. And it wouldn't matter if Humber denied the rumor when it reached him.

He was a little startled, however, to see Humber driving a new flivver a few days later.

"Thought I might as well trade in the old one while I had some ready money," said Humber cheerfully. "Burton paid up his board bill and took a fancy to the old dresser in his room too. Got a good price for it."

Cray suppressed a temptation to laugh at the tone. His time was coming.

III

*"And seeing a finger invading his berth,*
*Bit into that finger for all he was worth!"*

THE new car passed him when he was within a mile of town. He nodded soberly in response to Joe Humber's cheerful hail, and grinned at the yellow dust cloud in which the flivver disappeared. They must have heard from the bank, of course, but they wouldn't know that he was involved. He had deposited the note two days earlier, for collection, and the bank would simply have mailed Humber a notice that a note would fall due on the tenth. That was why they hadn't stopped to talk about it.

He chuckled. They'd stopped at the poor farm, though, to take Lou Gratton into town with them, as they usually did. He had recognized the old scoundrel in the back seat, with his crutch sticking up beside him. After they'd finished with this business they wouldn't be so fond of swindlers.

The car was standing in front of the bank when he drove up and hitched his mare beside it. He grinned at it. He could levy on that, too, along with the rest of Joe Humber's possessions. He went into the bank. The three of them were in the rear room with old Elwood, the president. Humber caught sight of him and beckoned.

"Come in here, Jim. We're talking about this note business."

Cray complied, resisting a persistent desire to grin at them all. Elwood, a little gray man with a G. A. R. button in his blue coat, nodded gravely and gestured toward a chair.

"Mr. Cray, Mr. and Mrs. Humber assure me that they did not sign this note which you left with us day before yesterday. I observe that it is payable to and indorsed by J. F. Burton."

"I bought it from him the day he left," said Cray. "Paid him nine hundred for it. You can look it up in your own books, because I drew it out a-purpose."

Elwood hesitated. "That is hardly to the point. Mr. and Mrs. Humber deny having signed it."

"I bought it because I know their signatures about 's well as I know my own," said Cray calmly. "You ought to know 'em yourself, Elwood."

"They seem genuine, as you say. But both of the alleged makers declare positively that they did not sign any such document." Elwood bowed neatly at Mrs. Humber. "And we place a considerable faith in their statements. Perhaps you can explain ——"

"All I know is that this Burton had been staying with them for two-three months, and I met him here the day he left. He told me he'd sold Joe a car and taken his note, and wanted I should cash it. I knew the signatures and I knew Joe was good for it, and Burton was willing to take nine hundred, so I bought it. That's my business, as you know, Elwood." He chuckled. "Same as yours."

"It's very peculiar." Elwood shook his head gently. "The document seems in order and the signatures look genuine, and yet ——" He turned to Humber.

"We didn't sign it, Jim. That's flat. He must have faked it somehow."

"Forged it, you mean?" Cray shook his head. "How'd he know your signatures well enough to do that?"

"That's so. How would he?" Humber looked puzzled.

There was a pause. Cray broke it.

"You must have signed something, I guess."

"Why, so we did!" Minnie Humber remembered. "He bought the old dresser in his room and asked us to keep it for him till he sent for it, and we both signed a receipt for the money."

"H'm! Did you look at the receipt close? Sure it wasn't a note you signed, instead? This note?"

The Humbers exchanged glances.

"Why, yes—I suppose so—I don't remember, but it seemed all right."

Cray wagged his head. "I know what's happened. It's an old swindle, Mis' Humber. A slick crook gets somebody to sign something that looks all right and then cuts it in two, so's one part reads like a note. That's what's the matter here. This Burton must be a grafter. A nice way to pay you back for all you did for him, I must say!"

Elwood lifted the note and examined it carefully.

"It does seem to have been cut away from a larger sheet," he admitted. "See—here are scissors marks along two edges."

"And you paid nine hundred dollars for this!" Minnie Humber surveyed him with wide, sorrowful eyes. "Oh, Mr. Cray! What a pity!"

"Yes—it's a shame," said Cray. "You and Joe treated that fellow like one of the family, and he cheats you out of a thousand dollars the first chance he gets. It's too bad. But it comes high to have dealings with crooks, I always say."

He glanced deliberately at Gratton, who sat silently by the window, his twisted hands in his lap.

"You mean that we'll have to pay this, even though it's a fraud?"

"That's the law. Elwood'll tell you so." Cray was enjoying himself thoroughly now. "All I know is that I bought a note, in due and legal shape, signed by you and Joe. I look to you to make it good, and the law'll back me. Eh, Elwood?"

"It's true enough, as he says, that the law protects an innocent third party in a case like this," said Elwood slowly. "If Cray bought this note in good faith the loss would fall on the makers, provided their signatures are genuine."

Humber met Cray's eyes. "In good faith, eh? You thought this was all fair and square, Jim? Buying my paper behind my back, without telling me?"

"Burton was just catching his train. I didn't have time to hunt you up and ask you. I knew your signature and I heard around town you'd been buying a car. It looked all right to me."

"And you'd sue on this?" Humber touched the note. "You'd collect face value from me and Minnie, knowing it was a steal?"

"Certainly I would. It's your business to watch out what you sign and who you sign for, not mine. I paid good money for this note. If I don't collect I'm the one that's robbed. I'm sorry for you, Jim, but business is business."

He filled his lungs. "Maybe this'll teach you to steer clear of crooks, Joe. A crook'd just as soon steal from one man as another."

Lou Gratton spoke for the first time.

"You know a lot about us, don't you, Jim? Let me look at that note, Elwood."

Cray held the paper down on the table. "No, sir! That's my property. Don't you lay finger on it, Gratton!"

The forger struggled to his feet and hobbled to the table. Cray watched him take a jeweler's lens from his vest pocket and twist it into his eye. He leaned close to the note for a moment.

"What's the sense of that?" Cray was suddenly uneasy. "Think you can fool me?"

Gratton straightened and removed the lens.

"I thought so. You said one wise thing, Jim. It comes high to have dealings with crooks. This is a good example of what spoiled my trade for me. I never traced a signature in my life. Any fool can do this kind of a job, and any fool can catch him at it. Sheet of glass, electric light under it, real signature on top. Put a blank on top of that and it's easy to copy a signature as well as this is done. But one look with a magnifying glass shows it up. Look for yourself. You can see how the line wabbles. Nobody ever wrote his name that way."

Cray felt suddenly cold. He held the glass to his eye and saw the broad wavering track of the pen. Nine hundred dollars!

"It's a lie! You got this swindler in here to try and make me believe ——"

"Well, in a way we did, Jim." Humber's clear eye surveyed him cheerfully. "Lou ought to know a forgery when he sees one, and I kind of thought he'd convince you, without wasting any more money on court costs."

Cray saw a thin gleam of hope. "O-ho! You knew it was a fake, all the time! You and Burton and Lou Gratton fixed it up just to rob me."

Humber regarded him amiably. "It does look as if somebody had fixed it up, doesn't it, Jim? But the first we knew about it was yesterday, when we got Burton's letter. It was mailed in Chicago, Jim, and maybe it'll help you catch him—if you want him caught. He says ——"

But Cray did not wait to hear it. He had suddenly realized that a pocket with a reviving snake in it is a difficult pocket to pick.

# "We are never afraid to show the farm customer the best goods in the store"

So writes Thomas N. Witten, hardware merchant, of Trenton, Missouri.

"Though our store is in a town of 7000 population, over half my trade is with farmers. It would be larger yet if manufacturers realized how much of the purchasing power of America is in the rural districts and advertised to reach it.

"The largest field for sales of home conveniences is in the country. The rural mail route has changed farm reading and thinking and the farm family wants better things than a few years ago.

"Missouri has just voted 60 million dollars for good roads. Crops are fine. The farming business, the first to feel the depression, is also the first in recovering. I anticipate a profitable future for agriculture, which means a constantly growing opportunity for the sale of standard goods.

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Past President
Western Retail Implement
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*"It seems to me THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN opens up a field in advertising high grade merchandise that has a wonderful possibility in sales making. We find it responsible for many of the inquiries for our goods."*

# The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

*The Saturday Evening Post* *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

# LINCOLN

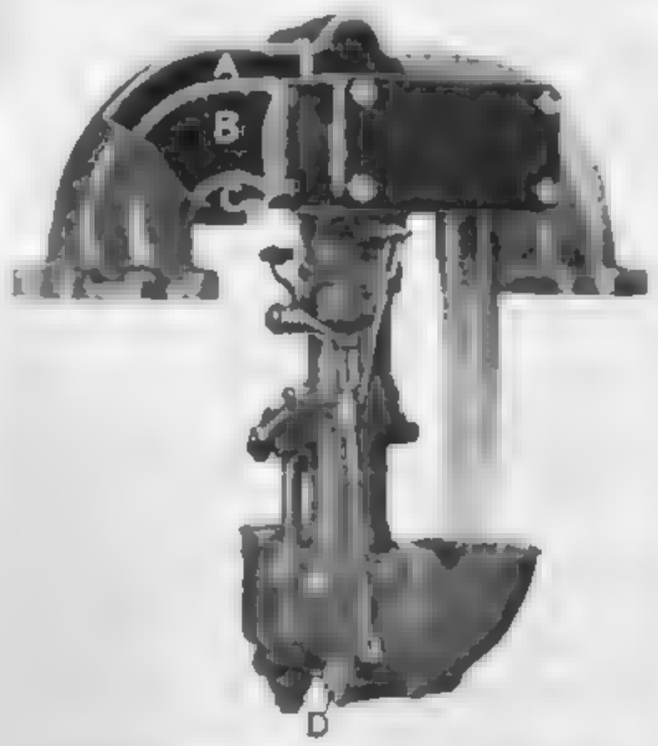
MOTOR CARS

## *Another LELAND-LINCOLN Achievement*

Among those who have followed the evolution of the motor car, it has become an axiom that a Leland organization may be looked to for leadership in the real advancements; and the present instance is merely another of its forward steps.

The difficulty of starting a cold engine, caused by the slowness with which gasoline vaporizes at low temperatures, is one which engineers long have sought to overcome, but with only moderate degrees of success; and it remained for LINCOLN engineers to evolve a thorough triumph.

Briefly, this new achievement functions with, and as a component of, the carburetor. A limited amount of gasoline is retained in a small retort or receptacle, in which there is a coil of resistance wire packed with mineral wool. This provides a heating unit. The operating of the carburetor choke actuates an automatic switch and sends a current of electricity thru the coil. This converts the gasoline in the retort into what can be plainly seen as a dense, lingering fog.




*Lincoln Intake Manifold with Carburetor and Electro-Fog Producer*

*In the illustration, the intake manifold is shown in section. The upper passage (A) is for hot water; the lower passage (C) for hot exhaust gases, and the passage between (B) for intake gas mixture. The retort where fuel is converted into fog is shown at "D"*

When the engine is cranked, this fog is drawn into the cylinders in the usual way, and as the fog is already in combustible condition the engine is started immediately.

An additional prime advantage in this method is that it largely does away with the drawing into the cylinders of liquid gasoline which naturally would work its way down into the crankcase and dilute the engine lubricating oil, with the possibility of serious consequences.

The LINCOLN method of preparing the gas mixture is another important advancement.

The intake gas is heated from below by the hot exhaust gas from the engine, and tempered by the more moderate heat of the water returning through its passage above from the water jackets to the radiator. Thus the gas enters the combustion chambers in the most favorable condition for easy and complete combustion, resulting in maximum fuel economy and lending itself to that delightfully smooth operation for which the LINCOLN engine is noted.

This new method of carburation is just another of those seemingly little, yet really big things which in combination serve to elevate the LINCOLN car to a position of which it is the only occupant.

***Lincoln Distributors will take pleasure in demonstrating this new device***

# LELAND-BUILT

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

# WILD HONEY

(Continued from Page 7)

sap buckets, a riveting of broken bails and soldering of rusty holes. The sugar scoops were polished as bright as new, paddles were whittled out of dry beech, smudge snuffers, an old hive, honey frames added, all the gear stowed in the wagon box and covered from prying eyes with a horse blanket redolent of age.

Old Kit started out at her traditional pace down the road. The neighbors Ezra and Urial met they regarded in surly silence; they had a secret, a bee tree, and they suspected all of coveting it. They worked themselves into a bitter mood over the thought. With furtive glances back and forth, they suddenly turned off through a disused barway into a tangle of briers that had once been a meadow. Instantly they were lost like vanishing animals. For a time the creak of the old wheels, the crack of an ax where they had to clear a path for Kit and the shrill voice of old Ez encouraging or objurgating the patient Kit were the only indications of their progress. This had been an old wood road almost impossible of passage except by cattle even in its heyday; but they crept up and up, till the overwhelming trees suggested the top of the world. Then abruptly the caravan paused and waited in silence.

Suddenly the air was rent with an ungodly chorus of snarls and howls. Through a clearing ahead was a little hilltop meadow lying like a saddle blanket to the sun. Two ancient hounds alternately charged at and retreated from father and son, rushing back from a valiant sally to a decayed old house of some pretension with belching chimney, where near the door a whiskered old man sat sunning himself.

"Who's thar? Down, Jeff! Down, Beau! Who be y'u? Stand out in the open, consarn ye!"

At the sound of the withered old voice father and son instinctively cowered. It was Ezra's father, Ebenezer, a nonagenarian hermit. Years ago Ezra and his father had stopped speaking to each other, for no apparent reason. Gradually the determination had dawned on old Ezra never to set foot on his father's domain while the old man lived. Ebenezer Beddes had been a notorious Copperhead, shunned by his neighbors. His two dogs, Jeff Davis and General Beauregard, were named for his patron saints; they had become his sole companions. It was the talk of the village that the old hermit had a hoard, and that old Ezra, his only son, knew just where to put hands on it when the moment came.

Some sixth sense must have told the feeble old man that his blood was nigh, for he rose on shaking pins with the aid of a knotted stick and shook his fist at the woods.

"You keep off my land! I know ye! You needn't spy round here!"

Ezra grinned sheepishly as he turned old Kit off into the brush and circumnavigated the parent clearing. Once on the other side it was easier going. About ten, cresting a little rise, they reached their theoretical destination. The gaunt dead-maple stretched its arms in an attitude to high heaven. The invaders spelled themselves with a smoke.

"Wonder if we can fall it uphill?" mused Urial.

"Got to!" ejaculated the old man fiercely.

He cast an eye on the feathery wreaths of bees floating here and there against the gray old trunk. Their trigonometry, their calculations, their traversing, their distance-and-departure figures, arrived at, not by theodolite, but by two bees going home laden with honey, were correct. They expressed neither surprise nor satisfaction.

At the foot of the ledge they staked out old Kit, cumbered themselves with their gear and climbed up, drawing themselves from one tree root to another. They got out their dinner—cake, pie and sour pickles—consumed the repast in silence. Then they gathered dry leaves and punk and green twigs for smudge, which must be ready at the critical moment. They selected axes, tested edges, spit on the helves and slid the polished hickory back and forth through the eyelet of their clasped fingers to limber their muscles. Then, taking positions opposite, they fell to. It was pretty work, slice to slice.

The great hollow tree boomed and drummed with the alarum of its myriad tenants, disturbed at their peaceful labors. Now and then father and son, working like the two halves of one wheel, would pause spontaneously, and as spontaneously fall to again. The notch yawned deeper and deeper, the majestic spar standing staunch to the wound. Then quietly, like an old man dying, without even a premonitory shudder, the spar nodded, fell—lazily at first, then with gathering momentum and a thundering crash that shook the hills to strange clamor.

Old Ezra, with resting ax, turned to note, with no evidence of pride, if they had felled it true, to a hair line. The next instant with a wild yell of warning he threw himself to the ground and rolled down the ledge with the agility of a mountain cat in spite of his sixty-four years. The great trunk had started to move downhill.

Nothing in the world could stop it now until it had finished in destruction. It passed the cowering pair like an avalanche cutting a swath through the descending forest of the mountainside. A hundred yards below it came to rest, the great trunk broken into three pieces, each opening in halves, from which vomited clouds of dust from age-old punk, and swarms of angry bees

"Cripes!" ejaculated old Ezra between rage and shame, his face pasty from the breath of death that had passed so close. With Urial he scrambled down through the swath of the catapult, fixing their mosquito netting and pumping their smudge as they ran.

They came to an abrupt stop, staring at a halved section of the shattered trunk—staring, not at the clouds of bees or the broken comb, but at a stranger vision. Gold, swimming in pools of honey!

"Cripes!" gasped the old man. "What's that, Urial?"

"I dunno! What is it?"

"I dunno! Don't you know?"

"How should I know, you old fool? Why don't you look?"

Shaking with ague, striving his best to stab his tremors, Ezra dipped in his fingers, grasped a piece of gold. A gold piece! As he picked it up a section of dry combing fell back, uncovering a crumpled tin box, dashed open by the crash; it was disgorging a deluge of gold and bills in wads to the amazed pair.

"How'd it get there?" breathed Urial, eyes bulging. "Who put it there?"

"'Gene Johnson!" sighed old Ezra, shaking like a leaf now. He brushed off a film of bees. "The Markham boys—no one ever found it!"

"

TREASURE! 'Gene Johnson's money! This was it! Ezra was on his knees, brushing aside the befouled honey and rotten wood from the lid.

He pointed, with almost a woman's scream, to the lid.

"There's the eagle—the spread eagle! When I was a boy I seen that. I'd know it if it'd been hidden a hundred years."

Ezra had seen it in life. He had seen it open, stuffed with greasy bundles packed so tight edgewise that they made an even floor.

'Gene had been an enormous, fat, jolly man who drove in a sagging side-bar buggy, cackling like a happy hen as he followed his hundreds of hogs and cattle at a pilgrim's pace along the country roads to market, a host of conscripted boys and men, of whom Ezra had been one, running on either side to shepherd the strays. At every gate 'Gene stopped to bargain and banter, adding to his droves and paying on the nail from this box. The box had come in time to be as famous as the man. Day by day he would follow his slow herds to slaughter and return for more, scouring the country far and wide. The early belief that he would some day be robbed because of this prideful display of his wealth so openly carried had faded as time went on; in its place there gradually arose a superstition that he was in some mystical way invulnerable. Then one night they found him down, in his own doorway, cast like a horse in its stall, weltering in gore. He told them, dying, that the two Markham boys had struck him down and robbed him.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten night. It was here on top of this ledge that the two brothers had been cornered. Squire Wilson, stepping out into the moonlight, calling on them to give themselves up, had been shot dead, his heart all but blown out of his poor body. Dennis Ince in the same volley lost a leg; and twenty years later his family


In Tokio—the news center of the Orient, GLENN BABB represents the Public Ledger Far Eastern News Service

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Babb had three years' experience on the staff of a Tokio daily newspaper before we entered the Great War. He has learned where to look for real news and the real opinions of the Japanese.

The first accurate knowledge of Japan's naval program was given to the United States by his series of dispatches to the Public Ledger early this year.

His reports from Tokio in the next few months will be of particular importance to the millions who read the Public Ledger and the other newspapers which publish them by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

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Jim Henry's Column

# Mustaches

## —an appreciation

If anyone thinks it's easy to write general observations to five million men without offending any of them, he ought to read my correspondence.

I try to be genial and temperate and considerate, even when discussing old-fashioned soap—but someone frequently gets sore.

It seems that recently I have inadvertently cast reflections on that well known insignia of masculinity—the mustache. I have wounded the susceptibilities of several men who follow that school of facial landscaping.

Now, of course, from a business standpoint it is natural that I should be opposed to mustaches, for every extra square inch of hairless hide means increased tonnage on Mennen Shaving Cream; but nevertheless I want to go on record as a true admirer, esthetically, of a moderate grouping of shrubbery bordering a man's mouth. In these days of income taxes and inventories, men's mouths have taken on hard lines of sternness which a mustache softens.

Personally, I have always felt that a mustache would lend a note of dignity and forcefulness to my own countenance, but the intermediate three weeks' stage so depresses my associates that I have never been able to raise one to maturity. I don't dare to now, for fear it would be gray.

In spite of the foregoing, I insist that the reason you see so many smooth faces nowadays is because men have learned that wonderful Mennen lather, even on a sensitive upper lip, renders shaving painless and pleasant. The razor slips over those dreaded spots of soft cuticle gently as the touch of a baby's finger.

For the magic of this amazing lather never yet has failed to reduce to a condition of complete prostration the wiriest, rootiest, most rebellious beard that ever ruined the temper of men or razors. I'll match you my demonstrator tube against a dime that I can prove it.

and afterwards-Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

consigned Dennis' patent self-oiling cork limb to the grave with the rest of him.

The younger Markham boy had been found the next morning cold and stiff and bloody from a dozen gunshot wounds behind this same tree; the elder had been crawling higher up the ledge when death came. But no money was found. These two had carried the secret with them to the beyond. The legend grew, from thousands to tens of thousands. And here it lay, uncovered through the fortuitous circumstance, the unheard-of thing of a tree, felled by the hand and eye of old Ezra, not falling true!

"Cripes!" breathed old Ezra, mopping his brow. "How'd I do that?" Then with venomous energy: "What you standin' there with your mouth open for, Urial? Get holt the other end!"

Staggering, they lifted the box out of its nest of dusty sweets, staggering not under the load of it, but from fear and a sudden hatred against their kind that boiled in their veins. They pawed in the sticky stuff for lost pieces and wads of money, filled it to overflowing. They dug a hole under an overhanging rock and hid it with the cunning of animals preyed upon.

"Get the buckets, Urial. We'll lose it all!" cried the father shrilly, and they began gathering what honey could be saved. This done, they set their hive and sugared it; in a few days they would return for the swarm. Then without a word to each other they hitched old Kit, loaded their gear into the buggy box and mechanically started homeward. It was late afternoon. They were in feverish haste, but did not seem to hurry. They left the old road again when they came to the clearing of old Eben, the hermit, and, to the accompanying howls of Jeff Davis and General Beauregard, circled around it, without even a devil's blessing for the old man, father and grandparent to these two, for the trouble he caused them at the moment which meant everything.

Before they turned creaking into the main road again they looked stealthily ahead and behind to see if they were observed. No one was in sight. Farther on they passed neighbors who, smelling honey, and observing Urial's swollen and shining nose fairly bursting with bee stings, stopped to make caustic inquiry. Urial glared stonily at old Kit's ears; and his father was industriously deaf—catch him telling where a bee tree lay!

They were turning in at their gate when Urial said: "'Gene's daughter is livin' over at Clay Center. I seen her last week taking home Heinz's washing."

He was speaking of the sole heir of the murdered drover, a withered mother of many children, presented as gifts of the Magi to a lame, drunken father named Hines—Huntington Hines.

"Hush up, Urial!" commanded the old man fiercely.

A slashing thunderstorm came up, through which Ezra plodded like a drowned rat after his vagrant cows.

"Goin' up street, paw?" ventured Urial after the evening meal.

"Why, certainly I'm goin' up street. Ain't you goin' to the city?" cried the astonished father.

They must not be missed from the post-office porch. They must not alter their routine by a hair. It had only been habit before; now it became imperative. At nine their lantern could be seen dancing to and fro on its way home through the dark.

When they had turned out old Kit to pick grass for the night father and son took their accustomed places on the doorstone, a skewed square of granite cupped here and there by the touch of feet. Ez planned some day to have this homely shrine mark his last resting place on earth. They listened to the night noises. A creaking wagon passed. They wondered uneasily why Johnny Saunders was out so late, and who had done his milking for him. Orlando Sage, returning from town, stopped by the bridge to say a few words of encouragement to his patient car. Ez shivered at the thought that Orlando might come up to ask for help; and the loose-jointed din that suddenly burst on the night as Orlando cranked up was sweet music in his ears. He even forgot to laugh—nothing made Ez laugh like an old car being urged against its inclinations. Then all was still, except for an owl, an occasional dog and, over behind the pond, a woods fox.

"Ain't there a law—about twenty years, or somethin'?" muttered Urial in a ghostly whisper.

His father gave no sign of hearing him.

A few minutes later Urial, choking with the fullness of elation and bitterness that had this day come to him, burst out in an agony of defiance: "They shan't have it! Findin's keepin'! If there's any right in the world it's ourn!"

His breath whistled through his teeth; his face was horribly contorted. The old man still held his peace, but his little eyes answered the gleam of his pipe.

"It's ourn! Nobody can take it away from us!" reiterated the son.

"They'd ask you where you got it, Urial," said the father softly.

"None of their business where we got it!"

"They'd make it their business, Urial."

The son opened his mouth, paused abruptly, aghast, dumfounded. He hadn't thought so far ahead. How could they spend it—hundreds, thousands? How could they enjoy it, now that they possessed it—they, who had never had a hundred dollars in the world at one time in their lives? Idiotic rage seized him, to be instantly succeeded by a sense of impotence. He turned almost piteously to the old man.

"What you going to do, paw?" he implored.

"I'm goin' to bed," ejaculated little Ezra, springing up and open like a jackknife. "We cut the oats to-morrow, Urial." He apostrophized the dusty heavens: "Cripes! There's more work, if a man wanted to do it all!"

He looked to the west at the sharp outline against the sky of a high crag on the other bank of the river. His star was about to set, the great star by which, at this season of the year, he kept his watch and clocks true to the second, to the utter dumfounding of his neighbors. Watch in hand, he stood waiting on his star. One instant, its last this day, it twinkled, vast, intense, mysterious; the next it was gone behind the crag, a light blown out. Ezra shuffled off to bed, questioning the faces of his many clocks for any delinquency as he made his way across the house to the far corner, from where, behind the shutters, in daytime he could see up and down the road. His last conscious thought was which barn the city people who had bought the Emmons place planned to shingle.

Up on the Emmons place the Armistons, city people, noted as the temporary owners of the famous Bannon cow, had settled down to a facsimile reconstruction of that historic old nest of hewn timbers. The process would be quite as slow in its geologic deliberation as had been its progress of decay. Aside from the affair of the cow, they developed other peculiarities that made this summer a noteworthy one and caused the tide of talk on the post-office steps nights to linger long after the lamp was blown out. They ripped out the big modern panes of glass, with their frames, and replaced them with punky old sashes retrieved from the barn, sashes set with bleary, rumply, tiny squares of glass. They opened the drafty, crumbling old fireplaces downstairs and up; they repaired the Dutch oven; they scoured the maple floors with lye; they dug in the ruins of the old spring house for hand-wrought nails, which they drove in conspicuous places; they scrubbed the blistered remnant of paint from the crumbling clapboards and replaced it, not with lead and zinc in oil, as was seemly, but with whitewash, tempered with sour milk to draw flies. They had withe rods cut for the apple-drying rack suspended from meat hooks over the dining-room table. In a word, they did a great many things that the village forefathers had learned jolly well not to do for all time to come a hundred years ago.

Oliver Armiston was a finical person with long fingers, a wavy white lock and a general mien of a preoccupied minister. Cynthia, his wife, was a busy little creature who drove from gate to gate looking for antiques, which, bless us, had been swept out of these bins long years ago. Somebody with malicious wit suggested that she call on Uncle Eben, the hermit; but the two terrible dogs charged when she slowed up at the gate, and won a victory that day.

Oliver in his day had been a lurid fiction writer, too lurid. Thieves got the habit of waiting impatiently for his newest creation, to dramatize it to their profit, and the police had requested Oliver politely but firmly to quit. Now he was living on the royalties of past fictional atrocities. His imagination still ran on, however, and just now it concerned itself with the hermit on the opposite hill. For several reasons he resolved to pay Uncle Eben a visit when it could be arranged with the two dogs, Jeff Davis and General Beauregard.

Delving in dusty tomes, Oliver had discovered the tradition that the original Emmons, one day in 1737, having completed his cabin atop the highest hill where he could find a live spring, and being alone in the forest—as he thought—for a hundred miles on either hand, except for his brave wife, was startled by the sound of an ax. Descending his hill to the river, which he forded, and ascending the high hill on the opposite bank, he came on the original Ebenezer Beddes and his woman laying the sills of their cabin about a finished oven and chimney, which sat atop the highest hill with a live spring on their side of the river. Oliver purposed to make the same journey, reconstructing the sound of the ax to his ears, and formulating as nearly as might be the emotions of that original stalwart Emmons threading his way through the primeval forest aisles towards the portentous sound. It was this tale that had driven home the bargain when he bought the Emmons place. Day by day he watched the smoke, across the valley, of Uncle Eben, the hermit.

"Some morning when I feel good," said Mr. Parr, when Armiston broached the girth-reducing journey to his friend, deputy of metropolitan police and famous man hunter, who had been induced to experiment with a week in the wilds.

"The old Copperhead keeps a pair of curs that share in his ideas on reconstruction," explained Oliver. "Are you afraid of dogs?"

"No," said the deputy without mitigation.

It was late September. In the woods as they climbed, their shod toes, punching for a grip in the embankment, uncovered frost powder among the crinkly leaves; in the mowing that topped the first rise the long rowen, stiff with frost, seemed to break like spun glass underfoot. There was the heavy mist of early fall, with a red sun coming up over the far hill, a sun that seemed still chill from the night. It was about seven o'clock. The two wayfarers reproducing the original journey of old Byron Emmons sat down to rest.

"The sound of the ax must have been like Robinson Crusoe's footprint—of no significance in itself, but as a collateral fact of tremendous import," said Oliver. "It reminds me of one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's projected stories. Every living soul on earth had been destroyed, except our hero, and he sat down to think it over—when the front doorbell rang."

But the great man hunter, frankly winded, was not philosophic or casuistic this morning. They proceeded. It was eight o'clock when they reached the barway on the old back-hill road where Cynthia had paused many a time in her chariot, trying to screw up courage to get down and brave those two dogs.

There were no dogs in sight. Oliver let down the bars with a clatter; he waited for bedlam to break loose. But still no dogs. They could see only a few feet ahead; through the blanket of mist the sun, now come to life, was pumping up out of the grass. Here and there a tufty spiral rose, standing on end like a toe dancer, its upper billows touched rosy.

Oliver laughed.

"If you're not afraid of dogs, Parr, you lead the way," he said.

Parr sniffed the air and gripped his hickory stick; he started forward briskly without asking his less courageous companion for direction. Oliver was conscious of gathering wonder as they proceeded without interruption. They came abruptly on a spiral of mist that was not a spiral of mist at all, but a spiral of smoke, rising from the heap of embers that had been the old Beddes homestead.

In the midst of the area of ashes, as staunch as on the remote day it was built of granite and clay by the original Eben Beddes and his woman, rose the tall chimney and oven—it was all that survived of the habitation of Uncle Eben, the nonagenarian hermit whom Oliver had come to greet this morning as a fellow pioneer from across the valley. Parr was pointing with his hickory stick at an unmistakable object among the charred timbers in the cellar hole.

Oliver was moved to say, "Uncle Eben has journeyed across the valley."

"I'll watch here while you go," said the deputy simply; and Oliver hurried off

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

It was his fortune to meet first Orlando Sage, the village Pooh-Bah, who by reason of his multiple office as clerk, poor master, constable, and so on, undertook to carry the news to old Ezra that at last he had become an orphan and inheritor.

Orlando left his car at the gate, not caring to engage the sawdust drive. At sight of the morning caller Urial, splitting wood with the deftness of second nature, shouldered his ax and hurried off to the alders. Orlando smiled. This curious habit had been growing on father and son of late. Their fellow townsmen had taken to calling them Nip and Tuck, so inseparable were they and so sullen in their heed of their neighbors. In another few years, if they continued retreating more and more from contact with their kind, they, too, would be hermits, like the old Copperhead who had been burned to a crisp during the night.

Orlando pounded on the front door without result; he went to the side door and repeated his summons. Then with an oath of irritation he drew the latch and pressed his head in at the door.

"Ezra, you old fool! Come out here! Got something to tell you, quick!"

From within came the flat-footed shuffle of the old man.

"Your father's dead, I tell you!" shouted Orlando.

"My father? Who? Eben, you mean?"

Ezra paused in the act of filling his pipe.

"Yep. Burned to a cinder. Must have ketched fire during the night."

"Fire? Ketched fire?" cried the orphaned son, bending so fierce and malignant a gleam from his beady eyes on the bearer of ill tidings that Orlando involuntarily dropped back a step. "Who says so?"

"The man that bought the Bannon cow," explained Orlando.

"What's he doin' up there?" demanded the old man shrilly. "You tell him he'd better stay away from there!" He thrust out his head. "Urial!" he bellowed. "Yoke up the stags! Your grandpaw's dead—burned up!"

Orlando tendered the use of his car in this hour of sorrow, but Ezra was already arranging the horse blanket on the reach of the wagon. Urial stood at the head of the milk-white oxen with his long whip, and at a signal from his father he cracked the whip and shouted.

Orlando, abandoning his car in one of its spells, mounted beside Ezra, and the cattle took their slow pace forward, turning from the drive into the road with weaving heads, and took up the endless journey to the great city.

Most of the residents of the town were collected at the post office as they came in sight. Old Eben had gone to his reward! There was none so poor to do him reverence. But Ezra was now become a personage. At last he had come into his expectations.

Ezra himself rose to the occasion. As he got down and mounted the steps he was not the shambling, bent old man of yesterday, but erect, resolute, with keen eye, ringing voice. They drank in every word of his sharp instructions to Orlando, who was telephoning the undertaker for him.

"Tell him I want the best he's got! Nothing's too good! Tell him not to worry about who's goin' to pay for it. I guess there's enough for that!"

Urial cracked his whip, and the plodding stags took up their burden again, the son walking at their head. As they rounded the turn to the bridge the neighbors one by one backed their rigs out from the shed, or cranked their cars and followed at straggling intervals.

They gathered in a wide circle about the scene of the night's tragedy, mute, motionless, waiting, as they so often did about an open grave when the fascination of falling handfuls of earth held them spellbound. Orlando indicated two of them to aid him, and they bore away the shapeless form beneath a blanket.

Shortly Orlando returned. Old Ezra, leaning on a crowbar, gazed moodily into the ashes on what had been the hearth of the old homestead. Now and again he raised his bright little eye to the brave spire of the chimney, the forlorn survivor of the catastrophe.

"Comin', Ezra?" said Orlando deferentially.

"Not yet," responded the bereaved son and heir.

Old Ezra lifted his crowbar and let it drop with a metallic clang on the right-hand stone.

"It ought to be right about there, Orlando," he cried, punching the stone again and again. He turned to the overawed Urial. "Did you bring the sledge, Urial?" he demanded.

The sledge was instantly thrust into his hands; the old man spat on the handle, raised the sledge above his head and swung it. At the third blow the stone parted. They were on their knees lifting the fragments away. Now the neighbors crowded about, no longer held off by the awe of death. They saw the wiry old man half bury himself in a hole, grope; they saw him rise, straining, bringing with him an old wooden box containing an ancient doeskin bag. Orlando lifted up the bag. It was heavy.

A buzz of excitement sprang up like the hum of angry bees. Ezra had found Uncle Eben's hoard.

"I'll have to take charge of it," said Orlando, catching his breath.

Everyone leaned forward as Ezra, grasping the box, shrieked hysterically: "It belongs to me! There ain't no one goin' to have it! I'm my own father's son, ain't I?"

But Orlando held him off, trying to quiet him, for Ezra's eyes were blazing with evil fire.

"Yes; it belongs to you, Ezra," said the mediary. "But it will have to go to court. That's what the law says. You'll get it. Don't you worry, Ezra. How'd you know just where to dig?"

The old man turned, flattered by the question and the hush that followed, and regarded the broad hearth that had seen so many generations of his progenitors reared since that first stalwart Ebenezer, the pioneer.

"I cracked butternuts on it; I roasted chestnuts on it; I dipped candles on it." The little old man's eyes wandered back through the distant years. "When I was a boy I found that hole. I never said nothing to nobody. I always thunk he'd bury it there—if he had anything to bury."

When Orlando started off with the inheritance Ezra and Urial followed at his shoulder, a close step behind. Before getting into a buggy Orlando, it was noted by the enthralled neighbors, wiped his hands on a horse blanket and held them up to the light. His fingers were sticky with honey. The old Copperhead must have moved that precious hoard from place to place as his lonely misanthropic years waned before it came to its final resting place. Sometime or another, Orlando thought, sniffing the bag, Uncle Eben must have kept it with his bees.

### III

DEPUTY PARR, Oliver Armiston's guest, was making an effort, in his own argot, to horn in on the post-office steps nights, but with about as much success as a friendly lion in a vaudeville act—though milk-fed and toothless it might be—if it stepped down from the stage to pass the time of day with the audience. The post-office audience was polite but reticent. His eyes were too fierce, his jaw too square, his voice too decisive, his words too short. Try as he might to sheathe his claws, police stuck out all over the famous man hunter. The railbirds did not identify the fact itself, for they did not know the police; but they were acutely, even painfully aware of the physical impression. It was this same physical impression that carried Parr so far in his profession, not only with the unsophisticated but with the knowing as well.

After three or four nights of it Parr confided to his host an admission of failure; he added, "It can't be done—without a make-up." He looked around for an accomplice. His eye passed over Oliver the Elegant—who indeed would have been ineligible because of the Bannon cow, if for no other reason. He picked out Jason Selfridge, Oliver's next-door neighbor. This youth, a graduate of a technical school, had a year ago gone forth to conquer the world; just now he was home, "feeding up again," as his sly neighbors said. Parr closed a professional grip on the bulky young man's shoulder.

"Do you hear dogs howling nights, son?" he asked.

Jason met his gaze level-eyed, and nodded, waiting.

"Did you hear that gunshot last night—off there?" Parr pointed across the leafy hills.

Yes, Jason had heard it.

"The yowling stopped with that shot," speculated the deputy. "Do you reckon that one shot killed the pack?"

"Not necessarily," said Jason. "Not them two."

In spite of his degree of M.E. the young engineer was apt to be colloquial in his farm clothes.

"What two?" cried Parr with the utmost ferocity.

Jason surveyed him in surprise.

"Why, the two you are talking about," he said, meeting that awful eye without a quaver. "They're gun-shy, you know. Or maybe you don't know. Touch off a popgun within half a mile of them and they hike for home and crawl under the house."

"Good heavens!" whispered the deputy, as though this simple fact for a moment carried him off his feet. Then quickly through his teeth: "Look at me! Have you ever seen me before?"

Jason smiled indulgently.

"Many a time, sir," he said.

"Good! Do they know—down in the street?"

"No; they've asked me. I said I didn't know. I've been wondering, sir, what brought you up here."

"Don't wonder. There's nothing to wonder about. Son, could they be induced to pry into my identity and find out for themselves?"

Jason considered a moment.

"I think so, sir—if you would mail a package or something."

That evening at eight Oliver and the deputy pulled up at the curb, and the visitor got down and ascended the post-office steps with a cordial good evening, which as usual missed fire. He paused to remark as he looked up at the murky sky that they were going bullheading, and asked an opinion in general whether or not it was a propitious night. Out of the silence one gulping voice said "Maybe." That was as near as Parr came to social interchange. They sat listening to him inside buying stamps and registering his box; and quickly fell into careless attitudes when he reappeared and drove off.

Cordell, the old postmaster, having deposited the box, evidently a shoe box, in a bag for the morning mail stage, turned down his lamp and resumed his seat by the window behind the fly screen.

"What's two-forty Center Street, in New York, Jason?" asked Cordell of the young engineer who had come back home to feed up.

Jason sat up abruptly.

"What do you want to know for?" he demanded in tense tones.

"He's mailing stuff there. That box to-night—and other things."

"What! That fellow?"

Jason swung his feet off the porch; although it was pitch dark, save for his pipe, at his end of the porch, the others could somehow sense the fact that Jason was staring in utter astonishment in the direction of Parr's departure. They all waited, breathless.

"What you say that man's name was—Barr, or Carr, or somethin'?"

"Parr!" Everybody offered the correction

"Ho!" Jason fairly shouted, unable to contain himself. "Parr! That's Parr, eh? Well, I'm damned! What the devil brought him up here?"

Jason was playing his rôle with a relish. They crowded about him, demanding to know what it was all about.

"So that's Parr—the great Parr! Deputy Parr! He's head of the detective bureau in New York! Why, that man's the greatest detective in the world! Two hundred and forty Center Street? That's Police Headquarters!" With sudden rising of blood pressure: "What the devil is he sending away from here in a box to Police Headquarters?"

A profound silence succeeded the outburst. The loungers peering through the dark in the direction of Jason's high-pitched voice seemed paralyzed, as if the concession had crushed their motor nerves. That was their way of taking a great moment.

The tension was relieved by the soft turning up of the lamp inside. Cordell, the postmaster, got down his World Almanac and turned the pages with a wetted thumb. He read sepulchrally: "William J. Parr, Special Deputy Commissioner; in charge of Detective Bureau. Salary, $25,000."

Someone whistled—at the salary; it was incredible. They all strained their ears to listen; the drum of that sweet-running motor was still audible in the night silences; to their minds it had suddenly become sinister. (Continued on Page 39)

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(Continued from Page 36)

"Bullheadin', eh?" said someone contemptuously. "I'll bet he's gone bullheadin'!"

A low wail floated over them, high on the night air.

"There's them damned dogs again! Someone ought to shoot 'em. It raises the goose flesh on a man to hear 'em bustin' out this time of night." This from one of the railbirds.

"Someone did take a crack at them last night—about two this morning. Up by the charcoal kilns." This from Jason.

There was a slight rustle at the far end of the porch as two figures moved off, shambling. No need to say it was old Ezra and Urial, Nip and Tuck; their creaking buggy wheels as they backed out of the shed and the luminous white of old Kit told that. One of them struck a match. It was Ezra; they could see his face as he bent to light the wick and snap down the chimney. Then the dancing light took up its slow journey home.

Jason evaporated. When they turned for further enlightenment he was gone. A fine mist was falling now. It was a likely night for bullheads. Jason decided to take a chance. He cut through the woods to a back road, moving through the inky blackness of the brush with a sense of direction that delighted him. He had feared the city smell in his nostrils might have killed it, but it had not. Instinctively he made a detour when he came to lonely Beach Plain; as a boy he had avoided the old graveyard after sundown lest he be accosted by strangers from another world. Now as he skirted this ancient God's acre he was conscious of a low sigh on the winds. His hair stiffened and he quickened his pace, peering back swiftly for one look.

Shortly he came on the leaden waters of Spectacle Pond through the trees. He knew where Johnny Saunders hid his old boat, or used to. Yes, it was still there, full of water, which he scooped out with a loose thwart, and embarked, pushing the leaky craft out beyond the headland, through the arch of the spectacle into the farther pond. The twinkle of a lantern across the water then directed his paddle. Pulling alongside, Jason related with careful detail the scene on the steps.

Parr's eyes gleamed in his stone visage by lantern light.

"Good!" he said to the last detail. With startling abruptness Parr asked, "Did you pass the cemetery?"

Jason nodded.

"Did you see anything?" pursued the great man.

With an effort Jason controlled himself.

"I heard something. I heard a long sigh!" This in a whisper.

"Just like a human, eh?" mused Parr.

"Gosh! The dogs! They're grievin', eh?" Jason caught his breath.

"Relicts—and remainders!" said Parr grimly, playing with the words in his thoughts. He inspected his bait critically. "Recollect the gold tooth we found in the vat, Oliver?"

Armiston grunted assent.

"Yes, when you tried to hang a man for the murder of a ghost," said the defunct author.

That had been indeed a famous case, the so-called vat murder, in which Parr, frankly beaten, had been set back on the track by the uncanny divination of the imaginative writer. Jason, realizing that through some ineffable favor he was listening in on the moody confidences of the gods, swelled with elation.

"Did I ever tell you about the bank thief"—the deputy was reminiscing—"who slipped and fell down a cliff in escaping and got wedged between two rocks? They found him months later—some hunter—only the skeleton then, clothes all torn to tatters; foxes, or wolves, or something, had picked him clean."

The huge head of the great man hunter turned at the distant whimper of a hound.

"Tough!" murmured Oliver.

"Sure was!" assented the deputy, bullheading earnestly. "Funny thing—that skeleton had gimlet holes in the joints and was wired together. That fellow's doing time for another job now. Clever guy, that!" He chuckled.

Jason climbed over from his sinking bark to the comparatively dry haven of the other boat.

"Do you mean to say he dressed up an anatomical specimen in his own clothes—and then forgot to take out the wire?" he demanded.

"Don't ask foolish questions, son," said the great man gruffly. He pulled in a bullhead. "Just take that porcupine off the hook for me, son. You might as well be useful."

"Mister Commissioner," said Jason deferentially, "would you think it very forward of me if I asked what was in that box you mailed to headquarters to-night, sir?"

"Not at all. A very natural question."

"Well, what was it, sir?"

"I'll show you when it comes back. You have the makings of a first-class stool pigeon in you, son," said the deputy commissioner.

The nonplused youth fell silent over this equivocal remark. They fished till morning.

Two nights later the shoe box came back. In one corner was the startling confirmatory legend—Police Headquarters, City of New York. It had been passed from hand to hand. Mr. Parr accepted it casually, tucking it under his arm, and stepped out on the porch. The convention was all there, as usual, except for little Ezra and Urial. This was not worthy of note, because of their recent bereavement. The two, since the splendid funeral, had frequently withdrawn, probably from a sense of delicacy, covering the conventional period of sackcloth and ashes.

"Beautiful fall evening, gentlemen," suggested the genial Mr. Parr, a remark that went by default.

Pipes glowed. Silence reigned. Every man present secretly suspected his neighbor, took an unholy joy at his neighbor—he was quite sure just which one—quaking, at this instant, quaking with terror in the presence of the deputy commissioner, the greatest detective in the world. Also he had civic pride in the thought that his neighbor's crime was big enough to engage the talents of this famous man for a week or so.

"Bullheadin'! Sure, he's bullheadin'!"

They looked at Parr in uneasy derision—and waited.

Mr. Parr sat down, balancing his dynamite box on his knee.

"Let's have some cigars, Mister Postmaster," he called to the shadow behind the fly screen. "The best in the house, for all of us! That skunk cabbage in the right-hand corner smokes pretty good."

A polite titter greeted this sally. Smokes were passed.

"Twelve?" counted the host. "Not all here to-night. Who's missing?"

"Nip and Tuck," said a lost voice.

"How come they to miss a regular meeting?"

Mr. Parr felt he was getting on famously in persiflage.

"They're grievin'," said the same voice.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Parr, striking a light, "where I come from it is a shooting offense to put a gift cigar in your pocket, no matter what ails it. A man's supposed to smoke it on the spot—if he can."

Several cigars were withdrawn stealthily from vest pockets and pipes knocked out. After all, it was an occasion worthy of a cigar.

Time passed. In one of the long silences a quavering howl floated overhead.

"Someone ought to shoot 'em," said a voice.

On the echo of the words two sharp spats of sound cleaved the stillness. A prolonged "Ki-yi" succeeded; then quiet again.

"Someone did."

"Who done that?"

They listened, as if the night would tell them. It did. A long pause was broken by the disembodied voice.

"Orlo done it."

Parr found himself mystified; such deduction was beyond his talents. Then his ears picked up the sound of a far-off motor. It stuttered. That was it. It was Orlando Sage's car.

"He's coming like hell! Gosh, he'll hit that water bar on Beach Plain Hill!"

They waited for the expected crash. A wild shriek of tortured machinery was heard afar off; but the car, stuttering and barking again, came on like a warrior mortally wounded. With a roar it crossed the loose planking of the bridge over Gray's Brook. The railbirds had risen one by one, getting out their rigs. All was in readiness for a sudden dash, but no one moved. They stood listening, spellbound, to the midnight ride of their Paul Revere. Orlando took the curve at the foot of the hill on two wheels, pulled up sharp, killed his motor with a touch.

(Continued on Page 41)


# THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES

## The blade slaps flat on a straight leather strop

Fifteen hundred men—in all parts of the country—have just been interviewed. 78% of them believe stropping essential to shaving comfort. Yet *more than half* of these men do not strop their razors. They struggle along day after day with unstropped blades. Why?

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(Continued from Page 39)

"Your damned father didn't burn up at all, Ezra!" he yelled, jumping out. "He was dead and buried without a coffin. His hounds dug him up to-night!" His voice rose in a crescendo of excitement. "I was going by the graveyard—and heard the racket. I shot at 'em—drove 'em off! Then I found the old man!"

Parr clutched his box tighter.

"What's that?"

"Where?"

"How'd it happen?"

"When?"

"Who was burned up, then?"

These questions shot out of the clustering dark like machine-gun spats.

"Ez! Oh, Ezra!" screamed Orlando.

"Ez ain't here! Didn't come up. He's grievin'," said the disembodied voice.

Jason held up his lantern to illumine the ashen face of Orlando; a circle of ghostly visages came out of the dark and formed a closed ring. A car started off. It was a signal. In a moment the assembled conveyances moved at top speed through the dark to the little cemetery back on the plain, where the hounds that had dug up the unburned body of their old master, the hermit, were now crouched on either side; they had crept back to stand guard.

"Shoot 'em!" a voice cried.

"No!" It was the voice of Parr.

"What the devil is he doin' in Dennis Ince's grave?"

A circle of lanterns, suddenly focused on the scene, discovered the fact that this was not the new-made grave in the Beddes' plot in which they had, with some show of reverence, consigned the charred form found in the fire only a few days gone by. The contagion of fear suddenly seized the spectators. Orlando moved over to Parr.

"I guess this is deeper water than I can swim in, sir," he said, trembling. "You take it, sir. I don't know what to do."

"Yes," snapped the deputy. "You men, gather around me!" They crowded close, seeking protection in numbers. "Can you go back and take your places on the steps and shut up?" he demanded fiercely, his eyes blazing in the lantern light. "Anyone that can't can go home and stay there! Not a word. Understand that."

Leaving a squad to care for the uncovered hermit, Parr mounted with Orlando, and the others filed behind, the funereal procession moving at a slow pace. Parr gave his instructions en route. Orlando was to go down and rouse up old Ezra on pretense that some probate papers come by the late mail must be signed to-night to go off in the morning.

The scene on the porch steps was set again as before. Shortly, craning necks discerned the bobbing lantern down the road, then creaking wheels and the luminous shade of old Kit.

"You want me to come too, Orlo?" asked Urial.

"Yep," responded Orlando, and the three stamped up the steps, a sigh escaping the watchers on the porch. Inside, in the sitting room where the postmaster kept his books and his notarial seal, Ezra, who knew the ritual, took his stand, erect, uncovered, ready to raise his right hand and repeat solemnly after the notary, "I swear!"

But the man at the table under the lamplight was not old Cordell. Instead, Mr. Parr, the most famous detective in the world, was facing Ezra unwrapping his shoe box. At the unexpected apparition Ezra looked about quickly.

"What d'ye want me to swear to? Where's Cordell?" he demanded.

He made as if to step back to the door, but Orlando was stationed with his back against it, his two hands behind him on the knob. Still there was nothing alarming in his posture.

Parr, looking up suddenly, with a nod invited Ezra to approach. From the box beside him he had taken two metallic objects, red with the rust of fire, each bearing a ticket with writing on it. These he pushed forward.

"These belong to you, I think, Mr. Beddes," he said gently.

Ezra transferred his eyes with an effort to the two ticketed iron things, his beady little black eyes glittering; he wetted his lips and swallowed hard. Then he shook his head, not at the deputy, but at the two unnamed implements on the table. As the old man brushed aside his matted hair and lifted his chin the deputy had the sudden sense of being about to fail.

"They ain't nothin' of mine," said the old man.

His eyes shot a swift look behind, at the man guarding the door. He drew a long breath. It seemed to restore him.

"Better take a look at them. Maybe they do belong to you," urged Parr, still gently. "Let us see." He spread out the ticket tied to the nearest. "It reads: 'Coffin handle—manufactured by Sprigs & Jessup, Rochester, N. Y.'" He looked at Ezra.

"It's nothing of mine!" said Ezra shrilly, but without a tremor in his biting tones.

He had the nerve of a tiger, Parr thought. Orlando, bending forward, loosed his hold on the knob; his brow was glittering with sweat. Parr picked up the other object; it was a hinged joint of metal.

"This," he said, straining his eyes by the light, "says, 'Self-oiling knee joint. Manufactured by the Patent Noiseless Cork Limb Company, Philadelphia, Pa.'" Weighing it in his fingers, he added softly: "I found these in the ashes, Mr. Beddes, of your father's homestead."

He let the thing fall with a clang as Orlando gasped out uncontrollably: "Dennis Ince's cork leg—the one they buried with him."

Urial with a shriek rushed at the door, but Orlando thrust him back into a chair.

Old Ezra straightened up, murder in his face.

"They ain't nothin' of mine, I tell you!" he shrieked. "Let me out of here! Where's them papers to sign, Orlo? Who is this man? What's he got to do with me?"

With the foulest of oaths he advanced on Orlando with so frightful a mien that the constable's courage oozed and he deserted his post.

But Jason Selfridge, hiding in the closet for just such an emergency, interposed his big frame between the old man and liberty. Ezra fought like a demon, reviling them and all the world.

Parr felt utterly sick. There was something horrible about the hopeless courage of the little old man, whose shrill vituperations seemed without end. But suddenly they ceased. It was the long, quavering wail of a hound floating on the night, with eerie modulations, that worked the magic. The lashing form on the floor seemed to sink within itself as if struck lifeless. Jason and Orlando released their hold. Parr played his last card.

"They're bringing in your father, Ezra," he said. "The hounds dug him up."

Ezra drew himself painfully to his feet. All eyes were on him as he stepped over to the table and picked up the leg iron which had betrayed him.

"Cripes! How'd I do that?" he asked himself aloud.

Then with a single spring, like coiled steel suddenly released, before anyone could intervene, he dived through the window, carrying sash and all with him. There were wild cries outside of "There he goes! Get him! Get him!"

But they didn't get him, not until next morning, when he floated up among the river trash on the swale below the bridge.

Urial's ravings rang through the clamor: "We didn't kill the old man! Grandpaw just up and died on us when we was hidin' him in the coal kilns! We ain't done murder! The money's ourn! Findin's keepin'! 'Tain't no crime to burn up a dead body!"

For months after the neighbors, spurred on by the knowledge that the hoard old Ezra had so cunningly uncovered under the hearthstone was the treasure not of Uncle Eben but of the murdered drover, 'Gene Johnson, dug and dug throughout the old foundation. But the doeskin bag, with its wealth taken from the bee tree and concealed by the little old man where he might opportunely find it again as a rightful inheritance, was all the Beddes homestead ever yielded.

Armiston was driving Parr across the hills to his train when they turned out for Huntington Hines, the drunkard cripple, 'Gene Johnson's son-in-law, driving a new horse to a lather.

"There goes the logical conclusion of your tainted hoard," ruminated the deputy, looking back after the braggart husband of the sole heir of 'Gene Johnson, the drover. "First, the old drover, who cheated his poorer neighbors with his sharp trading; then the Markham brothers, who murdered him for it and were slaughtered; then old Ezra, whose chance discovery of it in a bee tree turned him into a ghoul. And now your town drunkard, as an epilogue, scatters it in the ditches of the highway."

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# MUSIC HATH HARMS

(Continued from Page 15)

know how good us is. Makes us a hit, we gits mo' nex' time."

They made their hit. The assemblage of dusky beaus and belles pronounced their efforts the finest example of music in the history of jazz. A purse was collected to continue the dance two hours beyond the allotted time. The merrymakers danced until their feet and shoulders ached, and the musicians worked like Trojans. From every standpoint, save that of mere finance, the event was a triumph.

The first genuine disappointment came a week later when another fraternal order hired Roscoe Griggers' orchestra on a competitive basis. Roscoe's only solace lay in the thought that if this was tough on him it was even tougher on Professor Aleck Champagne.

And it was while playing at this second function that Professor Griggers was requested to favor the assemblage with a cornet solo. He arched eyebrows and shrugged his fleshy shoulders.

"I never plays no solos," said he.

"Not never?"

"Not hahdly ever. Ev'y time I has played a solo I has been medaled."

"Jes' one solo. Please!"

"Uh-uh! Not none."

"Why not?"

"Well"—modestly—"you see, I not on'y is the bestest orchistra leader of all cullud pussons but also I is even better as a corneter, an' was the folks in some of the other cities I has been to heah about how I chahmed you-all with a cornet solo they'd git plumb sore on account I woul'n't play fo' them when I was there. An' it woul'n't hahdly do to make folks sore thataway, would it?"

They agreed that it would not, but the occurrence had implanted in colored Birmingham the germ of what was destined to grow into a consuming passion for the solo music of Professor Roscoe Griggers. And this growth became more pronounced several days later, at another dance, when he flatly refused an offer of twenty-five dollars cash for two solos.

He extended a gentle restraining hand at mention of their price. "I ain't cravin' to hu't nobody's feelin's—but twen'y-five dollars ain't nothin' to me. Or even less'n that. When I solos the cornet I gits me two or th'ee hund'ed dollars. An' a medal. Fo' twen'y-five dollars I woul'n't even play one note."

Two or three hundred dollars for a cornet solo! People gasped and quivered under the impact, and the respect with which Professor Roscoe Griggers had theretofore been regarded became converted into reverence. Once more they tempted him—this time with fifty dollars and a bronze medal—but again they found him steadfast in his refusal. Fortunately for the professor they did not know that he was quivering inwardly—and cursing the fact that he could not play his cornet. That fifty dollars loomed exceedingly large.

Business had been good, better than he could have anticipated, and the popularity of the orchestra exceeded his wildest dreams. But always in the background was the sinister presence of Aleck Champagne's reconstructed orchestra, which never received a worthwhile engagement but succeeded always in cutting the price at which the Griggers organization was forced to work.

Roscoe was living—and that was all. And with the passing of each day he visioned the crumbling of his most fondly cherished hope—the acquirement of the barber business in Atlanta, upon which he held a rapidly expiring option. Mr. Griggers had confidently counted on a rapid accumulation of surplus cash during the Birmingham sojourn—an amount sufficient to enable him to pay the additional four hundred and fifty dollars which was due, and so be set for life in ways more mercantile than artistic.

Nor was this ambition for the Atlanta barber shop lessened when the proprietor thereof arrived in Birmingham one day and offered to return Roscoe's option money and a twenty-five-dollar bonus for calling the deal off. Roscoe shook his head gamely.

"Nossuh."

The light of fear dawned in the other's eye. "Business ain't no good nohow, prefesser."

"I like business which ain't no good."

"You loses money if'n you buys it."

"I is the losinest man, brother. They ain't nothin' I is so fond of as that."

The barber speculated. "I gives you back yo' fifty dollars an' fifty dollars mo' in addition. Cash money."

Roscoe shook his head. "Save yo' breff, brother. Offers you me two hund'ed dollars extra an' I laughs in yo' face. 'Cause in one mo' month yo' barber shop is gwine be my barber shop."

Mournfully the barber returned to Atlanta; and Roscoe sat himself down to ponder upon ways and means.

The visit of the Atlanta gentleman could mean but one thing—the business upon which the professor held an option had developed into a bonanza. At the time of the original contract the Atlanta barber had been eager to sell. And his willingness to pay a fifty-dollar bonus for the cancellation of a mere option which might never be exercised indicated with startling plainness the way the barbering wind was blowing. Desire for that particular shop was becoming a mania with Roscoe—a passion beside which all other desires paled to nothingness.

Yet the orchestra business did not pick up. Of engagements there were plenty. And with the engagements a cumulation of desire on the part of the darker public of Birmingham to hear Professor Griggers perform on the cornet. But the price paid for the orchestra's services barely kept the members of that organization in clothes and barbecue meat. In fact, the band was held together solely by the passionate devotion felt by Sam Gin and Willy Trout for the fat little man whom they looked upon as peerless musician and benefactor. The saxophonist and his cornet-playing friend lavished upon Roscoe an affection that was little short of worship. They accepted his word as gospel. They believed implicitly when he prophesied better times, and did heroic missionary work among the other—and discontented—members of the orchestra who looked for benefits immediate and tangible.

And then, one afternoon about five weeks after his arrival in Birmingham and when prospects for exercising his Atlanta option seemed darkest—Professor Roscoe Griggers received a visitor in his room at Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house.

The stranger—a tall, thin, ebony gentleman—stood belligerently just inside the doorway of Roscoe's room, staring hostilely at the portly little orchestra conductor. Sensing that his visitor's attitude was far from friendly, Roscoe arose, not a trifle frightened.

"Y-y-you craves to see me?"

"If I does—I craves to see nothin'."

Silence. Roscoe, feeling extremely uncomfortable, knew that it was up to him to speak.

"Well, heah I is."

"Heah who is?"

"Prefesser Roscoe Griggers."

"H'mph!"

"An'—er—who I has the pleasuah of addressin'?"

"You ain't got no pleasuah in addressin' me. An' heah is who I is."

The lean and hungry visitor produced a card which he shoved into Roscoe's perspiring paw. Mr. Griggers' first impression was that the card was his own; then he saw that though it was modeled after that particular bit of typographical art, it went his several points better in matter of ornateness, and was also worded in a slightly different manner:

PROFESSOR ALECK CHAMPAGNE

GREATEST COLORED MUSICIAN IN BIRMINGHAM

LEADER OF
ALECK CHAMPAGNE'S JAZZPHONY ORCHISTRA

MY MOTTOE:
"WHAT I SAYS AINT NO BULL"

I TUNES ORGANS BETTER THAN NEW
(ALSO CHEAPER)
AND I AINT NO UMBRELLA MENDER

Roscoe flushed a rich lavender. Here was the insult direct. The pudgy little professor felt a tide of animosity rising against the tall skinny professor, an animosity held in check only by an instinct which warned him that open hostilities would not be unacceptable to the gentleman at the door. But at least anger enabled him to resurrect his temporarily defunct dignity. He maintained a frigid silence, which was broken by Mr. Champagne.

"What I has come to fin' out," explained that gentleman, "is what you thinks you is doin' heah in Bummin'ham?"

"Ain't doin' nothin' 'cept tryin' to make a hones' livin'."

"Huh! You says it's hones' you steals all the bestest musicians outen my orchistra?"

"Never stole no musicians. They come to me an' ast fo' jobs. Said you had done 'em dirt. I give 'em jobs an' ain't done 'em no dirt."

"Says you ain't. But says ain't, ain't is ain't."

A pregnant pause in the dialogue. "An' I tells you this," threatened Aleck Champagne, "I knows you is a crook, an' does you staht crookin' any mo' roun' this town you gwine stop bein' yo'se'f so quick you ain't gwine know you ever was you."

"Who gwine do that thing?"

The menace in Roscoe's tone sounded a timely word of warning to Mr. Champagne. "Nemmin' who's gwine do you up. Jes' you remember if'n you don' quit takin' all these heah jobs of music you is gwine be did. An' did proper."

Roscoe bluffed—magnificently. "Reckon I ain't skeered."

But he was skeered—thoroughly and completely skeered. Things in Birmingham were not panning as he fondly had anticipated. There was dissatisfaction among the members of his orchestra, Aleck Champagne was hinting darkly of physical menace, and less than three weeks remained to him to accumulate four hundred and fifty dollars in legal tender.

Immediately upon Professor Champagne's departure a large gob of gloom settled dankly about the ample shoulders of Roscoe Griggers. He was sadly in need of money. Too, as the possibility of acquiring the Atlanta barber shop became more remote, the more desirable grew the contemplated return to barberism. The present experience was proving conclusively that the life of an itinerant orchestra conductor was not all beer and skittles—that it was sometimes neither.

And so it was that when the craving for much ready money was hot upon him he saw opportunity, strangle-holded its forelock, and became enmeshed in a predicament which trebled his worries and offered not a loophole.

It happened that afternoon when he was waited upon by a committee from The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise—a suave, ingratiating, money-talking committee headed by Lawyer Evans Chew. Lawyer Chew explained in sonorous malapropian language that Birmingham colored folk had come to love Professor Griggers and to revel in the music of his orchestra—but that it was not satisfied.

What they desired, explained the colored attorney, was an orchestra concert in the course of which Professor Griggers would play a cornet solo. "Bein' as you is the greatest an' mos' peerless corneter in the whole world," orated Chew, "it seems unfittin' an' improper that the community which hol's you in such elegant esteem should be denied the rapturous deliciousness of hearin' them golden notes come tumblin' fo'th from yo' magic instrument."

Whereupon, despite fervid protestations from the would-be cornetist, Lawyer Chew insisted upon setting forth the proposition as decided upon by The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise.

The lodge, it appeared, was to hold under its auspices a concert and dance. The pièce de résistance of the former was to be a cornet solo by Professor Griggers—or several cornet solos. Realizing that he was the finest cornetist in the world and that his services as soloist were independent of his duties as conductor of his own orchestra the lodge was prepared to pay the orchestra its regular nightly price. In addition thereto it was to attend to the selling of sufficient tickets to pack the hall to the doors—and split the gross receipts with the famous professor.

Roscoe felt himself go hot all over. For the first time since his arrival in Birmingham he was hearing the clink of real, genuine, worthwhile money. He envisioned the red, white and blue of the Atlanta barber poles.

"H-h-how much I gits out of a thing like that, Lawyer Chew?"

"We-e-ell, we ought to have purty near a thousan' dollars in the house. You gits five hund'ed if'n we does, an' we pays the orchistra fo' the concert an' the dance outen our share—an' you gits yourn, net."

Five hundred dollars! One-half a thousand dollars for tooting a few toots upon a twenty-dollar cornet! Roscoe was trembling like a leaf.

"It's turrible big lot of money," argued the attorney, seeing indecision writ large upon the face of the professor. "Five hund'ed dollars—mebbe mo'. But we is makin' that proposition on account we reelizes that ev'ybody is gwine be willin' to buy 'em a ticket does you play solos. Co'se they gits the concert an' the dance afterwards, but what rilly is gwine draw 'em in is them cornetings you is gwine do." He paused expectantly, then produced a legal document which he spread out before the quivering Roscoe.

"All you is got to do," continued the attorney suavely, "is to sign yo' name on that there dotted line an' you has earned one-half of them gross receipts which ain't gwine hahdly be less'n five hund'ed dollars."

It was too much. Roscoe knew that he could make his escape almost any day, and there was always a chance that some miracle might solve his problem. Five hundred dollars. And all he had to do was sign a dotted line. He signed!

And that night, while Birmingham buzzed with excitement at the prospect of hearing the greatest colored cornetist in the world, that individual tossed sleeplessly upon Sis Callie Flukers' best bed and cursed the impulse that had driven him to certain ruin.

From the outset there was no doubt that the enterprise was destined to be successful. Tickets were on sale two days later and were grabbed up eagerly by the colored populace. One dollar entitled them to the concert, the reflected glory of having heard Roscoe's first public solo, and a dance which promised to continue well into the new day.

What troubled Roscoe—the gall and wormwood of it all—was the fact that he could not sound a note on his instrument. And the jammed and packed house would expect a treat of such rare proportions that it would be satisfied with nothing less than a demonstration of absolute genius.

If he could play at all—even moderately well—he knew that he might satisfy them, prepared as they were to believe that anything he did was wonderful. Truly, this situation was a triumph of press-agentry. But Roscoe was finding only bitterness in that triumph.

The concert was dated to be held the night before the barber-shop option expired. If some way could be discovered by which he could pull that five hundred dollars out of the fire it would give him a chance to make a hasty exit from the city and retire permanently from musicianing.

Yet he knew that it could not be. The thing was impossible and Roscoe recognized his cue to leave town. But somehow he could not bring himself to depart from the scene of a possible young fortune. He knew that he yet lived—and while he did so there must be some vague sort of hope.

Night after night he tossed in restless soul-racked agony. His skull ached with the effort of constant intensive thought.

And then one day when he was sitting at the counter of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor munching his lunch with a very inconsiderable relish the great inspiration came to him.

He hopped from his stool with a howl of delight, tossed a dollar to Bud and shot through the door like a fat arrow. He readily gained access to the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise and verified his recollection of a trapdoor in the floor of the stage. That trapdoor was the key to his triumph.

He found Willy Trout, cornetist, without much difficulty. That gentleman was assiduously practicing with Sam Gin. And he took both of them into his confidence.

With tears in eyes and voice he retailed to them his predicament. He talked with the tremolo stop pulled far out, and by the time he finished they formed a weeping trio. His self-abnegation was supreme, his plea for assistance irresistible.

(Continued on Page 47)

# SELZ $SIX

*All leather, made of the famous Trostan Calf*

*Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel*

*Goodyear welt*

*Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear*

## A Low Price
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# THE SHEIK

## A photoplay of tempestuous love between a madcap English Beauty and a bronzed Arab chief

*From the novel by*
EDITH M. HULL
*Scenario by*
MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

**AGNES AYRES**, who made such a wonderful success in Cecil B. DeMille's "*Forbidden Fruit*" and "*The Affairs of Anatol*"

**RUDOLPH VALENTINO**, whose distinguished acting in "*The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*" is remembered by millions.

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Jesse L. Lasky presents a

# GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

## with AGNES AYRES and RUDOLPH VALENTINO

# E I K

## "When an Arab sees a woman he wants he takes her"

*—Ancient Proverb of Arabia.*

THAT was the meaning of love in the desert until The Sheik met the English girl.

That is the heart of the plot of "The Sheik," which in book form is the year's sensation on both sides of the Atlantic and which as a Paramount Picture finds and thrills a multi-million audience.

Don't miss the thrill of seeing the proud madcap English girl snatched from the sand by the hard-riding Sheik of a hundred tribes.

You will be amazed at her life within the tented luxury of the Sahara.

You will see love making by the handsome Rudolph Valentino as The Sheik which is in the full torrent of Oriental tradition.

How shall the lovely and aristocratic Agnes Ayres, as the English girl, escape with life and honor?

*That* is the plot of it, the shiver of it —the odds are so great—that is the drama you see against a background of infinite desert,

—of a thousand wild Bedouin horsemen with long rifles and flowing robes,

—of the bride-market at Biskra where the slave-brides are sold,

—and of desert fighting between Sheik and Bandit, and between their troops, of a ferocity only equalled by tigers.

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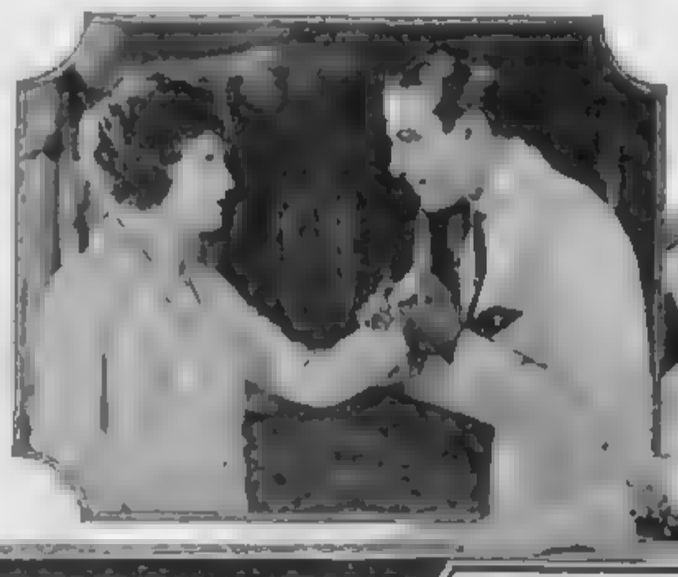

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It has taken us years to do this. The cost has been enormous. The new kitchens built and equipped for the purpose cost $1,700,000.

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* * * *

Beans differ vastly. The beans we use are selected by experts. Then each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

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* * * *

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### The Beans We Use

are grown on rare soil rich in nitrogen.

Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

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The tomato sauce was perfected by countless tests. It is baked with the beans, so every atom shares its tang and zest.

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The baking is done in steam ovens. Thus hours of high heat are applied without crisping or bursting the beans. The beans come out whole and mellow, and baked so they easily digest They are baked in sealed containers so no flavor can escape.

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**Baked in the Van Camp kitchens at Indianapolis**

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### Ever-Ready Meals

Every can on the shelf means a meal ever-ready, ever-fresh. Serve hot or cold.

(Continued from Page 42)

And Willy Trout promised his aid, pledged his word that it should be as his benefactor desired. It was a tribute to Roscoe's personality that these two melancholy musicians did not look upon him with eyes in which there was less worship than had formerly been the case. Roscoe had treated them well and Professor Champagne had done them dirt—that was sufficient. They promised to die for Roscoe if need be. They swore by all they held holy that his secret was safer with them than it had been with himself. And Roscoe knew that they spoke truly.

The plan was really very simple. The concert would be held. When the time approached for the cornet solo by Professor Griggers he would declare an intermission and then follow that intermission with a long self-laudatory speech. During the intermission Willy Trout was to go beneath the trapdoor of the stage and take his cornet with him. And then from underneath the stage Willy Trout was to play the music that would be apparently coming from the cornet of the impresario who was to stand before the multitude.

It was a plan *par excellence*. There wasn't a flaw in it. No one could possibly suspect that the silvery notes were not spurting from the cornet of Roscoe Griggers. It was unlikely that Willy Trout would be missed from the rostrum; Willy was too negative a quantity.

Roscoe and Willy grasped hands and wept tears of undying friendship upon each other's shoulders. And when Roscoe left his two faithful friends he did an ungainly little pirouette in the hallway. For Professor Roscoe Griggers was happier than he had ever before been in the whole course of an eventful, triumphant existence. Adulation and cash were soon to be his; public success, financial stability—and a barber shop! He blessed the name of Willy Trout, and those of his friends who met Roscoe that day marveled at the sudden exuberance that had come to him.

For the first time he exhibited a proprietary interest in the sale of tickets, and marveled that the magic of his name should cause so many hard-earned dollars to change hands. As for Darktown, it was quite excited over its first orchestra recital. Of almost every other sort of novelty it had its fill; here was something genuinely new—something filled to overflowing with that always recognized if somewhat intangible quality generally known as class.

The day of the concert dawned propitiously. Roscoe Griggers rose in high feather; the sun was shining, the birds serenaded him from the big oak outside the bedroom window, Sis Callie brought to his couch a breakfast of crisp, crumbly bacon, snowy grits, delicate toothsome waffles floating in genuine maple sirup, and a large cup of rich steaming coffee. At eleven o'clock Roscoe repaired to the musty room which Willy Trout and Sam Gin called home.

It was there that something occurred of which Roscoe remained in blissful ignorance, for it was while he was there that Professor Aleck Champagne, his brain filled with black scheming, came to see the two melancholy musicians. Professor Champagne had collected considerable cash and a vicious idea. What he planned to do was to buy off the entire Griggers orchestra and so prevent the scheduled concert. It happened that when he arrived at the house where Willy and Sam resided the front door was ajar. He entered and mounted the stairway to the door of the room occupied by the former mainstays of his orchestra. And it was with hand on the knob that he was arrested by a startling plea in the hated voice of Professor Roscoe Griggers:

"You shuah you ain't gwine th'ow me down, Willy?"

"You know I ain't gwine do that, professer. They ain't nobody never gwine know yo' secrit 'ceptin' on'y I an' you an' Sam."

Aleck heard Roscoe's sigh of relief. "You sho'ly speaks words which soothes my buzzum, Willy Trout. 'Cause if'n it was ever learned that I cain't play no cornet ——"

Professor Aleck Champagne reeled under the shock. Roscoe Griggers could not play! The thing was impossible, too rich to contemplate. But the ensuing dialogue left him no room for further doubt, and he quivered as details of the conspiracy floated to his eager ears through the doorway. When the lean and lanky professor departed—noiselessly—he was trembling with excitement.

"Rotten ol' faker! Dawg-gone him! Gonna git Willy Trout to play fo' him fum under the stage, is he?" Aleck Champagne kicked viciously at a maple tree. "Reckon he's gwine be sorry! Reckon ——" And then the professor broke into a broad, anticipatory grin. "Hot dam! But mebbe he ain't gwine be shew up!"

By four o'clock that afternoon a great deal of headachy thought on the part of Professor Aleck Champagne had developed as perfect a scheme for revenge as was ever hatched by man. It didn't leave Roscoe a fighting chance—and Aleck planned an exposé so dramatic that it was certain he would ride to glory upon the tidal wave of indignation which must run this most colossal of all impostors from the city.

Therefore he was on hand early that night, having paid one good hard dollar for a choice seat about ten rows back from the gaudily decorated rostrum. He sat quietly, the faint crease of a triumphant grin decorating his thin lips, a glint of Machiavellian cunning in his beady eyes. Nor did the enthusiasm of the rapidly fattening crowd cause him any jealousy; the greater the enthusiasm for Roscoe the more intense the revulsion of feeling when the blowoff occurred.

Five minutes before the commencement of the concert the hall was comfortably filled. They were all there: Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew, Florian Slappey, Dr. and Mrs. Elijah Atcherson, Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring, Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton, Prince and Princess Napolium Beezly, Acey Upshaw, Keefe Gaines the smiling undertaker, Sis Callie Flukers. But all was not joy within the breast of Professor Griggers, who, backstage, received a financial report from Lawyer Chew:

"They's jes' ezac'ly eight hund'ed dollars in the house, prefesser. When the show is finished you gits fo' hund'ed dollars, cash money."

Four hundred dollars! That was a good deal of money—but it wasn't five hundred by many thousand miles. And at midnight of the following day Roscoe's option upon the Atlanta barber shop was due to lapse. Still, he couldn't afford to object to four hundred dollars; it was that much of a pick-up and would enable him to leave Birmingham safely and triumphantly.

His appearance upon the rostrum after the orchestra had seated itself was the signal for a wild ovation. And in truth Roscoe deserved it. Garbed in black trousers, a crimson coat which he had obtained years before, and with head incased in a white-plumed hat he was an awe-inspiring figure. Across his ample chest was an array of medals which any conductor might have envied. Too numerous for that portion of his anatomy, they spread well under the arms and extended down to the waistline. One view of those medals and the spectators knew that Roscoe was an even greater musician than he had been given credit for being. All in all, the night promised to be an exceedingly large one. Just how large no one save the chuckling Aleck Champagne knew!

Only a single spark of regret lay within the heart of Professor Griggers as the opening numbers of the concert got away to a flying start. His mind still dwelt regretfully upon the barber shop which could never be his. This was his last, eleventh-hour bolt, and it was ineffectually shot. The box office was one hundred dollars short of his needs, and though he was grateful for the four hundred which would be paid him after the show, he couldn't help mourning the additional fifty which was so necessary just then for his complete peace and happiness.

But nothing of this regret showed in his dynamic manner as he cavorted nimbly about the stage waving his conductor's wand and inspiring his hirelings to superhuman efforts. The spectators were won over with the first number; they swayed in unison at the wicked syncopation of the popular pieces and were respectfully and appreciatively silent during the rendition of the classical selections. And more than one feminine eye grew soft and warm as it rested upon the gyrating figure of Professor Roscoe Griggers.

And then during the final encore before the intermission Aleck Champagne rose and made an inconspicuous exit.

Immediately thereafter the first half of the entertainment ended. Out front wild applause was succeeded by a hum of laudatory comment. Even without the dance the evening was an assured success. Professor Griggers beamed with satisfaction as he circulated through the crowd greeting his friends, receiving their unqualified homage as something that was his due. Even the barbering business contained no such soul satisfaction as this!

Backstage the members of the orchestra wandered out for a refreshing smoke. Among them was Willy Trout, the faithful cornetist upon whose shoulders rested the honor of the beloved Roscoe Griggers.

Willy was nervous. Had he known aught of premonitions he might have realized that he was gripped by a large one. But he only knew that upon him rested the responsibility of tiding his benefactor to superlative triumph, and just now he was mainly desirous of keeping to himself.

His cornet was clutched under his arm; he was fearful that something might happen to it. Once he went inside and reassured Professor Griggers that all was well. And then again he journeyed into the yard at the rear of the lodge rooms.

It was a dark little yard, unrelieved by any light from the concert hall, there being no windows in the rear. But the chattering musicians annoyed Willy, who was feeling his first tremor of temperament. So he drifted farther back into the Stygian gloom. And from the darkness a voice called him:

"Hey, Willy! Willy Trout!"

Mr. Trout stiffened. There was something vaguely familiar about the voice.

"Who that?"

"Aleck Champagne. Ise in this heah woodshed. I craves to make talk with you a minute."

Willy shied away. "I ain't aimin' to talk with you, Aleck."

"Sh-h! What you ain't got in yo' haid is no brains—talkin' that loud. C'mon in this woodshed a minute an' lis'en at what I is got to say. It's plumb impawtant!"

Willy hesitated. In Aleck's voice was a nuance of earnestness that could not be missed.

Picking his way carefully through the impenetrable blackness Willy felt his way into the shed.

"Where you is at, Aleck?"

Behind him a door slammed! A lock clicked! Willy Trout, cornetist, had been made prisoner by the vengeful Professor Aleck Champagne!

Professor Champagne disentangled himself from the concealing darkness. "He thunk I was inside—the po' tripe!" Then, chuckling and eager, he made his way back toward the concert hall.

In the woodshed Willy Trout was not silent. But Aleck knew that his weirdest wails could not be heard above the chattering of the spectators during the intermission nor above the shrill of the music when once the concert started again.

As for Willy, he frothed in a delirium of anger and vowed murder and sudden death. But his best efforts against the door proved unavailing, and he discovered after much barking of shins and wasting of profanity that there was no possible mode of egress from the malodorous woodshed. He was trapped as effectually as was ever a wild animal. And he exhibited similar symptoms.

Meanwhile, in the concert hall Professor Roscoe Griggers stood alone upon the platform ostentatiously polishing up his twenty-dollar cornet until it shone like purest silver. The silver-mounted case stood open beside him, its royal-purple lining dazzling the eyes of all who cared to look. Roscoe was nervous—true—but not at all afraid, and he returned the triumphant grin of Professor Aleck Champagne with a cold and supercilious stare.

Then Roscoe stepped into the wings to summon his orchestra. They were all there—all save Willy Trout. But that was as it should be; the faithful Willy was under the stage prepared to give Roscoe's cornet solo. At least Roscoe blithely fancied that he was.

It was Sam Gin who missed his buddy. Sam, carrying his saxophone, stepped below stage to make sure that nothing had gone wrong. And in the dank space below the rostrum he glimpsed no Willy Trout. Sam's dark forehead puckered into a frown of worry. Willy should have been here. From above came the sounds of tuning—and then the hoarse voice of Professor Roscoe Griggers announcing that he was now to give the Birmingham public the treatinest treat it ever had been treated to. He was about to play his first public solo in many months; just how many months nobody save the professor himself and Sam Gin suspected.

Fierce terror clutched the heart of the devoted Sam Gin. Undoubtedly Roscoe believed that Willy Trout was at his post of duty, and because he so believed, was preparing to go ahead with his solo.

And Sam envisioned the mob anger when no notes should come from the cornet of the pudgy professor! The blank amazement, the bloodthirsty revulsion of feeling that comes from sudden knowledge of an idol's perfidy.

Where was Willy Trout? Sam Gin experienced hot resentment at the mere thought that Willy could have allowed anything to cause this desertion.

"My Lawd!" he breathed, "Prefesser Griggers is gwine be th'owed down!"

The thing was unthinkable. That solo must be played—the cornet solo. But Willy wasn't there and Sam couldn't play a cornet. And suddenly he bethought himself of his saxophone. Certainly any music from below stage was better than a deathly damning silence. And so in desperation Sam harnessed himself to his instrument and prepared to play Roscoe's cornet solo on his own B-flat barytone saxophone.

On stage, Roscoe Griggers faced his silent expectant audience while the orchestra softly played the opening measures of the more rapid portion of the William Tell Overture—first solo number on the program. He was an impressive figure as he stood there agleam with medals, plumed hat set jauntily on the side of his head, glittering cornet held ready. The spectators were sitting forward on the edge of their seats. Professor Aleck Champagne with difficulty restrained an impulse to laugh aloud; he knew the cataclysm which was in store.

Below, Sam Gin felt of the softness of his reed, cursed at the absent Willy Trout, and fingered the keys of his saxophone to make sure that they were all working freely.

The introduction was finished, the more artistic among the spectators, those who knew classical music, were humming the popularly accepted words of the great overture:

*I wonder what will William Tell,*
*I wonder what will William Tell,*
*I wonder what will William Tell—*
*When he gets home in the morning!*

The notes of the orchestra grew expectantly hushed. With a nervous but impressive flourish Professor Griggers raised the tuneless cornet to his lips. Came the brief pause introductory to the first notes of a heralded solo. Roscoe's cheeks puffed. And then—then came the first notes of the cornet solo. They came softly and sweetly, in the deep mellow tones of a barytone saxophone!

Roscoe Griggers staggered. There came a sudden sinking sensation in the pit of his tummy. His body went cold and clammy. His eyes popped and his fat little face became beaded in perspiration.

From the audience came a gasp of astonishment. Professor Aleck Champagne chuckled aloud. And still, from below, came the exquisite rendition of the overture.

Professor Roscoe Griggers was too paralyzed to lower his instrument. The end had come; he knew it! But so long had he rehearsed this hour of triumph that he could not move the instrument he was supposed to be playing. He held it glued to his puray lips, pretending to blow the notes which have never in this world been born of a cornet.

The members of the orchestra, dazed and uncertain, took the cue from their leader. They went to it with a vengeance. And Sam Gin was excelling himself, struggling heroically to save his benefactor from utter ruin. Never had Sam Gin performed as now. His fingers fairly flew over the glittering keys; eyes and cheeks distended at the terrific effort of rapid passages and triple-tonguing. It was good music. It was a marvelous solo. But it was not a cornet solo.

Roscoe pretended to play on. Horror gripped him. He knew that the end was at hand, but the instinct to clutch at the faintest and most forlorn hope deterred him from immediately betraying the imposition.

He could see the blank utter amazement on the faces of the spectators—the sickly grins, the stark incredulity. Once he noted the baleful glare of Professor Aleck Champagne, and he knew that the ship was

(Continued on Page 49)

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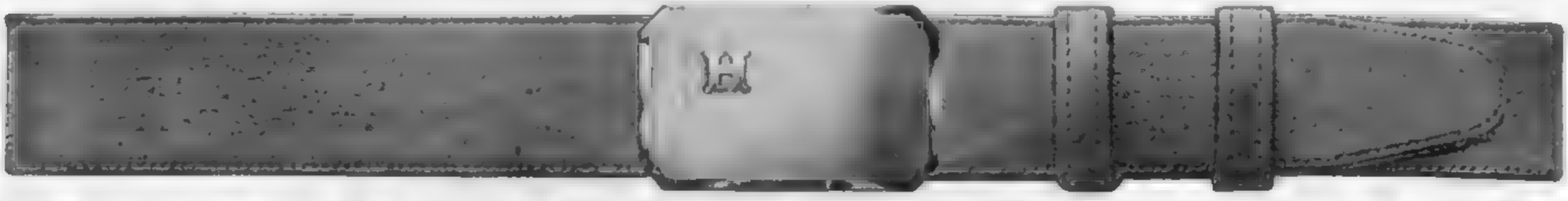

# HICKOK
## Belts & Buckles

(Continued from Page 47)

sinking—and sinking thoroughly and completely.

The overture sped onward toward a flaring conclusion. The saxophone tones continued to tumble sweetly and purely from the cornet. The audience sat rigidly on its chairs, and Roscoe summoned his last vestige of fighting spirit in a valiant effort to turn disaster into triumph.

The selection ended with a marvelous exhibition of rapid fingering on the part of the saxophonist below stage. There came a dead silence. Roscoe, trembling like a leaf, lowered the cornet from his lips. But no hint of applause came from out front. Instead there was a dumb incredulous silence.

And then, controlling the quaver of his voice with an effort heroically physical, Professor Roscoe Griggers stepped to the front of the stage. With the courage of a true hero he made his last dying fight for salvation.

"Brethren an' sistern," he said quietly, "fo' two months you has be'n pesterin' me to play a cornet solo. I has done played one. I has done played the mos' marvelousest cornet solo which ever has be'n played in this whole world. Because, brethren an' sistern, I tells you this, heah an' now——" He paused, choked, cleared his throat and went nobly on. "I tells you this: Any fool corneter can make cornet music come out of a cornet. But, my frien's, on'y the greatest corneter in the world—which him is I—can git saxophone music out of one!"

He bowed limply, stood with a hopeless smile on his face.

And some enthusiast in the rear of the house let out a roar: "Hot dam! Brother, you sho'ly done tol' the truff!"

Then, sweet as molasses, there beat on the ears of Professor Roscoe Griggers a tidal wave of wild spontaneous applause. It smote him like a physical force and he reeled under the deliciousness of the impact.

They believed him! They believed that he had played that solo! The thing was incredible—magnificently so. But there was no mistaking the wild acclaim that cascaded stageward. The triumph was greater than Roscoe had dreamed. It was epochal—supreme!

The smile of triumph froze on the lean face of Professor Aleck Champagne. He could not believe the evidence of his senses. Where these spectators should now be planning to tar and feather this rank impostor, they were according him a frenzied ovation.

It was too much for the long-suffering Aleck! Roscoe Griggers, still weak from the strain, saw Mr. Champagne leap from his seat and start down the aisle. The applause ceased. Through the room wailed the angry voice of Professor Champagne, shrieking vituperation at his rival. And straight toward the stage streaked Aleck. There was fire in his eye and righteous murder in his soul.

Roscoe saw him coming, and once again Roscoe was afraid. The spectators rose to their feet and one or two of the men started stageward to intercept the maniacal Champagne. But they were too late. Red-eyed with fury the lanky musician leaped for the pudgy impostor, hands outstretched, muscles tensed. Excitement rocked the house. And Roscoe, cornered, acted instinctively.

In Roscoe's hand was his glittering cornet. And Roscoe was not a weakling. Roscoe Griggers' arm went back. There was a flash of glittering cornet as the arm came down, then a terrific crash as it collided with the head of the onrushing Professor Aleck Champagne.

The look of venom froze on the face of Professor Champagne. He paused abruptly and completely, spun halfway around and then sank limply to the floor. Professor Champagne had been knocked out.

Now the house surged with wildest fury. The cries were all of "Shame!" and were all directed against the entirely unconscious Aleck Champagne. A new admiration had been born for Roscoe Griggers, for not only had Roscoe proved himself the musician supreme, he had also won his spurs as a fierce and efficient battler.

But when they would have manhandled Aleck, Roscoe put out a restraining hand and bade them halt.

"He ain't got no brains to know no better with," said he, "an' he jes' on'y was jealous of the most greatest musician in the world. I bein' him. The on'y sorrer I has got"—and Roscoe gazed down upon the cornet which had suffered irreparably through contact with Aleck's head—"is that I ain't gwine be able to play you no mo' solos t'-night on account my cornet is done busted—cornet wuth a hund'ed dollars if'n it's wuth a cent!"

A yell of sorrow went up and Lawyer Evans Chew leaped to the platform and demanded silence. Then, playing upon the sympathies and affections of his audience he sent his mellifluous voice roaring through the hall. He described in vivid language the scene which had just been enacted and held forth upon the injustice of it. Birmingham colored folk should be ashamed, he told them; and it was up to them to make amends to this distinguished stranger. Wherefore he proposed that a collection be made forthwith; the cash to be presented to Professor Roscoe Griggers in order that he might buy a new cornet.

The plea was greeted with howls of approval. Money poured into the hats that were passed through the excited audience.

And so a few minutes later there was handed to Professor Roscoe Griggers his four-hundred-dollar share of the box-office receipts, and in addition thereto the one hundred and two dollars netted by the collection.

That night at one minute after twelve Professor Roscoe Griggers pulled out of Birmingham on the Southern Railway. He was bound for Atlanta with sufficient cash to exercise his option on the coveted barber shop.

He was still a-tremble from the excitement of the evening; but hunching protectingly in his seat he pulled out his five hundred dollars and counted it over once again. Then he shoved the money back in his pocket and sighed.

"Barberin' is pretty good," he reflected wistfully, "but I sho'ly does hate to depaht fum the cornetin' business. It pays elegant!"

# THE BIG-STORE BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 11)

Now we are back again to the handling of the merchandise stream. In the entire history of retail selling no more ingenious plan has been devised for the orderly and rapid movement of goods in and out of a department store. It begins by first taking the loaded incoming trucks up to the eleventh floor of the reconstructed store for their unloading. In the present store—as well as in a good many other stores—a large amount of immensely valuable ground-floor space is given over to the various functions of receiving and distributing merchandise, which is economic waste; nothing less. Modern sentiment does not permit waste of that sort. The new store will have nothing of it.

Neither does modern sentiment permit the cluttering of outside sidewalks with merchandise, either incoming or outgoing. So in this most modern plant trucks go aloft to the eleventh floor upon two huge high-speed elevators. Our horseless age makes this possible. The modern architect, planning for the congested heart of any of our great cities, can truly thank all his lucky stars for the coming of the gasoline engine and the electric storage battery. The things that he does with the vehicles that they propel would be quite out of the question with horse-drawn trucks.

Through a multiplicity of chutes and sliding ways the merchandise descends from the eleventh floor, where it was unloaded from the trucks, to the tenth, extending the entire length of the extended building. Here it is classified and placed upon a wide conveyor which moves at the level of and between the two sides of a double table some 500 or 600 feet in length, extending the length of the store. From this center table—the backbone of this whole distribution scheme—will extend in parallel aisles, at right angles to it, whole hundreds of bins and shelves and compartments. The entire arrangement will resemble nothing so much as a huge gridiron with many tiny interstices.

This miniature and silent city, whose straight and regular little streets are lined in turn with miniature apartment houses of merchandise, is zoned into six great


"It's quicker and easier with a 'Yankee' Chain Drill"

This interesting and instructive book FREE.
Contains numerous illustrations. Pictures easy ways of doing hard jobs. Shows "Yankee" Tools doing things that other tools can't do. Mailed upon request

TURN the brace! That's all you need think of when drilling with a "Yankee" No. 1500. You don't have to adjust or regulate the feed or give the slightest thought to it.

Whether using the largest or smallest drill, the "Yankee" Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed *automatically* feeds with just the right pressure. The breakage of drills from inaccurate, uncertain hand feeding is done away with, for hand feeding is absolutely unnecessary with a "Yankee" Ratchet Chain Drill.

The chain is tightened and the drill run rapidly down *to* the work by the friction feed, then fed automatically by the "Yankee" Ratchet Feed through the cut without any attention except turning the brace.

Naturally—you can do quicker and much better work with a "Yankee" Chain Drill.

It's the *only* chain drill with automatic friction and ratchet feed. This same automatic friction and ratchet feed is used in "Yankee" Bench Drills.

No. 1500—(Illustrated) 3-jaw chuck. For round shank drills only, up to ½ in.

No. 500—2-jaw chuck. For square shank drills up to ½ in.

Some Other "Yankee" Tools

| | |
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| Spiral Screw-drivers | Ratchet Hand Drills |
| Quick Return Spiral Screw-drivers | Ratchet Breast Drills |
| Ratchet Screw-drivers | Ratchet Bench Drills |
| Plain Screw-drivers, 1½ to 30 in. blades | Automatic Push Drills |
| | Ratchet Tap Wrenches |
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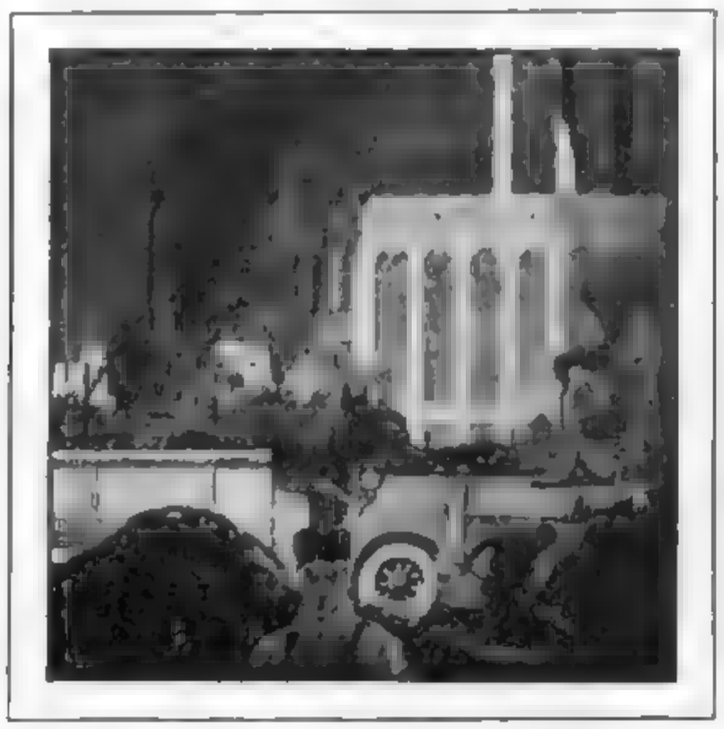
*Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools*

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics



# Economy Tests of Fuel

**ONE of the largest Metropolitan electric power companies has recently vindicated its own faith in Consolidation Coal.**

**Responding to readjustment conditions, this Company made a drastic survey of every element of its operating expense. Fuel costs and fuel efficiency were minutely examined. Every possible effort was made to ascertain if tonnage saving or greater power return per dollar could be effected.**

**As a result of thoroughgoing and expert tests of Consolidation Coal, the Company informed us that they would continue to use our product. Their only request was that we maintain a uniform quality with that of the fuel supplied them in the past.**

**Consolidation Coal, from which all possible waste substances are rigorously removed, is used regularly by many electric power stations. It establishes a real standard of fuel efficiency, and in the most exacting tests justifies itself for economy.**

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
*Munson Building - New York City*

DIME BANK BUILDING, DETROIT, MICH. UNION TRUST BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.
137 MARKET STREET, PORTSMOUTH, N. H. FISHER BLDG., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
CONTINENTAL BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD. UNION CENTRAL BLDG., CINCINNATI, OHIO.
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., BOSTON, MASS. MARION-TAYLOR BLDG., LOUISVILLE, KY.
LAND TITLE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

zones. Each selling department of the greater store—there are 118 in the present one—is assigned to one or the other of these zones. There it keeps its reserve stock. There is, in truth, a reservoir.

Now press a button and see the plan function. The men's shoe department is out of a certain small part of its highly diversified stock. It sends a requisition up to its representative upon the tenth floor. It is a matter of minutes—almost of seconds—to locate the necessary shoe cartons in the well-arranged compartments; a matter of but a few seconds more to dispatch them on a rolling cart through the nearest dummy elevator—each zone has its own elevator reserved for its sole use—to the selling floor. A few seconds saved through good system means a pleased customer. A pleased customer means a customer returning, and many customers returning means a steady and probably increasing volume of business. It takes some retail business to make the wheels turn right in a store of this size.

With the actual selling of the goods we have no concern here. To follow the course of this very pair of men's shoes that we saw but an instant ago descending from the store's great reservoir upon its tenth floor to the customer and—in case it is marked "To be delivered"—to the electric motor truck out upon the city streets and to his residence is a fascinating process at every step. There is check and recheck; system a plenty, yet system reduced to the common-sense necessities of protection without slowing perceptibly the speed of the merchandise traffic; check and recheck in the delivery rooms in the basement; assortment and reassortment; and finally the proper waiting truck. There are sixty of them at sixty loading stages or docks in the sub-basement. Nights and Sundays this sub-basement serves as a garage. There is no fire risk whatsoever in the storage of an electrically driven vehicle, and so the basement not only stores eighty-two standard two-ton trucks, but furnishes facilities for charging their batteries and for making light repairs upon them.

### *The Mother Goose Barber Shop*

Access to this sub-basement from the street is made by four huge elevators. To the mind of him who will see it for the first time there will immediately flash the thought, why not ramps—long, sloping driveways for this descent? Long ago the architects asked themselves that very question. They answered it themselves. A practicable ramp for a descent of thirty-eight feet takes much floor space. Elevators take little. They went out to Chicago and in a store there they saw thirty-two cars come up out of a sub-basement in eight minutes, and all upon two elevators. That settled it. The ramp was abandoned. Elevators would solve the trick.

With these main features of a store well solved, there must come always its refinements. Here the main principles of the institution show themselves. Some department stores give free shows. Others do not. Most department stores to-day have barber shops. A few hold stoutly out against this feature, particularly for grown-ups. A Boston store a few years ago introduced a children's barber shop, with Mother Goose rimes and pictures painted upon the walls and a plenty of delectable toys on the floor to be played with while awaiting "Next!" The horror of a haircut to a kid was mollified. Now a great many stores have children's barber shops of this sort, although none has yet introduced the serving of free lollipops or ice-cream sodas. Still, one never can tell. A new grown-ups' shop on a famous old corner of New York recently introduced the service of the afternoon tea with a shave or a haircut. There really are no limits to our Yankee enterprise.

Almost all big department stores to-day have restaurants—some of them with varying degrees of service and prices. Great merchants differ, too, upon store decoration. Some of them still prefer the rigid simplicity of white walls and ceilings, with broad aisles and great rows of white pillars. A few of the older merchants have clung rather affectionately to the vast open courts extending through the centers of their huge store buildings. In this their enterprises resemble the great stores of Paris, where the central court with its huge skylight flooding the entire place with abundant daylight has long been regarded as a most essential feature of store construction.

The Parisian stores go further; they make great decorative effects of their main stairs, which almost invariably rise up through the court; and, being French, they also make much of their ceilings. There the painter of murals is a distinct factor in the creation of a department store; here he is regarded as distinctly out of the reckoning. A typical American store may concede a little elaborate decorative effect in some of its salons devoted to the sale of high-grade gowns, millinery and the like. But the growing tendency in the United States is toward an elaborate simplicity rather than decorative effect.

Given a store building, modern and well equipped both as to stock and fixtures, and the largest problem of its owners is still ahead—personnel. It makes no matter how fine the store may be, how complete its stocks, how preëminently strategic and successful its location, it still has a large opportunity of failure. Its success or failure rests primarily in the problem next ahead of it—the selection, the training and the constant supervision of its human forces. The merchant with a small store finds the oversight of perhaps but two or three clerks a perplexing matter at all times. Multiply that force by thousands and one begins to see a little of the constant difficulties along this same line which the department-store man must face.

### *Problems of Personnel*

He meets them, if the size and resources of his establishment will permit, by first establishing a department of personnel—under one name or another. For its head he should choose a man of large resourcefulness, but always of great human understanding and sympathy; a man whose absolute fairness must never be open to question; who always will temper justice with kindliness and with common sense. The hiring of new workers for the store is of course the primary job of this important department head. They are gathered in a wide variety of ways—by volunteer applications, by newspaper advertisements both within and without the city where the store is situated, by employment agencies, by circular appeals to educational institutions and, best of all, through the solicitation of the store's regular employes. There is no appeal for a worker that can compare with the suggestion made by an employe that the place of his employment is also a good place for his friends.

This belief is shared by the employment manager of one of New York's biggest stores, a big, upstanding man, who in his Harvard days was a famous football player. The principles of that fine game he has brought to a proper solution of his present problems.

"Our most desirable applicants are brought in by our own people," he says frankly. "In hiring these people we have a feeling of security. It has been our experience that they enter more readily into the spirit of their work and develop far more rapidly than those obtained from other sources. Some people believe that the only function of this department is to keep in touch with the labor market and engage employes. This is erroneous. The duty of this department is to raise the standard of efficiency of the whole working force by properly selecting, placing, following up and promoting employes and so bringing about a condition that will result in their rendering an almost 100 per cent service to the store. This is the real reason for its existence.

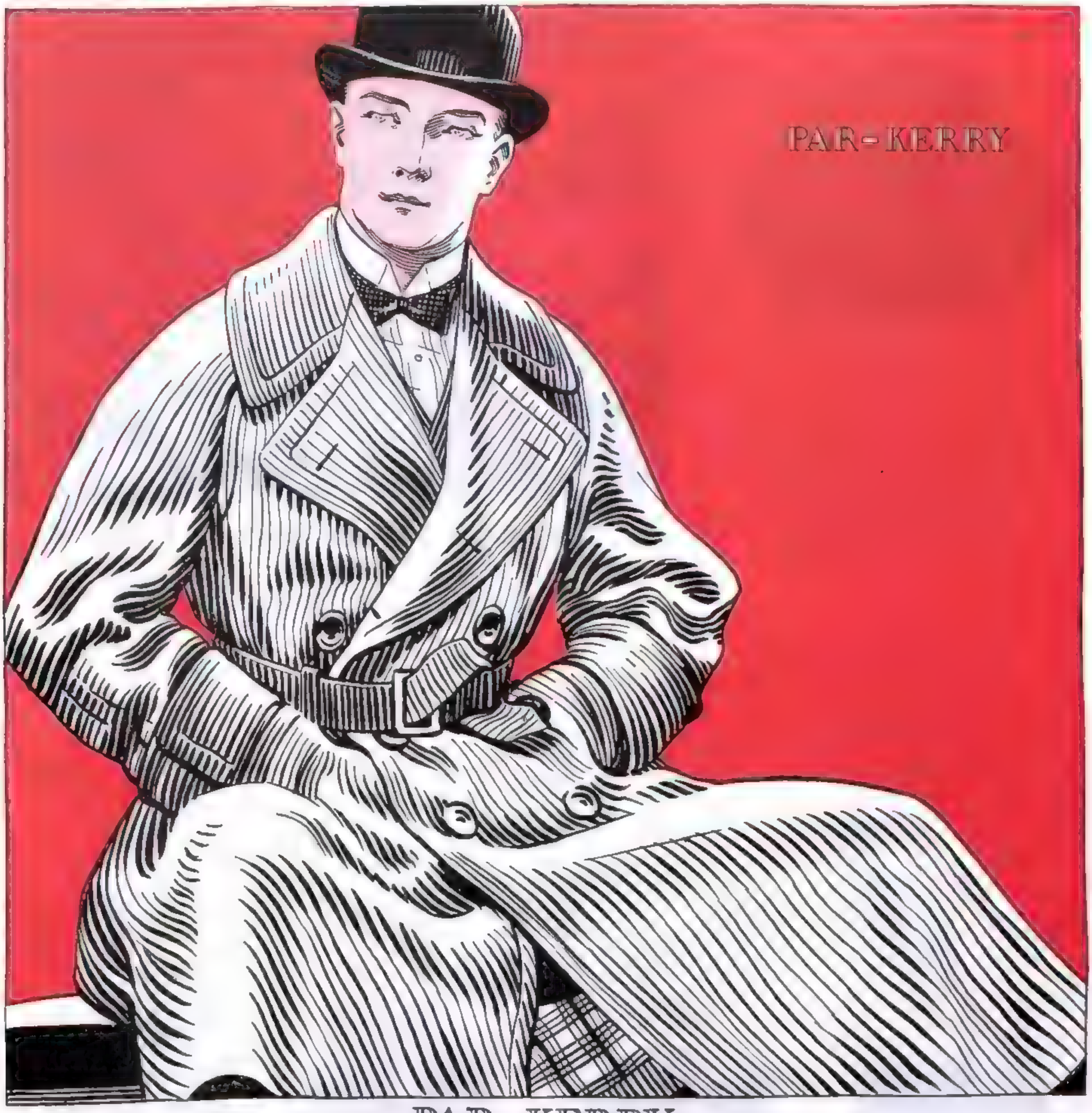
"Business some years ago began to realize that its indiscriminate handling of the entire labor problem was causing a tremendous waste, not alone to the employe and to society, but to itself. It began then for the first time to deal with the problem of its personnel in a scientific and practical way."

I shall not bore you with the technical details of the multiplex machinery by which the employes of this store are hired—or occasionally are fired—save to say that this last unpleasant business can be accomplished only by the general manager himself, and then only after he has first referred the case to one of his five assistants for personal investigation and recommendation. And this in a store of more than 6000 all-the-year workers!

When the saleswoman—or man, as the case may be—leaves of her own volition the matter becomes more serious. Why is she dissatisfied? Are the conditions of labor in

(Continued on Page 53)

# TAILORED AT FASHION PARK




## PAR-KERRY

*A BELTED ULSTER EXECUTED IN THE FASHION PARK OVERCOAT SHOPS IN PAR-KERRY WOOLENS OF EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIVENESS.*

*A COMFORTABLE GARMENT HAVING A RAGLAN SHOULDER EFFECT. SUITABLE FOR SPORTS WEAR OR BUSINESS. ACCREDITED FASHION PARK AGENTS HAVE IT.*

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

## FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

McQuay-Norris Rings for every price and purpose are made of Electric Metal

Regardless of what price you pay for piston rings, be sure they are made from electric iron. McQuay-Norris Electric Metal is melted and refined solely for use in piston rings. It is a close-grained, highly refined iron that is far superior to any metal that the ordinary cupola process can produce. Melted and refined in the McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace, it can only be bought in McQuay-Norris Piston Rings.

# You were right-She needed new Piston Rings

## *That McQuay-Norris Combination sent us over those hills on high*

For those who want the best piston ring equipment they can buy, there is nothing so satisfactory as the McQuay-Norris Combination. A Supercyl Ring in the top groove of each piston corrects oil and carbon troubles. The genuine Leak-Proof Piston Rings in all the lower grooves increase power and save gas.

Fuel cannot waste past the genuine Leak-Proof Rings. It is all compressed into power because these rings have *equal radial pressure* against the cylinder wall—an exclusive feature of their 2-piece construction.

Oil cannot work its way past the Supercyl Ring to cause carbon troubles. The special oil-collecting reservoir of this ring has never been duplicated, because merely grooved rings cannot empty on the down stroke of the piston to lubricate the lower rings.

For car owners who want lower-priced equipment—one-piece rings—the McQuay-Norris *Jiffy-Grip* and Snap Rings are exceptional value for their cost. All McQuay-Norris Piston Rings are made in every size and oversize to fit every make and model of motor. There is a special ring for every price and purpose—and your repairman either has what you want in stock or can get it promptly from his nearby supply house.

***Write for Free Booklet***

which explains in clear, non-technical language how the best piston rings will give you something to be thankful for. Address Dept. "B."

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

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| New York | Chicago | Philadelphia | Boston | Pittsburgh |
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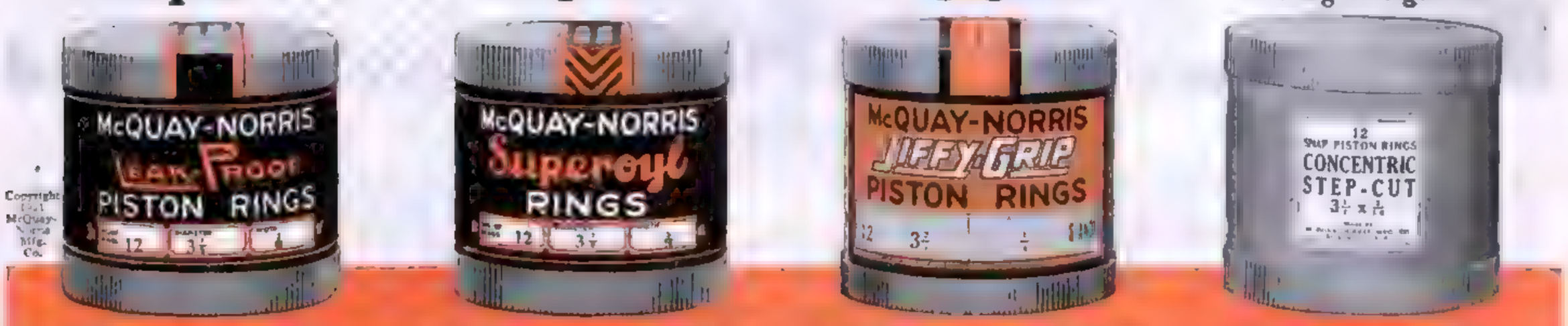
Canadian Factory: McQuay Norris-Banfield Co., Ltd. Toronto, Canada

$1.25 $1.00 50¢ And Snap Rings of the highest grade




Copyright 1921 McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co.

**McQUAY-NORRIS PISTON RINGS**

Prices in Canada: Leak-Proof $1.50 Supercyl $1.25 *Jiffy-Grip* 50c

(Continued from Page 50)

this store more onerous than in the other stores of the city, the pay less satisfactory? The store does not intend that either of these things shall obtain beneath its roof. And so the retiring employe, before she may finally leave its pay roll, is carefully examined as to her exact reasons for going. Her last impressions of the store must be quite as good as her earliest ones, and a careful system of observation and record has been upbuilt to make sure that these are obtained. This may often lead to valuable opportunities for the correction of store system, particularly in the delicate relationship between the institution and its employes.

Close upon the complex problem of hiring the worker comes that of her training. In the larger stores this is generally handled in a separate department from that which hires the workers. Here of itself is a real job. You of the outer world may not easily realize what has been accomplished in recent years along these lines. Do you understand that the young woman who sells you the cotton cloth across the sales counter has actually written a complete little textbook upon the history and manufacture of that and other fabrics? That the young woman who takes your order for engraved stationery has made a real study of the various processes of printing?

Education has become a handmaiden of merchandising. The college folk are coming now to the huge mercantile establishments of the land as never before they have come. Take the mass of young women who come trooping out of our colleges each June. Generally speaking they are apt to find their employment bents trending to a common course each year, and in great cycles. Yesterday the cycle was teaching, the day before literature or the sciences; to-day it is quite distinctly merchandising.

### *Training the Novices*

The great department stores of our metropolitan cities of America to-day are paying their executives and subexecutives salaries more than commensurate with those in other lines of industry, and well ahead of those in the learned professions. Moreover, they now have brought their hours of employment down to a point at least approaching those of these first. Their appeal has thus become measurably greater.

Come back again from the general to the specific. Here still again is the big store with whose employment manager we were talking but a moment ago; step now into its training department. It divides itself quite logically into two great avenues, the one educational, the other recreational. Each is filled with the quality that we now call human interest. For this article, however, we are going to give our chief attention to its educational phases. They are, perhaps, of the larger interest.

The new saleswoman's name is hardly upon the store's rolls before a member of its reception committee—made up of her future fellow employes—is on her heels and is steering her straight through all the maze of fresh experience that must await the novice. She is told of the little details that attend her arrival at the store in the morning and her departure from it in the evening; how she can go and when she must return. How she is paid; her salary, her quota, her commissions, her bonuses.

All this might sound complicated indeed to the new girl were it not for the kindness of her "reception committeeman." Complications in the hands of a woman who has been through the mill herself and who has come to see how they are really not complications at all but merely cogs in the grinding wheels of a great and systematic machine are easily explained. The new girl catches on. The simple but accurate psychological tests through which she was put before she was accepted for the store assure this. She catches on, and within a year—perhaps within the space of but a few months—she, herself, is on the reception committee and helping other new girls through the mazes of first employment.

The new girl catches on!

There lies before me a neatly typewritten loose-leaf memorandum book. It is the work of a girl who has yet to round out her first year in this big New York store, and it is a work that all must produce before they may hope for very definite advancement.

This typewritten book is in itself a book of the big store. It contains brief but succinct and thorough accounts of its organization, its selling policies and its methods. Yet it is much more. For instance, it is a manual of salesmanship. Under the heading "Steps in an Ideal Sale" these are not only enumerated but are given relative values in percentages. Thus we see that "attracting attention" is 20 per cent; "arousing interest," 20; "creating desire," 15; "closing sale," 20; "introducing new merchandise," 10; and "securing good will," 15.

Under each of these subheads the sales clerk who wrote the little book has collected a group of points necessary to its attainment. For instance, under "attracting attention" she has written "facial expression," and under this last in turn, "pleasant and expectant."

All these things have been taught the salesgirl author of this book. The volume itself is the result of her notes at the lecture classes held in the store's own schoolrooms up under its capacious roof. When she was taught "attracting attention" up there she was told that alongside of facial expression there comes tone of voice, and that under this last there are five distinct classifications—audible, distinct, sincere, rhythmical, suited to customer.

Truly the science of salesmanship goes to far lengths these days!

From time to time the store has engaged a professional teacher of elocution to take up and carry forward this last function of its work. Here was this saleswoman being taught that "swell" was a word forever to be avoided over the counter, "smart," "stylish," "fashionable," "original" and some others being substituted in the curriculum. Similarly "elegant," "grand," "nifty," "classy," "cheap," "awfully" and "terribly" are banned, appropriate synonyms being suggested to replace them. "Flat" is not to be used when "apartment" is meant. The entire list of words to be avoided in a sales conversation runs to a considerable length.

The young saleswoman who wrote this book was trained to textile salesmanship; which means that while the first half of her book, which treats of the store's methods and policies, is common to those being prepared by her fellows in all the other selling departments, the second half is the result of the special teaching that was given her in its training department along the lines of the merchandise in which she was to specialize. Not only did she spend long hours on the firm's time—up in that high-set classroom and surrounded by cabinets in which were displayed textile materials of every sort and in every state of development—but she was given a printed booklet which told her much about her merchandise, its history, its production fields and the details of its manufacture.

From it she evolved her own history of textiles, setting down with accuracy the four fundamental cloths—cotton, linen, silk and wool—and not alone tracing their development and manufacture, but by means of carefully made diagrams pointing out the difference between the various textures and weavings.

### *Department Store Schools*

As teachers in this school there is an especially trained corps of men and women who do nothing but instruct and then follow up their pupils to see that they put into practice the things they have learned. Gradually certain educational institutions have taken it unto themselves to prepare young men and young women for this sort of teaching; a highly specialized school in Boston does nothing else, and the public schools of New York and some other cities are now seeing the great advantage to themselves of instituting special courses in retail selling.

The educational plans of the schools which the big department stores across the land long since began to establish under their own roofs devote themselves chiefly to three methods of work—individual instruction, informal classes and practical demonstrations. The work is thorough, and the result of all of it is not merely to make the employe valuable to the house, but to lend interest to merchandising itself, shifting him gradually out of the mere mechanical processes of taking orders for goods.

The specialized training of a school such as this will further include a general salesmanship course given to all employes promoted from the nonselling divisions of the store—its behind-the-scenes work—to its selling divisions, the instruction of special groups of sales clerks for special necessities which may arise from time to time, demonstration sales in which teacher and pupil play store, with the teacher impersonating various types of customers, the executive courses to prepare employes for high executive positions of different sorts, and the specialized instruction for dictating and adding machine operators, correspondence and file clerks and the like.

It is not necessary to go further into the curriculum of a school of this sort. The saleswoman's little black book that we saw but a moment ago ought to show it more clearly to your eyes than any elaborate presentments of courses and of schedules. The result's the thing, and this one store that we have been visiting can vouch for the results. It has achieved them. Not only has it lifted retail selling from the hard and rutty road of cold commercialism, but it has lifted the individual seller himself, which is to be accounted something of a triumph.

For it is house policy to encourage employes to look out not only for the store's interest but for their own. An ambitious salesman is an asset, and there are ways of keeping him ambitious. There is, for instance, the system of bonuses for punctuality, which takes the form of extra holidays in the summertime. A week's holiday with pay is given annually to each employe of eight months' standing. But a record of good attendance and punctuality for fifty long weeks brings another week of vacation, also with full pay.

The list of the bonus possibilities of the store is long. Chief amongst them is the bonus which takes the concrete form of a sales commission. The sales clerk is set a moderate quota for his week's work. On sales that reach above that figure he is paid a percentage commission; and lest you may be tempted to dismiss this statement with a mere shrug of the shoulders, permit me to tell you that last year a retail salesman in its furniture department earned more than $7500, which is a sales clerk's pay not to be sneezed at.

### *Chances for Big Jobs*

Beyond that there are the many larger opportunities of executive and subexecutive jobs. It is the boast of this store that it has twenty-five buyers who earn more than $10,000 a year; ten of them whose annual income is in excess of $25,000. All told, it has something like a hundred buyers, practically every one of whom received his or her training in long months at the sales counters of the store. No wonder that young women come out of Smith and Wellesley and Vassar seeking to-day to enroll themselves in its sales forces! No other business to-day offers them so large or so many opportunities for advancement.

Initiative may—and generally does—play a large part in such advancement. A few months ago a young woman who has climbed high in the organization of a large New York store—to be exact, as the head buyer of one of its chief departments—found herself in France but a few hours before the steamer upon which she was booked to sail back to the United States was to depart from Southampton. To take a steamer across the channel and catch her boat was out of the possibilities. She did the next best thing. She boarded an aeroplane and flew from Paris to London, seemingly in almost less time than it takes to tell it here. She caught her boat. Her instructions were to catch that boat, and she had acquired the pleasant habit of obeying orders.

Upon this incident alone a whole volume might be written upon the thoroughness of an organization that really organizes, a training department that really trains, a system that really systematizes, all under the title of "A Family Group"—a group in which affection and tact and understanding come into play quite as often as discipline and energy and initiative.

Here is the recipe in the rough for that marvelous commercial thing, a department store:

First, a general organization, then a strategic location, then a plant, skillfully planned for both efficiency and attractiveness; then a humanly organized, well-taught, well-drilled, well-rewarded staff of workers. Given these chief ingredients, the condiments of good advertising, good, farseeing store policy, a fair deal to the patron and to the employe alike, and the store is fairly launched. After that its fate is upon the knees of the gods, with most of the odds in its favor.


# "My solace for the future"

The following letter opens up a subject smokers often talk about:

W. H. TALLMADGE
Hickory Lodge
241 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.
October 27, 1920

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Your free samples of smoking tobacco fell on fertile soil. I have been a burner of the weed since I was 14 years old, and now I am 78 and full of vigor. I never smoked Edgeworth before receiving your samples. It will be my solace for the future, and several of my friends are acquiring the habit. Thanking you for the compliment bestowed, I am,

Yours truly,
[Signed] W. H. Tallmadge

The ripe ages reached by pipe smokers are frequently dwelt on in the newspapers.

In the early days of pipe-smoking, tobacco was supposed to have many medicinal qualities. One by one, most of these have been discounted, and it is doubtful if any real pipe-smoker uses tobacco now as medicine.

If peace of mind contributes to long life, we suppose tobacco could claim some virtue on that score. We prefer to think of it just as Mr. Tallmadge does—as a "solace," a source of enjoyment and pleasure that adds contentment to life and makes troubles seem less.

Nevertheless, here is a man "78 and full of vigor" who has been a smoker for 64 years running.

A New York newspaper recently mentioned a doctor of note, aged 91, who had been a smoker for 80 years.

These men, ripe with experience, may not have lived to such fulness of years simply because they smoked.

But ask them if they enjoy their pipes.

Their morning and evening pipes are the solace of their days, just as they were the joy of their youth.

And usually they have smoked so many kinds of pipe tobacco that they are good judges of what is what.

Have you found the pipe tobacco that is just what you want?

If not, we would suggest that you try Edgeworth.

We would like you to pass judgment upon it.

Edgeworth may or may not be just your kind. But it has proved to be just the right kind for so many smokers that we will make it very easy for you to decide whether it is *your* kind.

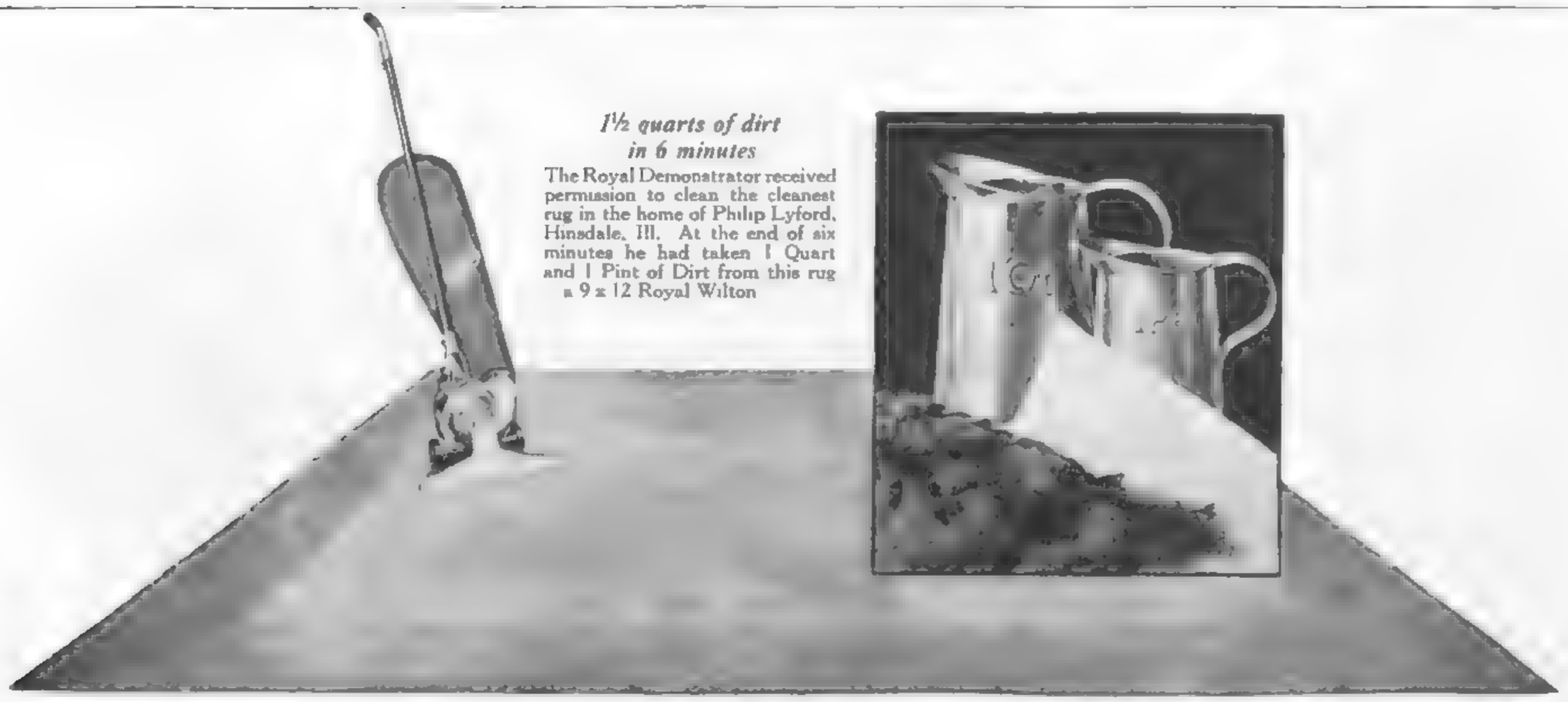
Simply a post-card containing your address, also that of the dealer to whom you turn for supplies, will cause us to send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then separated into thin, moist slices. To have an average pipe-load, merely rub a slice between the hands.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is ready to pour right from the can into your pipe. It packs perfectly and burns evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

For the free samples, upon which we would like your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants*—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



*1½ quarts of dirt in 6 minutes*

The Royal Demonstrator received permission to clean the cleanest rug in the home of Philip Lyford, Hinsdale, Ill. At the end of six minutes he had taken 1 Quart and 1 Pint of Dirt from this rug a 9 x 12 Royal Wilton

# 1½ Quarts of Dirt in 6 Minutes out of a "Clean" 9x12 Rug

***Showing why air itself is woman's greatest taskmaster—and how you can make air suction a most efficient servant***

***Dust so fine that only air can take it out***

Tap your foot gently upon the rug. Notice the thousands of tiny dust particles released as seen in a single ray of sunlight. This is dust that air brings in. A single cubic inch of air often contains as many as 25 million tiny dust particles. Air carries into the average house during one week as much as two pounds of dirt and dust (about 4 quarts). *This dust and dirt is so fine that brushing cannot pick it up: only air suction can really take it out*

***Sent Free***

Your copy of the interesting book, "The Modern Method of Cleaning," is ready. Tells how to clean rugs, carpets, hangings, ceilings, concrete floors, etc. Just write, "Send Booklet"—copy will be sent free

"I hardly think you can get any dust or dirt from that rug.

"Try it if you like. I wish you luck. But that rug has just recently been thoroughly beaten and brushed."

With this discouraging news, Mr. Philip Lyford of Hinsdale, Illinois, virtually challenged the Royal demonstrator to get any dirt out.

In a few seconds the cord was attached, the nozzle adjusted for maximum suction.

After six minutes the bag was emptied into a newspaper and the dirt measured.

You can imagine the surprise, the exclamations of astonishment, when the pile filled a quart can and a pint can.

"If I hadn't seen the clean inside of the bag before you started, I couldn't believe all that disgusting dirt came out of my rug, which I would have sworn was absolutely clean! That is an amazing test."

This, briefly, was Mr. Lyford's comment.

***Where did all that dirt come from?***

Meteorologists estimate that the air brings into the average home each week as much as two pounds of dirt (about four quarts)—dirt so finely powdered that brooms and brushes and ordinary cleaning methods cannot possibly pick it up.

No matter how tightly your doors and windows fit, air creeps in around them and finds its way into the house. Countless particles of powdery dust, such as a ray of sunlight reveals, are constantly entering your house—carried in by the air.

***Give a Royal for Christmas***

Air is indeed woman's greatest taskmaster. And yet—with the Royal Electric Cleaner—it becomes her most efficient servant. Air suction, used in the Royal way, *will* take out the dirt that air brings in.

## AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT GIVE

# THE ROYAL

## CLEANS BY

© 1921, P. A. Geier Co., Cleveland, Ohio

### *The Jar Test for embedded dirt*

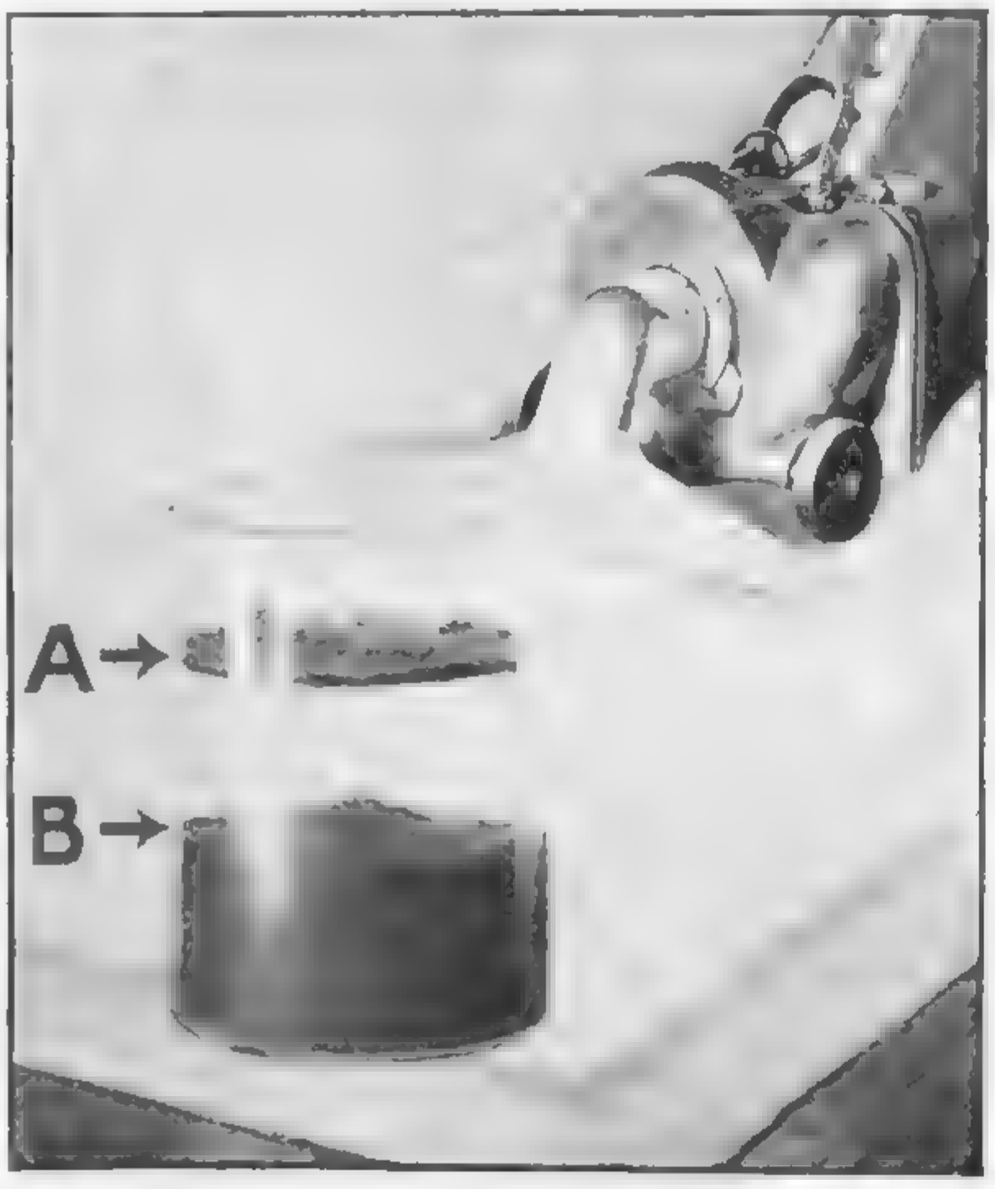
The accompanying photograph shows the contents of a Royal bag emptied into a jar of water just after a rug has been cleaned.

A in the photograph is the surface litter, consisting of floating material such as paper, threads, hair and lint. The small amount of such material in a Royal bag shows that the nap of the rug has not been injured.

B shows the embedded dirt. Note the large proportion of it as compared with the surface litter, due to the efficiency of the Geier Suction Intake.

The Royal removes *all* surface litter without harming the nap—and it removes *more* embedded dirt in a given time than other types of cleaners.

Some months ago, tests made by the New Haven Electric Company and others for Yale University officials resulted in the purchase of twelve Royals for use in a new dormitory. Recently, also, Harvard University purchased six Royals from the Cambridge Light Company.

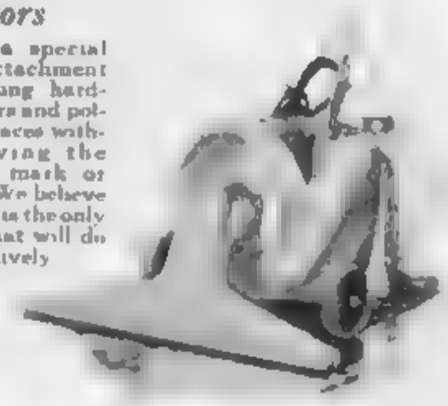


### *Cleans hangings*

It takes but a few seconds to connect the handy Royal attachments and clean the hangings, curtains and draperies. And you can clean the davenport and upholstered furniture just as easily.

### *And hardwood floors*

There's a special Royal attachment for cleaning hardwood floors and polished surfaces without leaving the slightest mark or scratch. We believe the Royal is the only cleaner that will do this effectively.



### *For mattresses, too*

Mattresses are renovated just as easily. Can be made surprisingly clean and fresh after a "going over" with the Royal!

It is an ideal Christmas present—the Royal Electric Cleaner—and one that will bring cleanliness and comfort into the home for many years to come.

It cleans all kinds of rugs—Axminsters, Brussels, Chenilles, Orientals, Velvets, Wiltons—quickly and thoroughly. It sweeps up with air threads, paper, lint, hairs and other surface litter. It removes with air the embedded dirt that even washing often fails to get, and leaves the nap straightened, cleansed and unharmed.

But the Royal is more than a rug cleaner. It is a complete housecleaning outfit. It will clean the living room, the sleeping rooms, the attic, the cellar—thoroughly, quickly and easily.

We believe that the Royal is now the only cleaner that will really sweep clean hardwood or concrete floors and stairways.

### *Ideal for all cleaning jobs*

With its convenient attachments, you can easily clean upholstered furniture, mattresses and hangings as thoroughly as your floors.

So versatile are these Royal attachments that, with them, you can in a few minutes clean clothes, fireplaces, registers, dresser drawers, and under heavy furniture and radiators. You can even renovate feather pillows.

You do away with the bugbear and fatigue of cleaning days! The Royal is so light that you can carry it upstairs and down almost as easily as a broom. It weighs barely 11 pounds.

### *Have it demonstrated in your home*

Let air sweep for you, clean for you, and make housekeeping easier. If your electrical dealer or department store does not have the Royal, write us and we will send you the Royal Book, or arrange for a demonstration in your home—without cost or obligation to you.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY, Cleveland, O.
*Manufactured in Canada by*
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

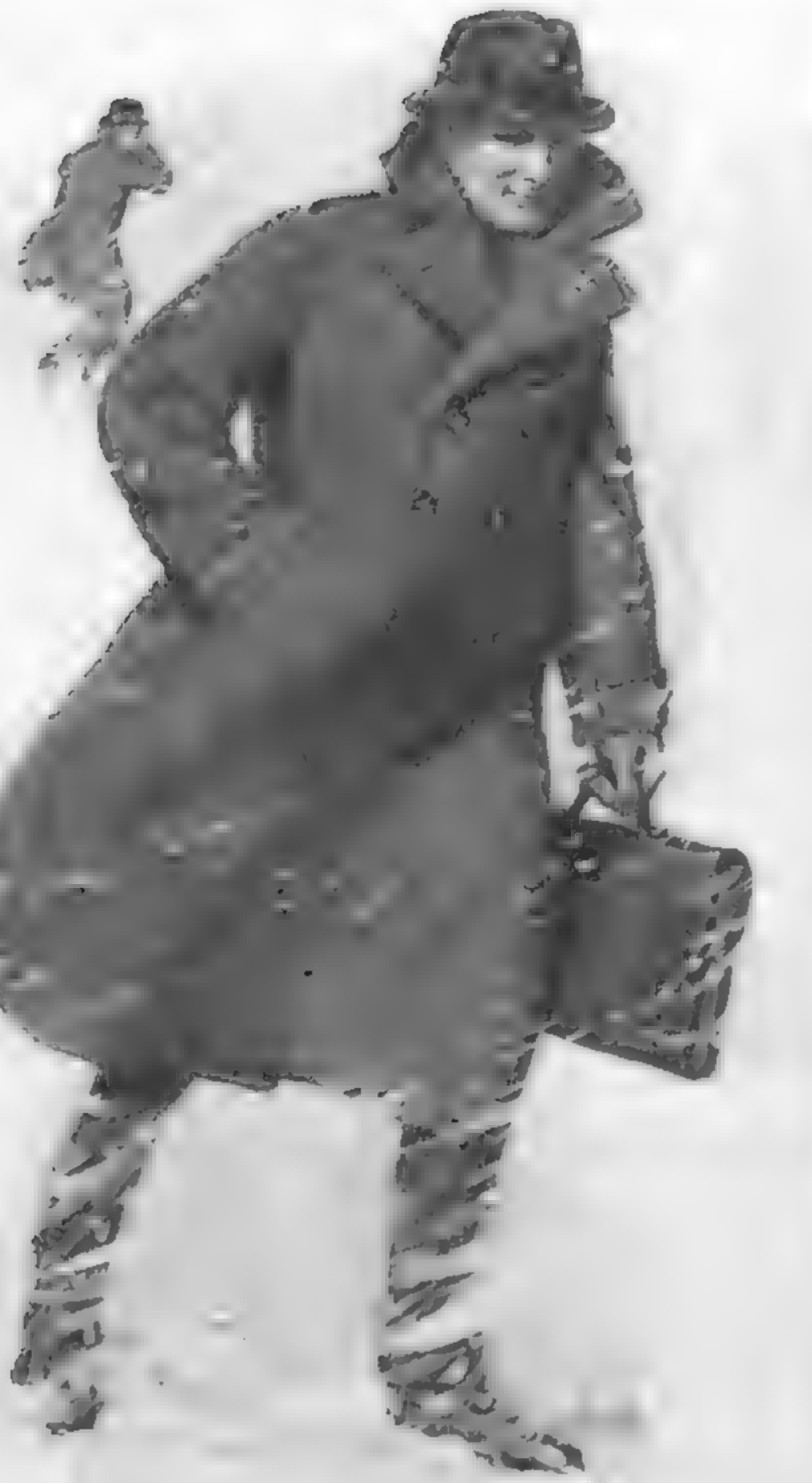
***The Geier Suction Intake, an exclusive Royal feature***

High air velocity and movement of large air volume, in proper proportions, are required to take out embedded dirt. This has been provided for exclusively in the Royal Electric Cleaner by the Geier Suction Intake, perfected by Philip A. Geier and his staff of engineers after three years of testing with 136 experimental types.

# HER THIS EXCEPTIONAL SERVANT

# Electric Cleaner

## AIR ALONE!



*This is the Great Patrick overcoat. It is big, warm, comfortable, easy fitting, neither bulky nor heavy. Double breasted, belted back, roomy slash pockets, silk-lined sleeves*

## "Bigger Than Weather"

PIERCING winds and winter's icy finger find nothing so impenetrable as the pure virgin wool armor of your Patrick-Duluth overcoat.

But warmth is not all you seek in an overcoat. You must have comfort and style and, above everything else, long wear.

And these, too, you find in your Patrick-Duluth overcoat. Common sense style has made the short-lived fads and fancies of design subservient to your comfort. The high quality of the cloth insures years of wear, which is just another way of saying that your Patrick-Duluth overcoat saves you money.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth: you know that. It is as distinctive to America as friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland, tweeds to England.

Only the best dealers sell Patrick-Duluth overcoats.

*Send for Patrick-Duluth Wool Products Catalog*

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Duluth *F. A. PATRICK & CO., Proprietors* Minnesota

Sole manufacturers of both cloth and garments

*Pure Northern Wool from sheep that thrive in the snow*

# MEN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Thought it safer to come home this way," he said to establish the point more firmly. "I felt a bit lonely with you in that cab."

They parted at the doors of Crest Chambers, W., where Barraclough had a flat.

"Any message for Mr. Van Diest?"

"You can tell him to go to the devil," said Anthony Barraclough.

"Right, I will. I say, if you feel a bit neglected during the night don't worry; there are plenty of us knocking about in the street below and we shan't desert you."

Barraclough smiled grimly.

"You seem a genial sort of ass," he said. "Care for a drink?"

"No, thanks. I must toddle along and make my report." He hesitated. "But I would like to know what all this is about."

"So would a good many other people," said Barraclough, and pressed the third-floor button of the electric lift.

III

THE meeting of the directors had been arranged to take place at Lord Almont Frayne's house, in Park Lane. Nugent Cassis was first to arrive. It was part of his scheme of life to be five minutes early for appointments. He nodded to the manservant, crossed to the fire and rubbed his thin hands before it.

"I expect His Lordship will be down directly," said the servant.

"Do you?" said Cassis, and that was all.

A precise, erect, parchmentlike person was Nugent Cassis, entirely colorless in himself and his outlook. The emotions of life never for an instant affected him. He was apparently insensible to pain, passion, triumph and disaster. His brain worked at one unvarying speed with clocklike regularity. He was always efficient, he was never inspired. He believed in himself and his judgments, and doubted all others and their judgments. He was a machine, self-contrived, for the purpose of making money, which he had no capacity for spending. He could carry in his head the entire overnight market quotations, and invariably did so. He seldom made a mistake and never admitted the mistakes he made. His transactions were honest because his knowledge of the law was unrivaled and he knew to a hair how close to the wind a man might sail. As he never wasted a moment he occupied the time of waiting in ringing up his broker and firing a barrage of instructions. This done he returned to the fireplace, consulted his own watch, corrected the mantelpiece clock, which was a minute and a half slow, sniffed critically and proceeded to warm his hands again. There was nothing spontaneous in the action; warming his hands was as much a part of his daily program as reading the Financial Times, the two minutes he spent lying flat on his back after lunch, or the single round of golf which he played every third Sunday throughout the year.

The clock was striking eleven when Mr. Hilbert Torrington, a bent, bald, clean-shaven man of eighty years, entered on the arm of the servant. Mr. Torrington—his age claims the prefix—was a different type from Cassis. He possessed a pair of blue eyes that might have belonged to a child, and the expression of his face—a face threaded with a thousand wrinkles—was sweet and calm. People who saw him but had no intimate knowledge of his powers, marveled that this frail, kindly, stooping old man, with his look of innocence that was almost sublime, could in reality be a giant in the world of money. Such was the case. Mr. Hilbert Torrington had his fingers on the financial pulse of the world, and at a pressure could accelerate or decelerate it, to suit his mood. Unlike Cassis, Mr. Torrington had time for everything. When he worked he worked instantaneously, achieving in an hour work that would have kept a less remarkable man busy for a month. After one of these flashes he would relapse into pleasant gardens where he grew roses, or pleasant galleries where he looked with eyes of understanding into the heart of pictures. Sometimes he amused himself by playing with stranger urchins in St. James' Park and on one occasion had been seen to divest himself of his coat to supply the wickets for an informal cricket match.

When asked why he bothered to take part in the rack and strain of high finance he gave the amiable reply, "Because it's such fun."

The servant piloted him to a high elbow chair and helped him to be seated.

"Thank ye," said Mr. Torrington. "And if you'll put a side table alongside I'll try a new patience. No, don't bother to tell me your master won't be long; I know that bit by heart."

He unwound a silk comforter from his neck, hung it over the arm of the chair and produced from his pocket a small pack of cards.

"Cold, Cassis?"

"I was cold," replied Cassis exactly.

"H'm! Fine growing weather, this."

He began to lay out the cards in neat little packs.

"Bulbs are coming through nicely. I was hoping to spend a day or two in the garden, but I'm afraid not; 'fraid it won't be possible."

Cassis put his hands behind his back.

"This business," he said.

"Yes."

Lord Almont Frayne, a resplendent young man of thirty, came into the room with all the bounce of youth. His chin shone from a ten-minutes-old shave, his hair cleaved to his head like fresh-laid paint, and the crease in his trousers was razor-edged.

"Most awfully sorry, dear hearts," he exclaimed in clamorous apology. "Deuce of a late night at Thingumy's ball. Do excuse."

From which the reader may assume that His Lordship was a bit of an ass. But no—under the ecstatic exterior of twentieth-century modern man-about-townism Lord Almont possessed many of the shrewd qualities that had made his father one of the richest bankers in England. People in the know would assure you it was not only luck had kept the parental millions secure and had even increased them after the old gentleman's decease. Lord Almont had a sense of the market, and his intelligence was not entirely devoted to matters sartorial.

"Anybody have anything? No? Too early? Infernally hot in here. Mind if we have a window up?"

Cassis was only just in time to lodge an objection.

Lord Almont pointed to the street.

"Here comes old Cranbourne bobbing along. Shall we wait?"

Mr. Torrington continued playing his patience game until Cranbourne was announced. And if you are interested to know what manner of man Cranbourne might be, then turn to the description of the diner at the table near the door in the Berkeley Café. As to his associations with these other gentlemen it remains only to be said that he was a supplier of ideas and occasionally of ideals.

"Anybody know anything?" said Lord Almont.

Cassis shrugged his shoulders negatively.

Mr. Torrington put down a card.

"Waste of time," he said. "Waste of time. Barraclough will never get out of London by ordinary ways. It was a useless attempt."

"Well, we don't know."

"He hadn't got through at 10:30 last night," said Cranbourne. "He was dining at the Berkeley Grill. 'Course he might have had a shot later."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No—just nodded. Billings tells me he was shot at when he tried to make the tug on the river."

"The boat was shot at, you mean," said Cassis.

"Anyone rung him up this morning?" asked Mr. Torrington.

"No, it was arranged we shouldn't."

"Then he's sure to be here soon."

The remark was prophetic, for as the words were spoken Barraclough was announced.

"No good," he said.

"You look tired, Barraclough," observed Mr. Torrington, who thought about men as well as money.

"Am a bit."

"Did you try to make Hendon?"

"Did I try? Yes, I tried, and traveled a Wild West shooting man on the lid of the cab who worked a hold-up by The Welsh Harp. Far as I can see, there must be hundreds out to prevent me." His mouth hardened. "But I'm going to do it. I mean to do it somehow."

(Continued on Page 58)

# NEW Improved FEATURES

## *This* Better OIL Stove Cooks like a Gas Range

The very day your Red Star Oil Stove arrives in your house, put it through the hardest tests you know. See how it bakes your most delicate cakes; how it browns biscuits; how it fries; how perfectly it does *every* kind of cooking.

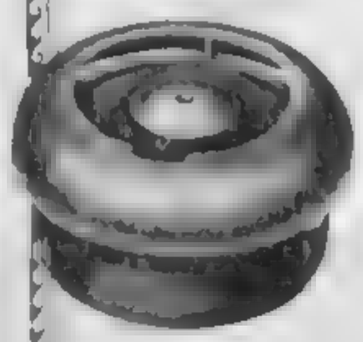
Don't judge the Red Star Oil Stove by any other oil stove. It is like no other. It is like a city gas range; will do the same cooking—in the same time. Use it just as city women use their gas ranges.

Its lustrous black metal, pure white porcelain and shining nickel trimmings will be a delight to you for years to come.

Now Red Star Oil Stoves have important *new* features, which your local furniture or hardware dealer will gladly show you. He will also tell you about reduced prices. There are Red Star models and sizes to suit every kitchen.

*(Write for Red Star Book of Cooking Tests)*

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



This is the all metal Red Star burner. Weighs 8½ pounds. No wicks. Gives two rings of flame instead of one. Red-hot burner adds more heat. Saves 25% of fuel cost

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

# NEW Reduced PRICES

## It's Easy to Keep Warm

It isn't your suit or coat half so much that keeps you warm as it is your *underwear*.

That's the place to provide comfort and protection to your body and health.

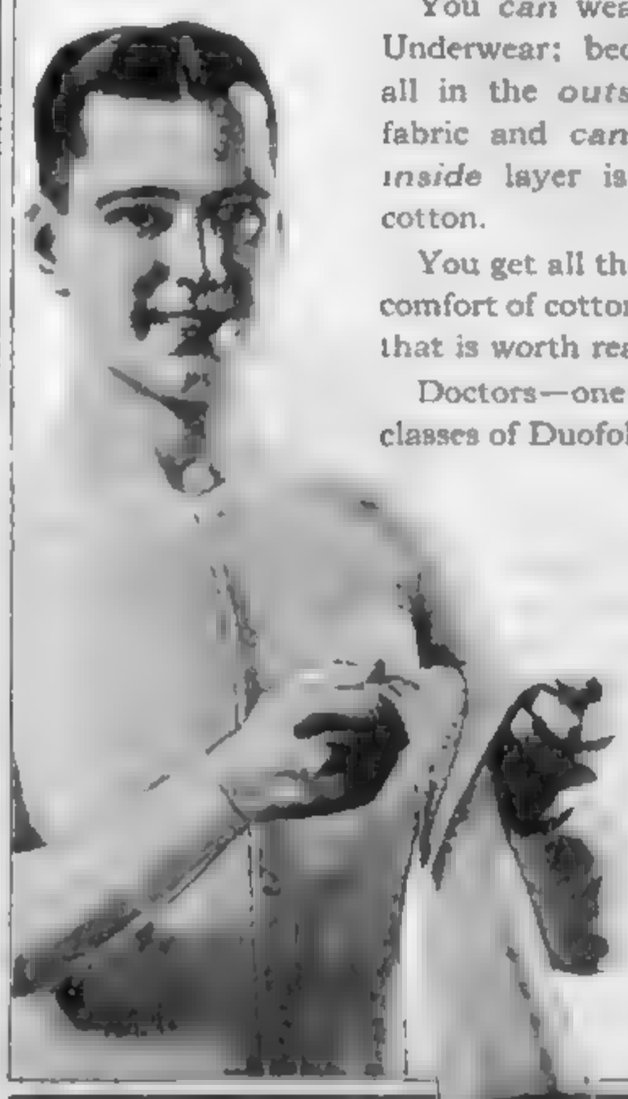
Get *that* right and the rest is easy!

Wool is the best material for winter underwear. It keeps cold and dampness out and body warmth in. It protects your health against the perils of changeable weather.

You *can* wear wool—in Duofold Health Underwear; because the wool in Duofold is all in the *outside* layer of the two-layer fabric and *can't touch your skin;* the *inside* layer is made of soft comfortable cotton.

You get all the warmth of wool and all the comfort of cotton—and a protection to health that is worth real money!

Doctors—one of the most consistent classes of Duofold wearers—will tell you that the Duofold principle for underwear is *right* and that it is equally well for it to be worn by men, women and children.



Duofold Health Underwear Co., *Mfrs.*

HENDERSON & ERVIN
*Sales Agents*
331 Fourth Ave. New York City

*Branch Offices*
Chicago San Francisco
Boston Atlanta

*"Rockinchair for Summer Wear, Duofold for Winter Wear"*

Duofold
Health Underwear for Men, Women and Children

*(Continued from Page 56)*

Mr. Torrington smiled sweetly.

"Ardent young man," he said.

Cassis put his finger tips together and remarked, "Recklessness is a luxury we can't afford."

"I'm prepared to take chances," said Barraclough.

Mr. Torrington quoted:

*'On the sand drift, on the veldt side, in the fern scrub we lay.*
*That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way."*

"That's all very well," said Cassis sourly, "but our sons won't be able to follow after so long as Barraclough obstinately determines to keep the secret entirely to himself."

"Pooh! Pooh! Pooh!" said Mr. Torrington. "That was understood."

"It was," said Barraclough, and swiveled round to face Cassis. "I've said frankly that until I get the concession no one but myself will be told the map reference. That's absolute."

Cassis sniffed.

"It was a pity you didn't get the concession when you made the discovery."

"You know quite well that I wasn't sure. A false move might have brought every prospector in the world to the place—would have done. Besides, with all this postwar territorial shuffle it was pretty nearly impossible to say which government actually owned the land. Been jolly if we'd got a title too soon, and from the wrong people."

"But the territorial point has been cleared up now, hasn't it?" Cassis put the question shrewdly.

Barraclough shut up like a clam.

Lord Almont butted in.

"Still, you're pretty confident of getting the concession if you manage to get clear."

Barraclough nodded.

"If I can slip through and they don't stop me I'll be back with the whole thing settled in three weeks from the hour of starting."

"And during those three weeks," said Cassis sourly, "Van Diest and his crowd will subject us to an intensive course of financial buffeting. As matter of fact he has begun already."

"It was no fault of mine the other side knew anything about it," said Barraclough. "If your confidential secretary had kept his mouth shut ——"

"There is no use in discussing that," said Cassis.

Mr. Torrington swept the cards into a heap and shuffled them to and fro like a cook making pastry.

"Getting very active, is Van Diest," he remarked. "Not a good loser, poor fellow. Quite set his heart on coming into our little syndicate. Started unloading American Rails yesterday afternoon; broke the market badly. I had to reciprocate by selling Dutch Oils. Our losses on the day were about equal."

Lord Almont remarked that his broker had rung him up to tell him of a fuss. Had no idea Van Diest was at the back of it. Cost him about ten thousand, but he held on.

"Quite so, and it's all very well if we are going to get a return for our losses," said Cassis. "But so long as Barraclough is held by the heels we become a mere kicking post for the opposition. Not good enough."

"Any suggestions?" said Barraclough.

"Yes. I suggest under the seal of confidence you inform us of the exact location of this field and we dispatch a trustworthy servant to carry out the necessary negotiations."

Barraclough remained silent.

"If you refuse to adopt that view, all I can see for it is either to drop the whole thing or to let Van Diest come in and split the profit."

For one instant the placid blue eyes of Mr. Torrington were lit with a shiny white fire.

"Van Diest will not be in this, Cassis," he said.

"But look here, dear old Mr. Torrington," Lord Almont exclaimed. "Surely you agree that Barra ought to give us his trust."

The old man smiled whimsically.

"Think so?" he said.

"I mean to say, we're not the kind of people to take advantage of a man."

"Nonsense! Of course we are!" came the answer.

"That's honest," Barraclough laughed.

"Not at all, my dear boy; it's a confession of dishonor of which I am heartily ashamed."

Cassis could not leave the subject alone. Tenacity was one of his strong points.

"Suppose you were killed," he suggested. "The secret would be lost for all time. And where should we stand?"

"Several degrees better than myself," was the answer. "You'll come out with your lives."

"That's not the point. Our involvement is equivalent to yours. Your risk is physical, ours financial; and of the two, in my own opinion ——"

"I know," Barraclough cut in. "Our views are opposed about that. I made the find, and as soon as I have turned it into actual possession you will have the chance to exploit it, but until ——"

"Yes, but half a shake, old son," said Lord Almont. "How about the marvelous healing properties—all the jolly old hospitals we were going to endow? One doesn't want to be a dog in the manger."

Barraclough grinned. Whatever other qualities Nature had bestowed upon the ebullient peer, philanthropy was not outstanding.

"I notice in this argument," he said, "money came over the horizon before the hospitals showed their smoke."

"Then deposit the map reference in a safe place so we can get hold of it if you break up."

"And where it will be at the mercy of the first man with a jimmy and a blow lamp. No, thanks."

There are certain types of stubbornness that increase in direct ratio to the pressure applied.

To this type Barraclough belonged. He had yet to find the man who could induce him to talk against his will. Woman? Ah, that's a different matter. The argument took an angry turn.

"It occurs to me," said Mr. Torrington sweetly, "it was a pity I deserted my greenhouses this morning. We remain *in statu quo ante.*"

A reproach from Mr. Torrington seldom failed to reach its mark.

"I'm sorry," Barraclough apologized, "but I give you my solemn word that somehow I'll win you the purse."

"The purse!" Mr. Torrington smiled. "One almost forgets the purse in a case like this. It is eclipsed by the will to succeed. Adventure! The one thing of which old people never tire."

And then it was that Cranbourne, who, curled up in the window seat with his chin resting on his knees, had taken no part in the debate, made his first observation.

"If Barraclough is to succeed it will have to be in the next three days. At midnight on the twenty-seventh he is going to be kidnaped."

All eyes turned upon Cranbourne as he made this announcement.

"How the devil do you know that?" exclaimed Barraclough.

Nugent Cassis answered the question.

"We have our private information bureau in the opposite camp."

"Ah! Anyone I know?"

"That's immaterial."

"I think I deserve your confidence."

"Have you given us yours?"

Barraclough lit a cigarette.

"Oh, very well," he said. "So I'm to be kidnaped."

"At twelve precisely," Cranbourne nodded. "In the course of the next three days Van Diest will try the persuasion of bribes, and failing success you disappear, my friend, for a short inquisition."

Barraclough shut his fists tight.

"So that's the way of it. Three days, what! I'll break through that damned ring if it kills me."

"I wonder," murmured Mr. Torrington, "Quite a lot I wonder. Still, it's great fun. Don't do anything in a hurry. Three days is a lifetime. Take my advice, go and sit with your girl and calm down."

"Good idea. I will. We shall meet again?"

"Surely."

"*Au revoir*, then."

As Barraclough moved toward the door Cranbourne spoke.

"Why did you pass me by at the Berkeley last night?"

Barraclough wrinkled his forehead perplexedly.

"The Berkeley?"

"Yes, about 10:30."

*(Continued on Page 61)*

# Kroehler DAVEN-O

Convertible Bed Room

## *Have we lost the gracious art of hospitality?*

Have high rentals crowded us into such small quarters that we can no longer entertain overnight guests? If so, we have lost one of the most charming features of home life the gracious art of hospitality.

It is true that many of us cannot afford, at the present abnormal rents, to pay for an extra sleeping space that is not always occupied. Nor can we ask any guest, or even a member of the family, to spend uncomfortable or sleepless nights on a makeshift couch.

Every member of the household—family or guest—is entitled to a full night's rest in a roomy, comfortable bed. And every member of the household can have it without adding one cent to the household expense.

*Let the Kroehler Daven-O take the place of an extra room. And let it subtract from the family budget the extra rental which that room would cost.*

For the Kroehler Daven-O is a *real* full-sized bed, with patented, sagless, folding metal bed-frame and springs, and exceedingly comfortable. It opens with one easy, well-balanced motion, and it has ample room, when closed, for a thick, removable mattress, pillows and bedclothes.

The Kroehler Daven-O, greatly refined and reduced in price, is much more than a bed. It is also a beautifully designed, handsomely upholstered piece of living-room furniture, completely concealing in its fine lines the fact of its convertibility.

In appearance it is just like any fine davenport of the Modern Overstuffed, Colonial or Period style, with handsome upholstery of tapestry or velour, or substantial coverings of leather or leather substitute.

All genuine Kroehler Daven-Os have the Kroehler Daven-O Trademark.

**During the week of November 28 to December 3, a special sale and demonstration of Kroehler Daven-Os will be held in nearly all the leading furniture and department stores in the United States. This affords you an unusual chance to see the Kroehler Daven-O demonstrated, or to make an especially attractive purchase for cash or easy payments.**

Our dealer's name in your town and handsome illustrated booklet will be sent on request.

(63)

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

*Factories at:* Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* Stratford, Ontario

# An added Room - Subtracted Rent

© 1921 K. M. Co.

# BY THEIR SHADOWS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM

Every man casts two shadows: one, the shadow of the outward man, which you may see upon the sidewalk as he passes in the sun; the other, the shadow of the inner man, the reflection of his accomplishments and his ideals. Something more than a hundred years ago you could have seen the shadow of Benjamin Franklin, reflected by the dim street lamps of Philadelphia, as he passed along the street. Tonight, you can see the shadow of his genius, reflected by the miracle of electricity, upon the lighted skyline of every city in the land.

Across oceans and across time, the shadow of Abraham Lincoln hovers over the councils of nations, uplifting their ideals and influencing the destinies of the world.

Just as there is the shadow of a man, so is there the shadow of a business and of its products—a shadow that reflects the ideals of the one and the quality of the other.

The man in New England is asked to buy a product made in Illinois by a manufacturer he never heard of, and whose ability and integrity he must take on faith. He has no opportunity to visit the factory that he may view its efficiency, nor to inspect the raw materials that he may be convinced of their quality. And so he must judge the product by its shadow—by the image of its worth, by the reflection of its desirability, which has been made upon his mind.

Yesterday, in thousands of stores in hundreds of cities and towns, something like this took place:—a salesman showed a woman two similar products made by two different manufacturers. The name of one product was unfamiliar to her ears; the name of the other was familiar. To her it was like hearing the name of a friend in a strange company. Had it been, instead of a product, a person, she might have said: "I feel as if I know you, because I've heard so much about you."

The shadow of that product had reached into her mind, and lingered in her memory. And the shadow of the product was its advertising.

N. W. AYER & SON,

*ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 58)

"At 10:30 I was plugging a man in the jaw at St. Pancras Station."

Cranbourne sprang to his feet.

"Honest?" he cried.

"Honest."

"And you never went to the Berkeley?"

"Nowhere near it."

A light of wild enthusiasm leaped into Cranbourne's eyes and he brought his hands together with a loud report.

"Got it!" he cried. "Got it! Oh, what an idea!"

"What's up with you?"

The enthusiasm came under control, but his voice still trembled.

"It's all right, gentlemen; I can see a way. With any luck we'll succeed. Don't do anything until eleven o'clock on the night of the twenty-seventh. I'm going to try and find someone."

And he made for the door.

"But hang it all," Lord Almont shouted, "be a bit more explicit."

Cranbourne turned.

"Have you missed it?" he said. "Then here's something to think about: Suppose Van Diest kidnaps the wrong man."

The door slammed behind him.

Mr. Torrington laid a card on the table with careful deliberation. He was smiling.

"Great fun," he murmured to himself.

### IV

WHEN Anthony Barraclough left the Mansions he walked up Park Lane and turned into Green Street. Before a house with a white front door he stopped and attacked the knocker. He was admitted by a parlor maid and informed that Miss Irish was in the boudoir. This was good news because it meant sitting on the floor, and lovers all the world over are at their happiest when they sit on the floor. There is something soothing and familiar about it. A man loves to sprawl, and a woman is always at her best curled up among cushions. It is impossible to be disagreeable when you are sitting on the floor. You couldn't conceivably have a row in that position. Perhaps a little sulking might be done, but very little, and only of the kind that provokes pleasant makings-up. Altogether it is a jolly fine institution and the world would be a better place if there was more of it.

In the opinion of Anthony Barraclough no one sat on the floor so divinely as Isabel, and to tell the truth he rather fancied himself as her floor partner.

"Don't you bother," he said to the maid, "I'll make my own way up."

He handed over his hat and stick and mounted the stairs and knocked at a door on the second floor.

"May I come in?" he asked, and did not wait for the reply.

Isabel was built in among a nest of cushions that circled the tiny grate.

"Nice!" she said with a grin. "I was beginning to think you were deserting me. Rang up three times yesterday, I did."

"Awful busy, I was," he returned, and disposed himself luxuriously beside her. Then he said "Please" and had every reason to say "Thank you," only he preferred to express it otherwise.

"What you been doing?"

"Trous-sewing," she answered, nodding at a small basket decorated with silk fruit and overflowing with pieces of flimsy needlework. "But I've been dull. Where were you yesterday?"

"All over the place. North, south, east and west and the nor'-nor's and the sou'-sou's into the bargain. It was a hectic day."

Something in the forced gayety of his voice made her look at him critically.

"Anything wrong?" he asked. "I know I'm not handsome, but ——"

"I don't know yet"—she continued looking—"but you've a kind of flat look at the corners of your eyes where the fun ought to be."

"Now what on earth do you mean by that?"

"A lot. Tony! Almost you've got the ——"

"Well?"

"The money face."

"Money face?"

"Um! You mustn't laugh; it's a dreadful face. Daddy had it. He caught it during the rubber boom and it never went away. Are you still doing things with that beastly syndicate, Tony?"

"Here, chuck it," he implored humorously. "We're sitting on the floor, you know. 'Tisn't fair."

But her expression remained very grave.

"I sometimes believe," she said, "you think that's all I'm good for. You don't talk to me as I want you to talk. I'm not always sitting on the floor, Tony. It's lovely at times, but other times I'm different. I'm—oh, I'm a bit of a surprise really."

"What is it you want to know?"

"I want to be told what you're doing, 'cause I've a funny feeling it isn't—oh, I don't know."

"You extraordinary child. It's perfectly all right. Rather important, that's all. There's nothing for you to bother about. I was going to tell you, because I shall have to be away for three weeks and I thought ——"

"Three weeks? But we were going to be married on ——"

"Yes, that's the rotten part. Still, the invitations haven't gone out—and if we put it off ten days to be on the safe side ——"

"Our wedding!" she said.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. It's frightful bad luck, but ——"

Isabel drew up her knees. Very little and lovely she looked. Her big brown eyes were open wide and her lower lip was drawn in. A shock of chestnut hair framed the sweet oval of her face. Tony had said she was like a serious angel, and he was right.

She nodded twice.

"It must be very important," she said, "if we have to postpone our wedding. I see."

"You don't see," he said, edging closer to her. "You can't, because I didn't want to worry you with details, but it is important—enormously important."

"More important than I am?"

"Course not."

"Yet it takes you away from me."

"Only for a little while—and look, dear, I don't want you to tell anyone I'm going."

"Why not?"

"Because—well, it mustn't be known."

"Tony, is—is what you have to do dangerous?"

He answered evasively.

"What I have to do—no."

"Then let me come too. We could be married first. I don't want a fashionable wedding. Let's do that."

He hesitated.

"Couldn't be done, dear. It wouldn't be ——"

"Safe?"

"Practicable."

"You don't trust me."

"Of course I trust you," he said, putting his arms round her. "I've trusted you from the moment we first met, and I'm going on trusting you all the rest of my life. Isn't that good enough?"

"Not nearly," she answered and rose to her feet.

"Isabel," he said very seriously, "when I tell you that there are huge interests at stake—that all this is for something that—that defeats imagination—surely you will take my word."

She pressed a finger to her chin.

"'Huge interests' means money."

"It does," he replied; "but money on a colossal scale—illimitable. Doesn't that appeal to you?"

"No," she said. "I've all I want, and you're well enough off. What's the good of more?"

"Just listen," he said. "If I bring off this deal there is no wish in the world one couldn't gratify; and bring it off I shall."

He started to pace up and down the narrow floor space of the tiny room, his hands opening and shutting and a light of enthusiasm dancing in his eyes. It was not the money face he wore as he spoke, but the expression of the man of deeds, who joyed in accomplishment, in vanquishing difficulty, in facing long odds, buoyed up and carried along by the will to win.

"You can't understand, my dear, all this means to me and will mean to you. I haven't even imagined it myself. Think! We could buy islands, build hospitals, govern nations if the mood prompted us. And all for three weeks' work. Lord, it's —— Oh, if I could make you see how big it is—how magnificent!"

And womanlike she responded, "I want you, Tony; the rest only frightens me."

"Forget the money," he said, "and bear this in mind: If I succeed the world will be richer by a tremendous healing force."

"A medicine?"

"Call it a medicine. It's lying out in the open within a little march of the common ways of men and women. I tumbled on the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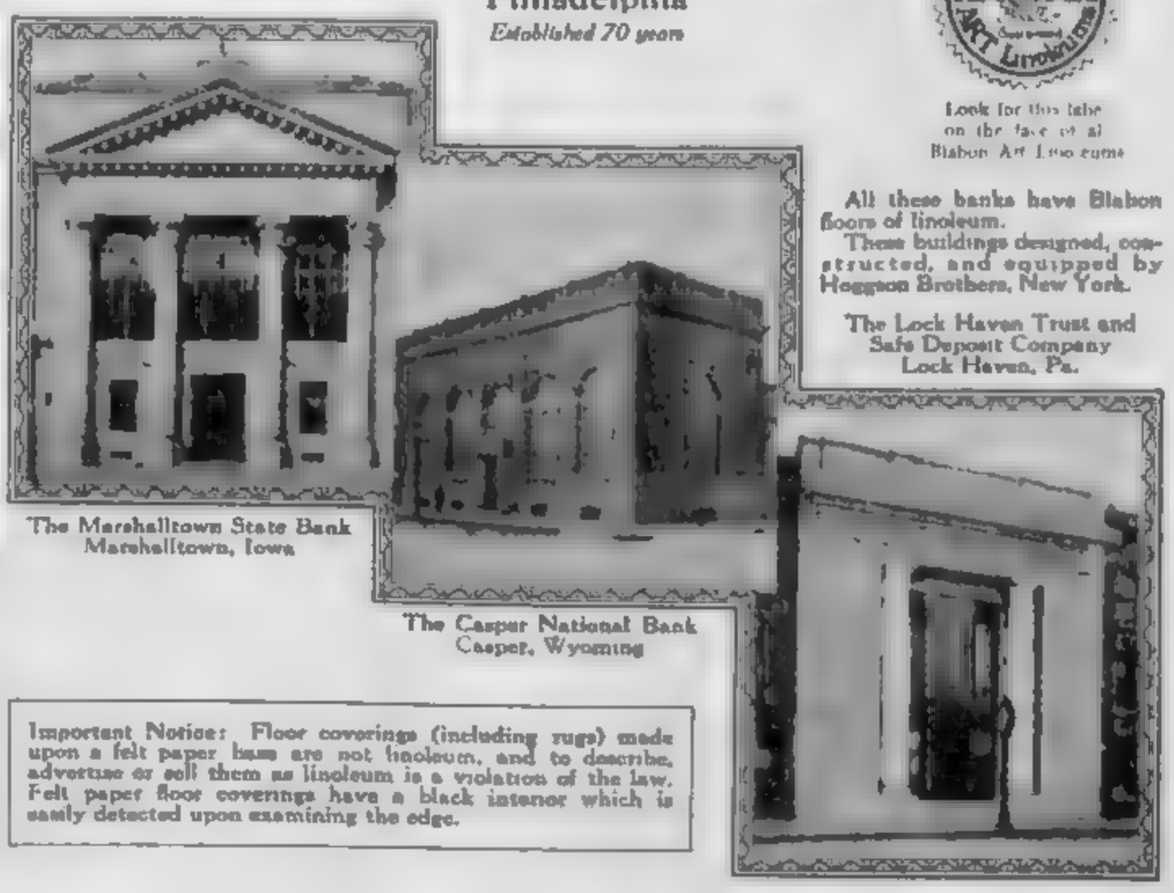

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find by a stroke of luck and a little knowledge and a word inside me that whispered 'Look, go and look.' You've read Kipling's Explorer; I read it you. 'Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder! Go you there!' It was like that with me—a pringly feeling—a kind of second sense—expectancy belief—certainty. Nature has a trick of showing the combination of her treasure safe to one man before the rest—and I was the man."

The little chestnut head shook helplessly from side to side.

"What is it you've found?" said Isabel.

He looked at her searchingly and hesitated.

"If I tell you you'll keep it secret?"

"Yes."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

He dropped his voice. "It's radium," he said.

She repeated the word dully.

"Radium as it never had been found before. A—whew! An inexhaustible supply. Look—look here!"

He drew from his pocket a small black cylinder with a glass peephole at the top, protected by a circular cap of a dark substance.

"It's the finest piece of radium ever found," he said, "and where I got it, at a single dip of the shovel—but never mind that."

Isabel returned the cylinder with a nervous shudder.

"I don't like it," she said. "It—it's horrid somehow—wicked looking." She shot a quick glance at him. "You say this is going to be of value to the world?"

He nodded.

"Then why are you in danger? Why aren't you protected as someone who —— Why are you in danger?"

He didn't answer at once, and again she repeated the question.

"It's this way, dear," he said. "When anything great enough is discovered there is bound to be competition. I found the stuff but I haven't the capital to exploit it. I took my samples to a ring of financiers who are backing me."

"Mr. Torrington? Mr. Cassis?"

"Cranbourne, Almont—that crowd. By sheer bad luck another ring got news of what was going on and are moving heaven and earth to get a share in the plunder."

"So it's plunder now," she said.

"From their point of view."

"And from yours?"

"Achievement—a game."

"That you're willing to risk your life for."

"One doesn't think of that," he answered.

"I do," she said.

"Wish I could give you some of my enthusiasm. What is it old Kipling says again:

*"The game is more than the player of the game*
*And the ship is more than the crew."*

"Old Kipling, as you call him, wrote for men. What did he know about me?"

"Enough to guess you wouldn't have much use for us if we shirked standing our chances."

"The chances being ——"

"The assault or favor of the other side."

"Favor?" she repeated.

Barraclough nodded and took from his pocket a folded sheet of notepaper.

"Listen to this," he said, and read: "'Dear Mr. Barraclough: If you would grant me ten minutes' private conversation at your own convenience, I should be pleased to reward the courtesy with a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds. Faithfully yours, Hugo Van Diest.' And that's only ground bait."

"Did you meet him?"

"No fear!"

Isabel rubbed her forehead perplexedly.

"Oh, I don't know," she said; "I don't understand. But if this radium belongs to your side already ——"

"That's just it," he explained. "I haven't got the concession yet. They know that—it's what makes 'em so devilish active. You'll understand they'll do their best to prevent me getting to the place."

Her eyes opened very wide.

"Their best. D'you mean they'd ——"

"Lord, no! There'd be no point in that unless they had the map reference first."

"You'll be gone three weeks?"

"That's all."

"They'll follow you?"

"You bet they'll try."

"Suppose they got you! Tony! Tony, they might try and make you speak!"

He did his best to calm her, but she went on furiously:

"It's true! Men are brutes—vile beasts—where money is concerned. Oh, I hate this—hate every bit of it! Power-healing—it's only another name for the money grab—the horrible cutthroat money grab. Tony, you shan't go! I won't let you go! I'll prevent you by every means ——"

"Now, my dear," he begged, putting his arms about her, "be a good sensible little girl; be a baby for three weeks. You've all your trousseau to get—heaps of people to see. Why not run over to Paris for a week? Then there's my mother in Devon. She'd be tremendously bucked if ——"

"Is this place abroad?" said Isabel.

"I can't tell that even to you."

"When are you starting?"

"Probably in three days' time—latish."

"You're determined to go?"

"I must."

"Nothing I can say will prevent you?"

"I'm sorry, dear."

"H'm!" said Isabel. "Then I suppose we'd better make the most of the time that's left."

And very slowly she subsided on the cushion pile in the corner, her chin resting on her shoulder and her left hand playing idly with a long gold tassel.

"Oh, you angel!" he exclaimed. "I knew you wouldn't really make any difficulties. And there's no need to be frightened, because they're fixing me up the easiest get-away in the world."

"I haven't promised anything," she answered noncommittally. Her eyes flashed up to his and in them shone the sweetest light imaginable. "But just for now I'm sitting on the floor again."

They forgot all about lunch.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# WHERE IS THE TROPIC OF CAPRICORN?

(Continued from Page 8)

commissioner and received his shield, with head erect and a high heart. His empty hands hung heavily at his sides. There was no baton of authority in them; there never would be. Beneath the place his silver shield would never cover now was a cold numbness.

"Damn the Tropic of Capricorn!" came from between clenched teeth. "Damn the Tropic of Capricorn!"

Gaffney's quick ears heard him.

"Still thinkin' about the Tropic of Copicorn?" he asked, not knowing that the words made Peter wince. "Well, me bye, 'twill do no harm to know where it is. I'm not denyin' that it's a gran' thing for a cop to be a scholar. But just the same 'tis me firm belief that a man may be able to tell the difference bechune a begonia and a petunia; he may be able to tell where the—now—Tropic of Unicorn is; he may know who wrote In the Sweet By and By, and who invented the sprinklin' cart; he may be able to tell the population of Peking and Penn Yan; but he ain't a cop at all if he iver runs away whin needed. Ye can stake your shield on that, me bye!"

His shield? Peter dug his nails into the palm of his hand. Blind hate against the commissioner, against the whole department, flared up in him. He'd strip the uniform off on the spot; he'd hurl it into the gutter; he'd ——

Officer Gaffney had stopped short. A woman was coming through the night, running. As she panted up to them in the quiet, deserted street the two men saw that she was a middle-aged woman in a wrapper, and that she was white with fright.

"Burglars!" she gasped.

"Where?" rapped out Officer Gaffney.

"Number 97!"

"Be calm, ma'am. What makes ye think they're burglars?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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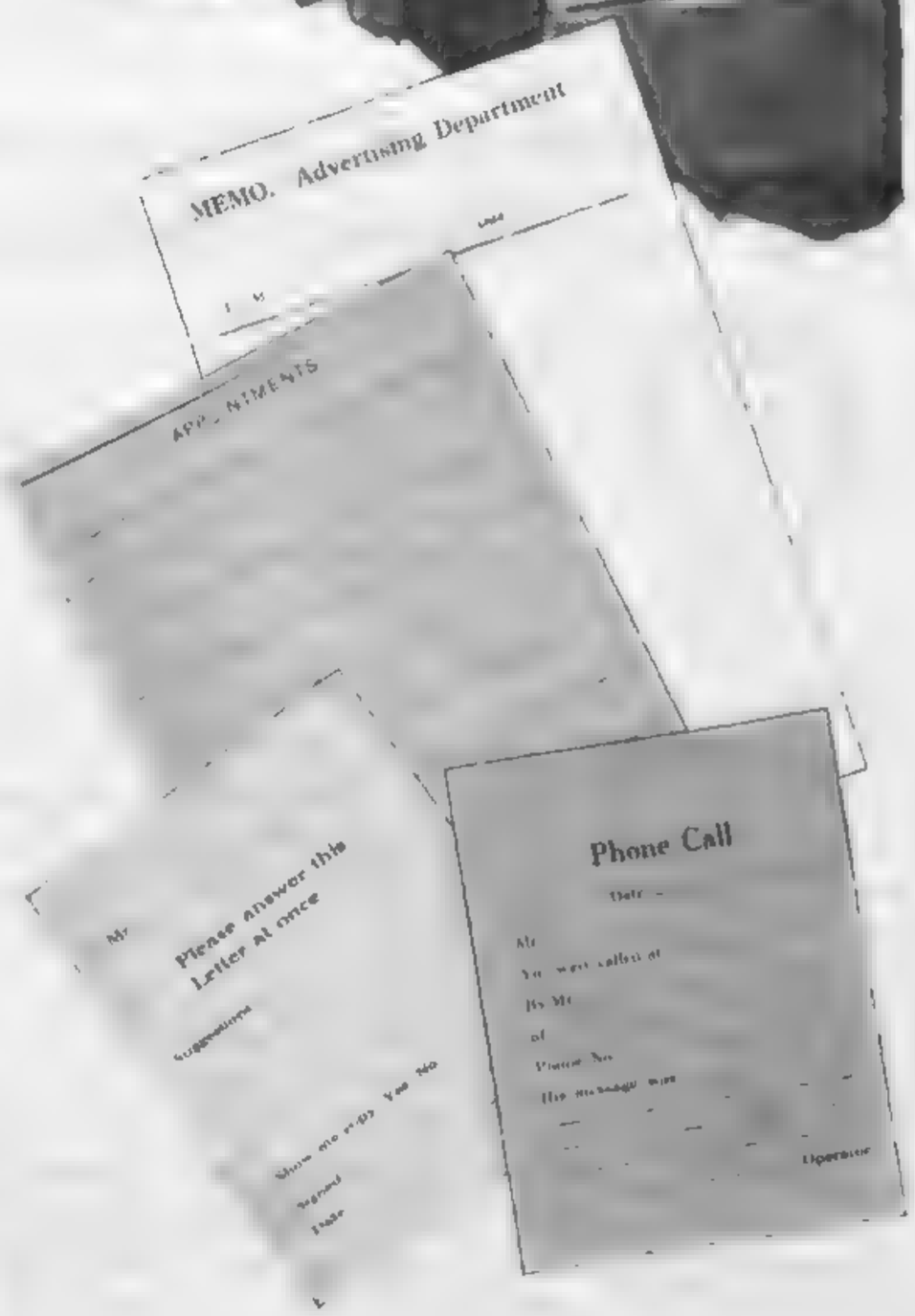


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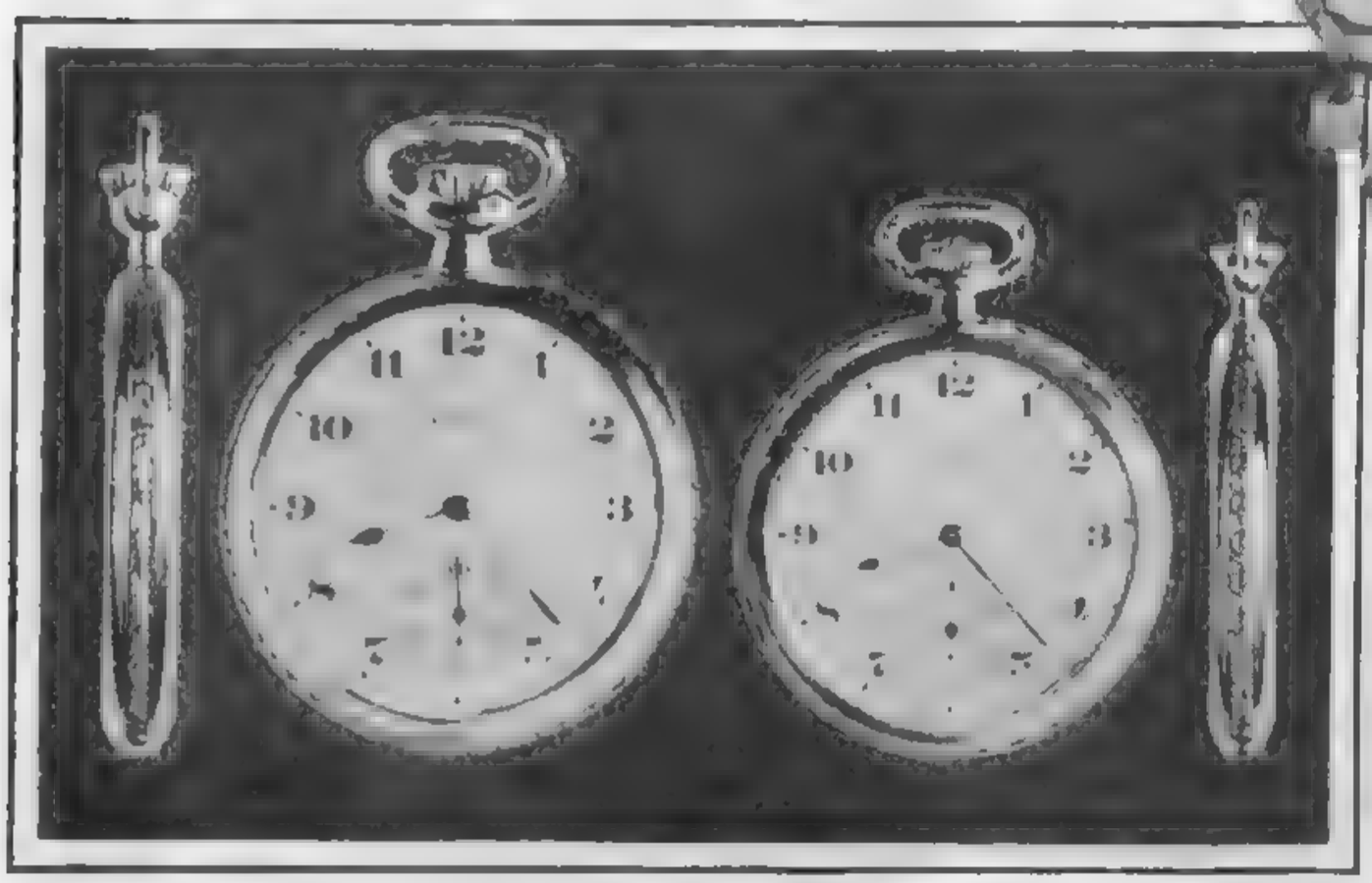

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A beautiful and dependable watch of satin-white nickel finish, with gold-filled center and trimmings, it is fashioned in three designs in each of two sizes—"Economy 16", at $13.50, with a full 16-size movement; "Economy 12", at $15.00, a smaller and more compact timepiece. Each is built to withstand the shocks of active service.

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The Economy movement, fashioned to meet the rigid tests of one of the world's greatest watchmakers, is fully covered by the Elgin guarantee. The case, a Wadsworth creation, retains that beauty of line and exactness of fit found only in the works of supreme artists.

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The movement of the Economy Watch is the product of the Elgin Watch Company. For the case they turned to Wadsworth, who employed such artistry in its design as would make the completed timepiece a beautiful article of personal wear. As with the Economy Watch, so with many other Elgin movements that are dressed in Wadsworth cases.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

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Factories: Dayton, Ky.

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(Continued from Page 62)

"I heard them—moving around—in the drawing-room—upstairs!"

"Who are you?" asked the old policeman imperturbably.

"Mrs. Finn, caretaker. The family is away."

"Pether," said Officer Gaffney, "you stay here and mind the beat like a good bucko while I stroll down to ninety-sivin wid Mrs. Finn"

"Let me come too, Jawn!" cried Peter.

Gaffney laid his big hand on little Peter's chest.

"'Tis probably a cat movin' around," he said softly so that Mrs. Finn could not hear. "Lonely wimmin is always hearin' things. Besides, me ambitious but diminootive friend, if they was yeggs what good could ye do wid no stick and no gun? You stay here on the corner like I'm tellin' you an' I'll be back in ten minutes by the clock."

Peter Mullaney waited on the corner. He saw the bulky figure of Officer Gaffney proceed at a dignified but rapid waddle down the block, followed by the smaller, more agitated figure of the woman. He saw Officer Gaffney go into the basement entrance, and he saw Mrs. Finn hesitate, then timidly follow. He waited. A long minute passed. Another. Another. Then the scream of a woman hit his ears. He saw Mrs. Finn dart from the house, wringing her hands, screaming. He sprinted down to her.

"They've kilt him!" screamed the woman. "Oh, they've kilt the officer!"

"Who? Tell me! Quick!"

"The yeggs!" she wailed. "There's two of them! The officer went upstairs! They shot him! He rolled down! Don't go in! They'll shoot you! Send for help!"

Peter stood still. He was not thinking of the yeggs or of Gaffney. He was hearing Kondorman ask "Where is the Tropic of Capricorn?" He was hearing Kondorman say "You've failed." Something had him tight. Something was asking him "Why go in that house? Why risk your life? You're not a cop. You'll never be a cop. They threw you out. They made a fool of you for a trifle."

Peter started back from the open door; he looked down; the street light fell on the brass buttons of his uniform; the words of the old policeman darted across his brain "A cop never runs away when needed."

He caught his breath and plunged into the house. At the foot of the stairs leading up to the second floor he saw by the street light that came through the opened door the sprawling form of a big man; the light glanced from the silver badge on his broad chest. Peter bent over hastily.

"Is it you, Pether?" breathed Gaffney with difficulty. "They got me. Got me good. Wan of thim knocked me gun from me hand and the other plugged me—through the chist. I'm done for, Pether. I can't breathe. Stop, Pether, stop!"

The veteran tried to struggle to his feet but sank back, holding fiercely to Peter's leg.

"Let me go, Jawn! Let me go!" whispered Peter hoarsely.

"They'll murder you, Pether! It's two men to wan—and they're armed."

"Let me go in, I tell you, Jawn! Let me go! A good cop never runs—you said it yourself. Let me go ——"

Slowly the grip on Peter's leg relaxed; the dimming eyes of the wounded man had suddenly grown very bright.

"Ye're right, me little bucko," he said faintly. "Ye'll be a credit to the foorce, Pether." And then the light died out of his eyes and the hand that had grasped Peter fell limp to the floor.

Peter was up the stairs that led to the second floor in three swift, wary jumps. He heard a scurry of footsteps in the back of the house. Dashing a potted fern from its slender wooden stand, he grasped the end of the stand, and swinging it like a baseball bat he pushed through velvet curtains into a large room. There was enough light there from the moon for him to see two black figures prying desperately at a door. They wheeled as he entered. Bending low he hurled himself at them as he had done when playing football on a back lot. There was a flash so near that it burned his face; he felt a sharp fork of pain cross his head as if his scalp had been slashed by a red-hot knife. With all the force in his taut body he swung the stand at the nearest man; it caught the man across the face and he went down with a broken, guttural cry. A second and a third shot from the revolver of the other man roared in Peter's ears. Still crouching, Peter dived through the darkness at the knees of the man with the gun. Together they went to the floor in a cursing, grunting tangle.

The burglar struggled to jab down the butt of his revolver on the head of the small man who had fastened himself to him with the death grip of a mongoose on a cobra. They thrashed about the room. Peter had got a hold on the man's pistol wrist, and he held to it while the man with his free hand rained blow after blow on the defenseless face and bleeding head of the little man. As they fought in the darkness the burglar with a sudden violent wrench tore loose the clinging Peter and hurled him against a table, which crashed to the floor with the impact of Peter's one hundred and thirty pounds of muscle and bone.

As Peter hurtled back, his arms shot out mechanically to break his fall. One groping hand closed on a heavy iron candlestick that had stood on the table. He was up in a flash, the candlestick in his hand. His eyes were blinded by the blood from his wound. He dashed the blood away with his coat sleeve. With a short, sharp motion he hurled the candlestick at his opponent's head, outlined against a window not six feet away. At the moment the missile flew from Peter's hand the yegg steadied himself and fired. Then he reeled to the floor as the candlestick's heavy base struck him between the eyes.

For the ghost of a second Peter Mullaney stood swaying; then his hands clawed at the place on his chest where his shield might have been, as if his heart had caught fire and he wished to tear it out of himself; then, quite gently, he crumpled to the floor, and there was the quiet of night in the room.

As little Peter Mullaney lay in the hospital trying to see through his bandages the flowers Judy McNulty had brought him he heard the voice of the doctor saying:

"Here he is. Nasty chest wound. We almost lost him. He didn't seem to care much whether he pulled through or not. Was delirious for hours. Kept muttering something about the Tropic of Capricorn. But I think he'll come through all right now. You just can't kill one of these tough little micks."

Peering through his bandages, Peter Mullaney saw the square shoulders and stern face of Commissioner Kondorman.

"Good morning, Mullaney," the commissioner said in his formal official voice. "I'm glad to hear that you're going to get better."

"Thank you, commissioner," murmured Peter, watching him with wondering eyes.

Commissioner Kondorman felt round in an inside pocket and brought out a small box from which he carefully took something that glittered in the morning sunlight. Bending over the bed, he pinned it on the nightshirt of Peter Mullaney. Peter felt it; stopped breathing; felt it again; slowly pulled it out so he could look at it.

"It was Officer John Gaffney's," said the commissioner, and his voice was trying hard to be official and formal, but it was getting husky. "He was a brave officer. I wanted another brave officer to have his shield."

"But, commissioner," cried Peter, winking very hard with both eyes, for they were blurring, "haven't you made a mistake? You must have got the wrong man. Don't you remember? I'm the one that said the Tropic of Capricorn is in the Bronx!"

"Officer Mullaney," said Commissioner Kondorman in an odd voice, "if a cop like you says the Tropic of Capricorn is in the Bronx, then, by the Lord Harry, that's where the Tropic of Capricorn is!"

*Certainly, let's do all we can for the rest of the world, but*

# —WHO'S GOING TO REBUILD THE DEVASTATED HOMES OF AMERICA?

THERE are today, right in this country, millions of homes that are devastated just as truly as the worst shell-torn home of northern France or Belgium.

The destruction of American homes has been more insidious, more silent, more DEADLY.

Influences, the existence of which we have scarcely dared to recognize, have been luring Americans away from their homes, killing the home spirit, breaking up the family circle.

America is being weaned away.

Now—these homes are worth restoring.

They've GOT to be restored.

And no small part of the job is going to be up to America's TEN THOUSAND FURNITURE DEALERS.

We know that the first thing to do for the American home is to improve its ENVIRONMENT—to make it a better place to live in.

We also know that "HOME ENVIRONMENT" is only another way of saying "GOOD FURNITURE".

If you want to rebuild the morale of your home, take a good, honest furniture dealer into your confidence

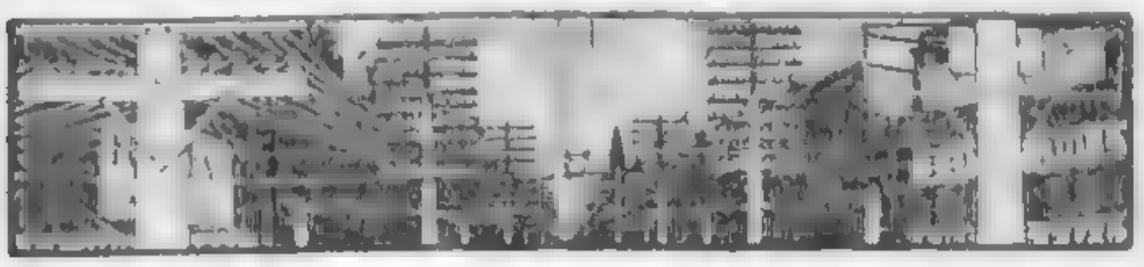
—the country's FULL OF THEM.

The furniture dealer, in this crisis, is America's first line of defense.

Let each home take care of its own reconstruction problem. Your work is to hunt up your favorite furniture dealer and TAKE HIM INTO YOUR CONFIDENCE. He's a man worth CULTIVATING.

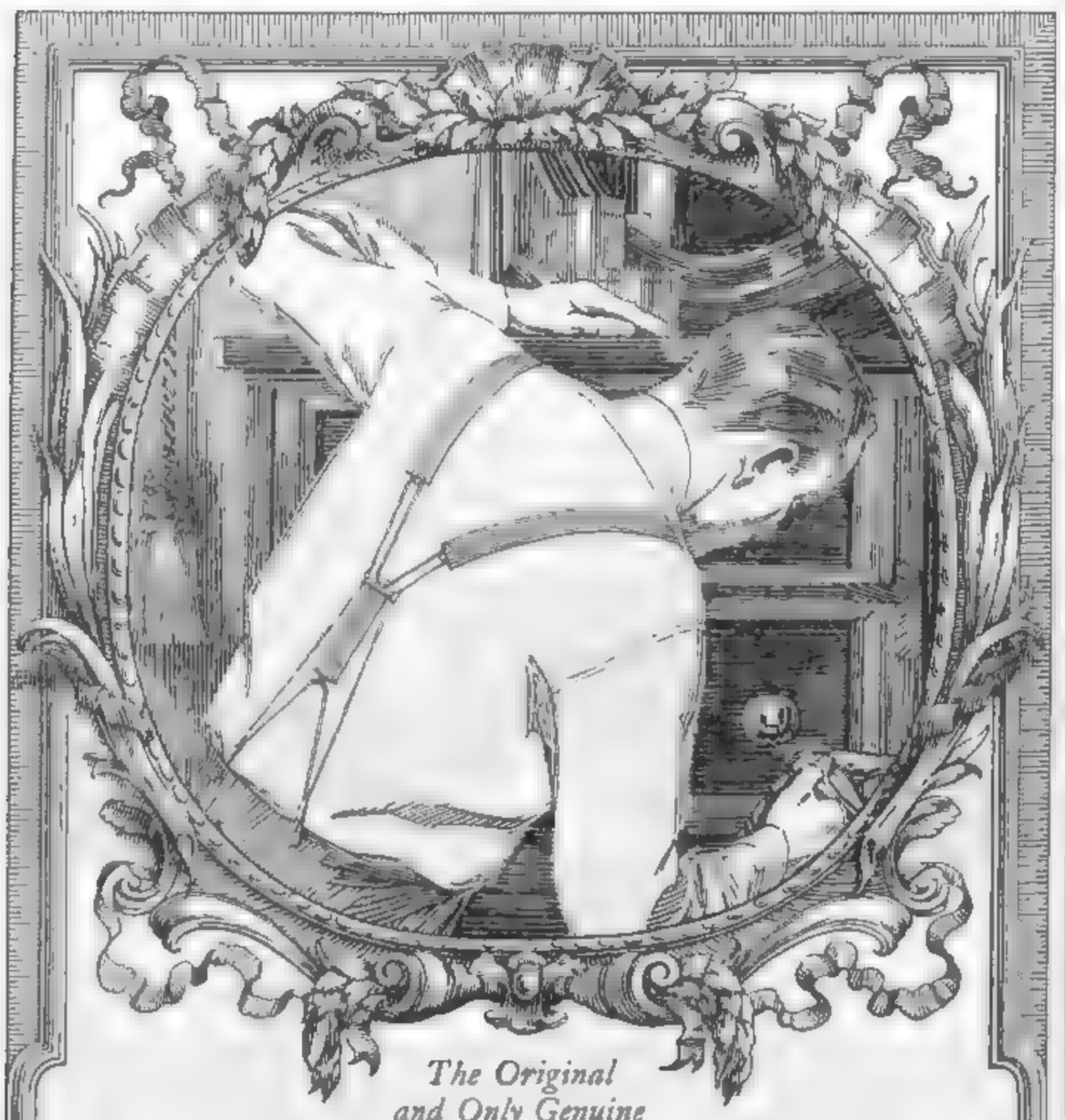
W. D. W. Showers

President
SHOWERS BROTHERS CO.



SHOWERS

*America's Largest Furniture Makers*



*The Original and Only Genuine*

President Suspenders

TEN thousand men are buying *President Suspenders* at the pre-war price of fifty cents every business day in the year.

*President Suspenders* support your trousers correctly from your shoulders, and because of their scientific construction you are as unconscious of wearing them as you are of your shirt.

***Every pair guaranteed***
***Be sure the name President is on the buckle***

Now 50c a pair

MADE AT SHIRLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

# THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

(Continued from Page 26)

Well, in my young dreams I used to visit those premises, and that scrap metal would all have turned into silver coins. It's a fact, I've spent the better part of a night raking those miraculous coins into a burlap bag with a foolish gladness in my heart that comes to anybody who finds himself in the act of getting something for nothing; yes, worked like a madman, carted the loot carefully into our potato cellar and locked the door each time—and then been shut out from the fruit of my labors simply by opening my eyes on the jeering light of day. It's an awful sell, really.

I hung there over those gold sacks, feeling richer than ever before or since, and I put three or four big nuggets into my pocket to feel the bulge and sag of them, all the while trying to think of some way to save myself the shock of some such frightful disillusion as I have described, and it got darker and darker and less real. Fantastic bas-reliefs began to loom out of that rock. I simply stared.

I don't know how long a time passed before it occurred to me that my carbide lamp had got clogged, but when it did the flame was a mere pin prick. I stood up, my legs felt cramped, my eyes had blurred, I couldn't see two feet ahead to distinguish outlines; but it was precisely then that I got a notion into my head that I was not alone. Was it only part of my disordered fancy, or did something shadowlike seem to cling to the rock at the point farthest away from those bags of treasure—something hanging there like an enormous bat with wings extended? I couldn't see the glimmer of an eye, I couldn't hear a sound; but in the condition of my nerves I was jolted as hard as if I had been hit by a high-powered bullet.

I remember thinking "It must be my jinx," because it's certain I did have such a creature in attendance on me in those days, and right on the heels of that I got the still more panicky notion that here was the keeper of the mine. My instinct was to plunge upwards madly, and I gave full rein to it, without stopping to reflect that when I came to go down again that hallucination or phantasm would be blocking the way again.

The jouncing I gave the light jarred that obstruction out of it. I jammed my body through a last little fissure where the vein had pinched out and found myself in a little stone chamber with a flight of crude stone steps blasted in the rock. I stumbled up, too scared to give a thought to the oddity of these steps or the trapdoor at the top of them. At any other time I would have used caution in thrusting up that trap, but the shivers of pursuit were running through me. I had that feathery feeling about the knees of a little man being chased by an ogre in a dream, and I bent my head and shoved up with all my might.

I burst out into the interior of some sort of adobe shack. Surprising, yes; but I hadn't really time enough to palate it. By the light of one of those long blue candles that I associated with General Terrazas' brooding face I saw a rough wall, two or three great iron spikes cemented in it, a Mexican saddle hanging from one of these and a heap of Mexican cheeses on a wooden shelf.

So much for that first instant. In the next a naked arm slid against my neck and I was borne backward in a strangle hold.

I have never come nearer having my heart stopped through sheer panic terror, because I thought that black keeper from the Pandora had followed through and jumped me.

I had a moment of horrible disgust, too, at the pliant softness of that arm, I remember—just a flash—and then that feeling was turned into one of intense exhilaration by a remarkable discovery I made, a happy discovery that seemed to flood in through my pores even before I could feel that very maternal wiry black hair stinging my eyes and divine that I was in the grip of General Terrazas' wife.

Incarnación!

That softness ceased to revolt me on the instant, I might add. And still, do you know, I was so enchanted by the rigors of that novel embrace that I was tempted, embattled as I was, to hold up my end, to put forth a little strength playfully, only to find that she had me in her vise with one deft motion of her supple body. Her cheek was hard against mine, and I felt that necklace of hollow silver beads slide on her breast. She had got her knee in the small of my back, you understand, and she followed that up with a straight billiard thrust on the spinous process that resulted in a crack like the report of a pistol and a swarming of blood in my ears. It was rock-bottom osteopathy, and it had me feeling like another man in no time.

All this was only a matter of seconds. I don't believe there ever was sheer rippling sinuosity to equal Inky's. She could be all legs and arms when she chose. I found myself lying back on a crumpled lion skin—I had lost my balance stepping on the creature's head—and Inky was standing over me, breathing deep, and a more brilliantly beautiful thing it's seldom been my privilege to see. That struggle had fanned up all the banked fires of her being. They glowed through the skin and set up a strange, deep, dusky shining in those receptive eyes.

"Roberto?" she whispered. "You—veritably?"

"Incarnación!" I answered in that same whisper, and with the first use of that satin tongue of hers I had again my former strange uplifted sense of having got through the wall. Inexplicable, isn't it? Through the wall! Strayed into that other world of teeming fancy, just as if a fatal break had been effected in the chain of everyday causes and effects; just as if May, my faithful May, wasn't waiting, finger on trigger, there at the mouth of the Pandora, every fiber in her tuned for the footsteps of my enemies; just as if words previously spoken and hopes previously roused had been spoken, roused, in a delicious dream of which here was the waking half fulfillment. I can't do justice to the thought in words, of course, and the thought itself I hardly formulated at the time. I merely accepted it, just as I accepted air, and the tonic qualities that seemed to stream from Inky.

"I knew that you would come," she murmured in that voiceless whisper. "I knew that you would find me, my Roberto."

She knew! I had been thrown into a slight fit of abstraction by seeing from the appointments of the room that it was Inky's sleeping quarters. The low bed had a red blanket stretched across it. This blanket lay opened diagonally, and my eye leaped suddenly to Inky's bare arms, her bare shoulders, the thick stream of unbound, unbraided hair swirling at her neck. She had been asleep.

And only then did I pause at that puzzling circumstance of the chain. I had heard it clink, to be sure. I had felt its cold links scrape across my face in the instant of our coming to grips, but I had supposed she was using it to make a captive of me. I saw now that it went about her wrist, and that it was Inky who was captive.

"You are chained!" I whispered.

"How otherwise should I have been absent from you?" she retorted.

It's a fact, in my early youth women had to be chained away from me. I followed up that chain link by link, and found it doubled round a staple cemented into the wall.

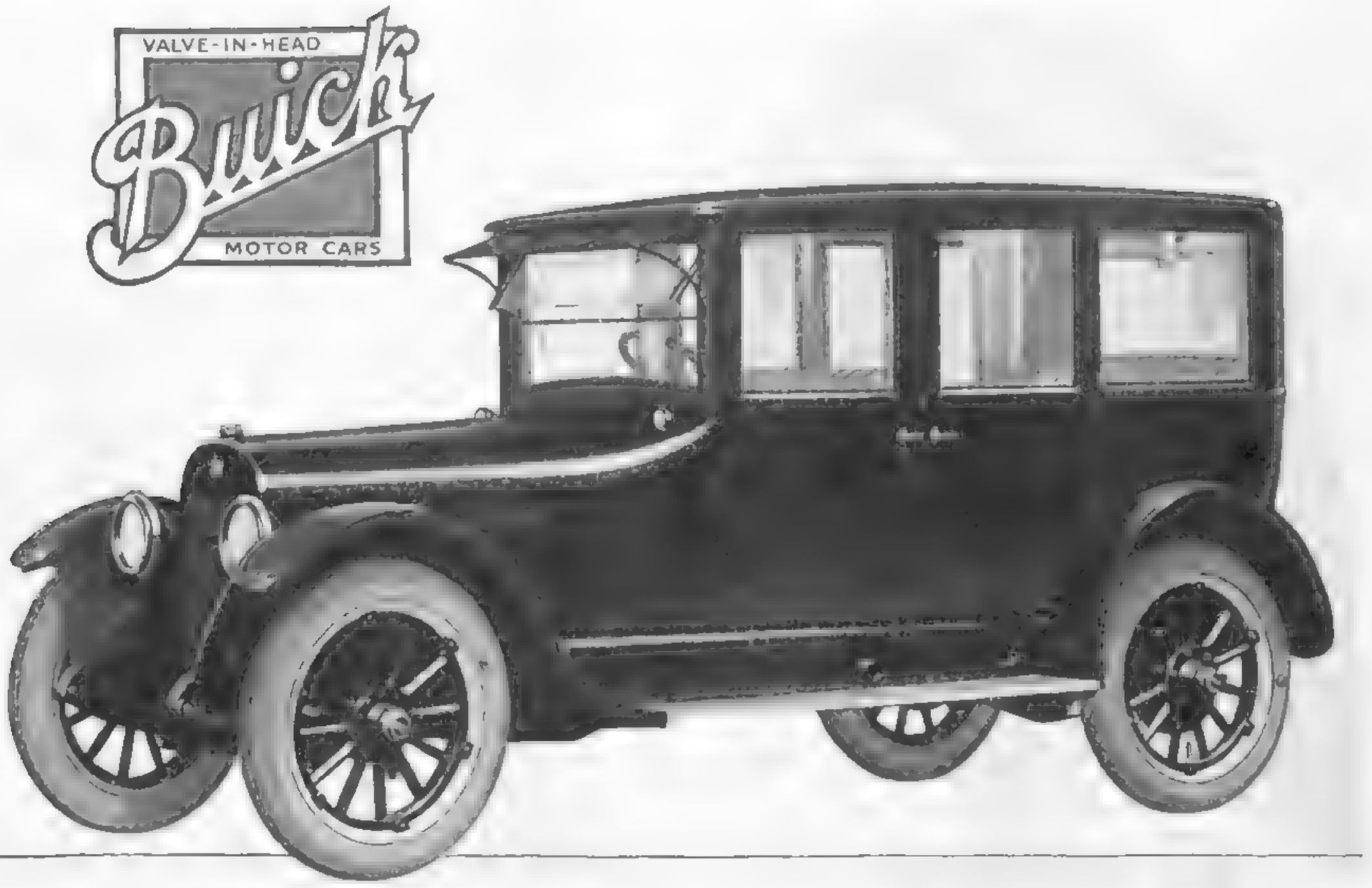
"What the devil ——" I began, but Inky laid a finger to her lip and gave a cautioning look at that door. I stood stock-still, and for the first time I did hear a hoarse murmur of voices. Inky bent swiftly at the limit of her chain, replaced the trap, threw that lion skin over it. I made a quick guess that I was in the Empire Hotel, and I was right.

This room had been built on to take advantage of that abandoned working as a hiding place for gold, a secret exit from the guilty shaft of the Pandora. More than likely the Pandora had been driven down to meet that ancient working, with the idea that if gold should be discovered in that promising claim, the Neck-or-Nothing, it could be conveyed away secretly, without ever appearing at the mouth of the main shaft. Hence that look of neglect and dilapidation about the headgear of the Pandora.

"Terrazas!" whispered Inky. "He will kill you! What if he has heard already?"

Well, what if he had? I could imagine his coming and thrusting his face into mine, twisting up those mustachios, grinning like a gorilla and hissing "My house is yours." The butcher!

(Continued on Page 68)




# The motorist who has driven a Buick longest is the one who appreciates Buick most

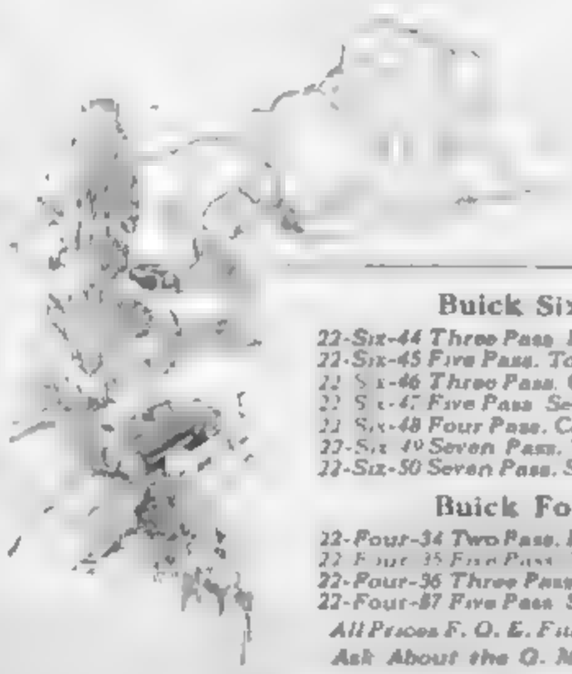
W. C. Jessup, President and General Manager of the E. H. Hotchkiss Company, Norwalk, Conn., is a staunch admirer of Buick. He tells why:

"My Model 29 Buick, purchased in 1911, has now run 150,000 miles.

"Winter and summer, it has traveled over every kind and condition of roads. It has gone through miles of mud at a stretch. It has traveled for hours over Florida sands. It has plowed through snow drifts. Yet in all these years I have never had to get out of my car except for tire trouble. It always keeps going.

"The same clutch, cylinders, transmission, differential, etc., that were in the car when it was delivered are still in perfect working order."

Mr. Jessup's account of his Buick's performance is characteristic of the service given by Buicks everywhere, and accounts for the overwhelming sentiment—You can always depend on Buick.



**Buick Sixes**

| | |
|---|---|
| 22-Six-44 Three Pass. Roadster | $1495 |
| 22-Six-45 Five Pass. Touring | 1525 |
| 22-Six-46 Three Pass. Coupé | 2135 |
| 22-Six-47 Five Pass. Sedan | 2435 |
| 22-Six-48 Four Pass. Coupé | 2325 |
| 22-Six-49 Seven Pass. Touring | 1735 |
| 22-Six-50 Seven Pass. Sedan | 2635 |

**Buick Fours**

| | |
|---|---|
| 22-Four-34 Two Pass. Roadster | $ 935 |
| 22-Four-35 Five Pass. Touring | 975 |
| 22-Four-36 Three Pass. Coupé | 1475 |
| 22-Four-37 Five Pass. Sedan | 1650 |

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*Division of General Motors Corporation*
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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.

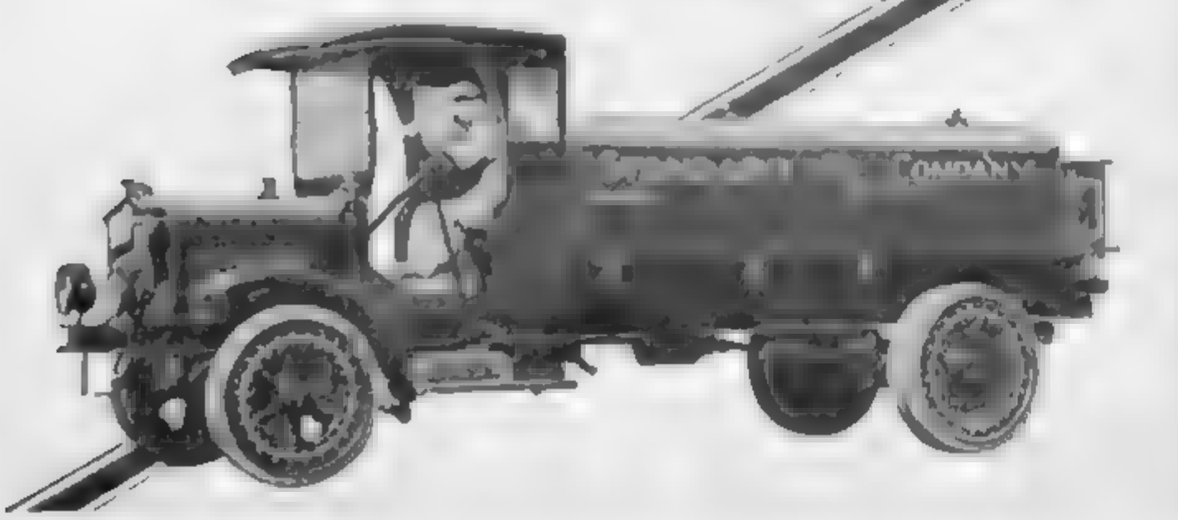
Sewell Cushion Wheels

In 1918 the Standard Oil Company of Kentucky placed an order for 21 sets of Sewell Cushion Wheels. This was followed by orders for 66 sets in 1919, 13 sets in 1920 and 33 sets in 1921. So today this company operates 133 trucks that are Sewell equipped.

Such a thoroughly consistent record of repeat orders needs no interpretation whatever. It places Sewell Wheels in that small group of quality products where price is a secondary consideration.

THE SEWELL CUSHION WHEEL CO.
DETROIT, U. S. A.

*This is the 13th Year of Sewell Wheels*



*(Continued from Page 66)*

I got a scarlet flash of that scene, and in the same flash I saw proud Inky sinking to her knees, her faithless knees, on my behalf, lifting her chains and swearing by the cross that there was no more wax than what burned, and that it would ill become her to wear a shirt of eleven patterns. In vain! In vain! The hand of that enraged husband went to his hip, followed bright flashes, hissed recriminations, spurts of flame, staccato barks, jets of blood and the spat of lead pellets on insensate stone.

And Maricopa's genial ghost hovering there in one corner, with a hand to that tawny mustache and an approving nod at me as I was swaying there and sinking to the ground, with that hideous sense that there can be such a thing as exceeding one's instructions. May seemed to be there, too, bathed in tears, and it seemed to me that for the first time she understood—she understood.

I swung round the circle of my pet ogres in a flash and got back to a consideration of Inky. She had bared the exquisite round of her shoulder to me, shrugged it out of that shift deep enough in one breath for me to see a livid bruise, the purple marks of five sprawling, pudgy fingers.

The picture was seared on my brain of that desecration of a pale shoulder whose touching mellow lines flowed so sweetly down. And you can understand a little of that great swelling of pity in my callow breast when I tell you what she told me then, close in my ear—that she had got those cruel marks in consequence of her intervening in my behalf and terminating that weird struggle at the Empire. In her leap into the dark she had left one of her slippers behind, and Terrazas had come to her later filled with that emotion alluded to by May as a ridiculous disease, tortured her and chained her up.

"What did I care?" Inky whispered. Her long fingers slipped from my throat and closed over my wrists. "I knew that you would come for me, Roberto."

She knew! How did she know? I felt as if she had sunk one of Clint's slaughtering knives into my heart to the hilt and reamed it round and round. She did cut the heart out of me with that appeal. I remember feeling at the time that fatal consequences might attend the impulse, it's true; yet I couldn't help stooping swiftly and kissing that bared shoulder—twice thrice. Reverently, I protest, I was on the point of tears, but she misinterpreted the act and closed her eyes.

It was like a dying echo from the song of songs. I was lost to reason then, of course. I forgot everything—what was expected of heaven or feared of hell, as Walt Whitman says. I crushed her to me, and that was a saga in itself. Man, I couldn't have had an inkling of the power there was in that supple back if I hadn't put it to the test! She didn't appear to have a bone in her body. She seemed awfully sinuous and acquiescent, and there was no more force in those arms then than in those of a girl of ten. Chivalry nowadays is all that keeps many good men from finding out that women are physically their superiors, and even chivalry is falling through, except in outlying parts.

And while we stood there shilly-shallying, precious time was getting lost in among the velvet trances. I can't say how much, but I was recalled to myself and the perils of the situation by Inky's putting her hand to my cheek and turning my head so that my ear came broadside on to that cloth-covered door. That murmur of voices at the other end of a long corridor had grown more distinct, syllables of that orotund Spanish were distinguishable. Terrazas himself was in the passageway. Terrazas the terrible!

That would have given any man pause, wouldn't it? It did me, I know that. I felt Inky slip from me. I noted the lithe progress of her tense body along that adobe wall. She stood out in high relief in that candle shine—there was more than a touch of the tigress there, there's no gainsaying that, and she reached up and plucked down some object that had been hanging by a ring in the wall and pointed it for her heart. It was a bowie knife. My heart stopped, hung there in my chest like an eight-day-clock weight, and then administered a mule's kick. I was glassy-eyed, right. She lowered it, laid hold of the blade with those strong hands, pushed the blood-stained handle into my faint grasp and closed my cold fingers round it winsomely, the way a man will close a girl's hand playfully round some trinket long desired when he brings it to her. That slight, voiceless maneuver gave me to understand that it was my part now to say nothing and draw blood. With that very blade, *amigo!* It was Terrazas' favorite, people had told me, and he carried the twin sister to this one on his hip, as I knew very well.

My blood ran cold. Granting that our position was one that would have to be defended, all innocent as it was, how was I to conjure up some quick way of conveying that into a brain like the general's, fuddled probably with some of those Mexican strong waters and eaten out besides with the unlovely disease called jealousy?

Gad, I was between a sweat and a shiver! What the devil was I going to do in the next three or four seconds? There wasn't time to look up precedents. Must I fall on his neck and sink that dagger down just inside his collar bone, with both hands on the handle? Simple seemingly, and yet it was dollars to doughnuts I would miss it. I would make some ludicrous, sickening miscalculation, the way a bashful man will who goes to work to surprise a girl by planting a kiss on her lips, and gets about as close to it as he does, blindfolded, to pinning the tail on the donkey. No opposition. Ten to one she doesn't mistrust him. She's all receptivity, it may be. No reason in God's world why he shouldn't succeed, and still he doesn't succeed, because he's working against conscience.

I drew off a pace or two towards the window. It was open. Why didn't I jump? I ought to have, and I would have if I'd been anything but the romantic fool I was. But I couldn't square that course with my obligation to Inky in this matter of her incarceration.

I came back and took up my stand near the middle of the room. Poor strategy, of course. If I gave him a chance to get fairly in and size things up, enforced hara-kiri would be my gloomy portion, and I knew it. Say what you will, there is—to a débutant—something horribly cramped, something crabbed in that somber style of infighting with crooked short steel. You've probably, when younger, imagined yourself being pinked by a rapier in the hands of a cool adversary—first a slither of steel and a stamp of feet, and then there's some wretched slip-up. He's past your guard, and there you are, puffing out your cheeks and gritting your teeth and arching your eyebrows, while the clear Damascus passes through your sluggish midriff and grazes your backbone. That's not the high point of satisfaction to the dreamer, I'll agree; but still there's a neatness and dispatch about that long range that's hideously absent in the bowie frolic.

There were other considerations, too, that must be patent to you. One of them was that I simply didn't have the right justification for croaking that unhappy Mexican. Inky, of course, wouldn't see that, and she didn't see it; but the fact was so. She took hold of me by the elbow and tried to urge me back into that favorable position by the door.

"Strike—strike!" she hissed, and still I couldn't form the picture. I didn't have the urge. I lacked, woefully, the psychic buoyancy.

All this, as it's usually stated, was a matter of seconds. I was given a breathing spell by the lucky chance of Terrazas' having paused in the doorway at the farther end of that corridor to listen to some witticism of Bones' and fling back one of his own, and I used that interval in creeping up to Inky, embracing her, laying that knife parallel to her spine and whispering "Hide me" with unmistakable sincerity.

And when she saw I was adamant—I felt much more crumbly than that really, but let it stand—she did hide me, skillfully too. She stretched herself on the bed, drew the blanket over her artistically, draped it down on the shadow side and motioned me to crawl under. I did, too, knife and all, and I had that entangled feeling I had had once before when I had crawled under the bellies of those rams back there in Jim Harker's brother's territory. Entangled, yes; but the circumstances were vastly different, you'll agree. That's the sort of entanglement that will reconcile a man to dying in disgrace, giving up the ghost in exile. Inky lay there prone, her dark head buried in the pillow, a strand of her hair drawn across my face, her elbow crooked under my chin, enjoining silence. Silence, yes; but it seemed to me that it was a speaking silence, with drums and trumpets in it. I thought that silence would

crash through Terrazas' eardrums when he came in.

He fumbled about in a corner, for matches evidently, or tobacco, because directly I heard him strike fire and puff, and I could perfectly see him standing there, that pot-bellied little rascal, with a fat brown cigarette hanging from his thick lips and a tyrannical gleam in his dark eyes as he contemplated the figure of that fair woman lank there under her red blanket, with her hair streaming on the pillow—that woman enslaved and chained for my sake.

I thought fearsomely: "If he puts his hand on her heart all is lost."

I could feel it beating hotly, vehemently in my ear; that pulse in her arm—her silent, smooth, detaining arm, hanging limp now, but delicate and powerful; the arm contemplated in its fair perfections by Providence before the dawn of history and fashioned in the fullness of time for my undoing. The very arm, *amigo*, that had linked with mine so fatally in the dance at Madcap.

Terrazas was deaf to all this, luckily. He took a deep breath. I heard the fire eating and crackling at the tip of his cigarette, but the smoke had reached my nostrils before he turned and went waddling back to his conference.

"Now," Inky cried, "you must break this chain! You are only just in time, Roberto."

"Just in time?"

"Yes! They are going into Mexico tonight with that treasure down there. The one man they fear is lying at the point of death."

"Maricopa?"

"Yes! Make haste!"

I had a file in my pocket which I used for sharpening axes, and I produced it and started a gash in one of those links.

"How do they depart?" I whispered.

"They will smuggle it over the mountains on a pack train."

"If they move that gold it will be over my dead body!" I said fiercely.

Yes, for one masterful second I did actually have the interests of the whole United States at heart. I glared at that sleeping lizard on the wall.

Inky's valiant eyes flashed into mine, and she whispered half scornfully: "How will that help, *amigo*—your dead body?"

Well, on second thoughts, how would it? I could see plainly enough that it wouldn't help at all, and that predisposed me to fall in with her suggestion, which was to the effect that the treasure would not leave without Terrazas, be sure of that. He was too greedy, too suspicious, to trust it to those children of night who formed his pack train.

"If you hold him you hold everything," she said.

"How do I hold him, then?"

"Break my chain, carry me with you, hide me from him! There are secret trails, I tell you. He will never find us, but he will never depart until he does. He will aspire to be the physician of his own honor, as we say. Ah, and then, when the time is ripe, Roberto, you shall take him in your talons! You are strong!"

Talons! Here was a woman who conceded me talons! A woman, moreover, in chains; a woman in love palpably, and cruelly beaten for having come to the defense of the man she loved. Weren't these facts invincibly persuasive of themselves? Do you blame me for thinking that there was an immense plausibility in that program as she outlined it?

I might say—I do say, in fact—that the fate of thousands of my fellow citizens hung in the balance. They were asleep in their beds at the time, and I felt as Hercules must have felt when Atlas sauntered off and left him there holding up the world on his shoulders. I don't blame them, of course, for their indifference. How could they know that Terrazas, Terrazas the terrible, was all but into Mexico again, with gold enough—filched out of the Neck-or-Nothing—to open up that mine of his and begin signing himself Yours for the revolution?

I knew his frame of mind. This coup meant war, and war again meant intervention. No greater public duty lay on any man that night than the duty of keeping that rascally little general out of Mexico, and no better way of doing that single-handed seemed to open up than by running away with his wife.

You say there's no answer to the stern logic of all this, and I agree; and yet my conscience isn't satisfied. It wasn't logic altogether that dictated that perilous alliance. Nothing logical was ever done under the sway of such mortal beauty as Incarnación's. It was partly my amiability, of course—that pliant streak in me that yearned to be of service to a pretty woman; and partly—well, it's hopeless to diagnose it. You are familiar with that saying of a great Frenchman that youth is a continual drunkenness and a fever of the reason. No truer word was ever spoken. Yet for a second I hesitated, and she misinterpreted my hesitation.

"You are still thinking of that girl—your rib," she hissed.

I said stupidly, "Who?"

"The damsel of the living eyes," she sneered. "You are thinking Jim Harper will never claim her, but you are wrong. He has claimed her already."

"In God's name, where is that man hanging out?" I whispered hoarsely, and for an answer she held out her chain again, and I attacked it with that little rat-tail file. A minute more and Incarnación stood up a free woman.

She wasted no time. She was into her shoes and other fixings in a twinkling, had taken up the knife—I wished she would forget that—and motioned me to the window. I glided through it and received her almost immediately in my arms. For just a second languor overcame her. She drooped there, and in fancy I picked her up and transported her to one of those yellow beaches you'll see on the canvases of Sorolla y Bastida, one of those great curving Spanish strands drowned in surf and sunshine. I fancied we were idling into the water together. A sparkling wind stirred her hair, blue-green swirls of water at her throat, and there we were, serene, beyond the plague of dust and the disdain of philosophers.

So it was, *amigo*, that I juggled with the visible and tangible features of our daily scene in those raw days. Realities were only the springboard from which I launched myself in long dives through the mellow ether of fancy.

And yet the wildest dream can be traced to its rise in some little gleam of the workaday world; I'm quite willing to believe that, and it must have been Inky's lips that accounted for that excessive parabola my thoughts took. Have I alluded to her lips? She had offered them to me again. Great crawling snails, I did age and ripen in those intervals! She was one of the make-and-break, high-frequency type you sometimes see, and I hadn't much ado to glimpse the state of her affections through the medium of those caressing phrases. I whispered what baby Spanish I knew, and, gad, she liked it, she loved it!

We had got away clean from the neighborhood of that hotel, of course; dropped into the canyon and crept along in the shadow of those giant cottonwoods. My first lucid interval came when the question arose as to where or which way we were making footprints. I was mad enough to suggest the Sprowl camp at one time, but Inky vetoed that.

"We will go there, oh, friend of mine," she whispered, and she made a gesture with one perfect arm towards that mighty pine forest that seethed around the base of the Organ. What was that devil's tune that seemed all at once to grow on the ear, to mock, to menace? The very sands shifted under my feet. I got ugly glints and glimpses of the unwonted character of the step I was taking, and more than likely I was checked and disheartened by that ambiguous gesture of Inky's. There was something possessory and imperious there, and it flattened me out into a dead halt.

Do you recall that Latin motto translated for May by Syd; the motto that she had copied down from over Swasey's desk: "The Fates lead the willing and drag the unwilling"? Well, it came back to me with triple force, and for one fateful second I felt as if I was being dragged—distinctly.

Isn't it odd? Here was something being given into my hand as a plain actuality; something that I had dreamed out in detail as the most delicious thing that could happen to me or happen to any man, and now I couldn't see it through the fog. What is there about waking hours, will you tell me, that makes them suffer so in comparison with dreams?

I stood stock-still to put myself that question, and Inky whispered, "What do you hear?"

What did I hear beyond that inward voice? Nothing, nothing but the tinkle of those few links of chain that still hung at her wrist, and yet I swear I had a sudden


GTD

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UNCLE SAM demands powerful pipe wrenches. His 14" wrenches must resist a pressure of 2800 inch pounds without weakening. The wrench is placed on a pipe and pressure applied to the handle. The GTD wrench has repeatedly withstood pressures nearly 1½ times this requirement—in Government tests, too.

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1. Extra strong jaw; ordinary wrenches break here first. Reinforcement extends below bending point.
2. Extra heavy frame.
3. Nut rests on shoulder on lower jaw, preventing undue strain on pivot pin.
4. Lower jaw and handle-tang, solid forging—not welded.
5. Teeth cut with wide base for strength; tilted at correct angle to insure solid grip; no barked knuckles.
6. Non-splitting, hardwood handle shaped to fit your hand, protected by heavy steel ferrules at ends. Forged steel handle, if you prefer.
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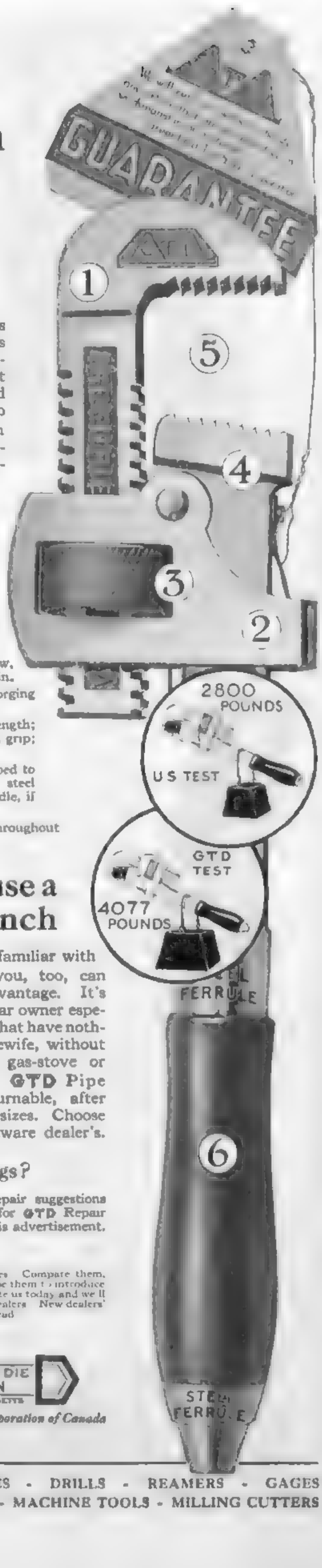


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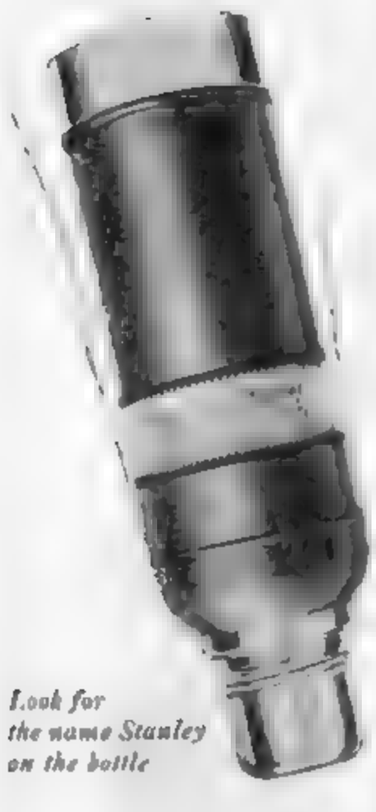
# Noted sportsman gives 50 friends a new kind of Christmas gift—*the vacuum bottle that will not break*



*Look for the name Stanley on the bottle*

A FAMOUS American polo player bought a new vacuum bottle.

He dropped it accidentally on the hearth. Instinctively he feared that it was broken. But on picking it up he found both the bottle and its contents unharmed.

It was the new Stanley Vacuum Bottle. Made entirely of steel, it had no fragile glass to break. It cannot break.

The sportsman was so much delighted with this proof of the Stanley's durability that he immediately bought fifty Stanley Bottles to give his friends for Christmas. He knew that the unbreakable bottle would be a surprise and pleasure to every one.

*An ideal gift for all-year service*

Put the Stanley Vacuum Bottle first on your shopping list—it's the gift that will be appreciated the year 'round. For automobiling—for the home—for the office—it keeps liquids piping hot or icy cold for hours at a time. With the Stanley there are no "refills" to bother with. The first cost is the last cost.

Stanley Bottles are made in pint, quart and two-quart models; also in wide mouth food jars in one and two quart sizes. The new Stanley Lunch Kit is equipped with the pint size bottle.

On sale at all the better drug, hardware, sporting-goods, department, jewelry and auto-accessory stores. If your dealer does not carry the Stanley Bottle, send us his name and address. Stanley Insulating Company, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City. Factory: Great Barrington, Mass.

STANLEY
VACUUM BOTTLE
FERROSTAT
*Keeps liquids piping hot or icy cold*


impulse to take to my heels, and I believe I would have done so except that a craven notion intervened that she would be hot after me and might bring me down with some variation of that hammer lock that had already laid me low once that evening.

And then I began to be boiling mad, and I felt that this having your lady friends pick you in place of you picking your lady friends wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Where had I been at fault? Had I not braved the keeper of the mine that night in the interests of Clint, my partner and employer? I was ashamed to question Inky about that same for fear it should turn out not to have been real after all, but more and more I felt that it was no hallucination. Had I not slid three hundred feet into the bowels of the earth and discovered treasure enough to set us all up for life, enough to set May up, too, if she insisted, in the neatest little specialty shop this side of the Mississippi? And then—here's the irony—with that all just in my grasp, and more, and to stumble after all into the very nest of that viper Terrazas and only extricate myself on these hard terms. . . .

And they were hard. All romance aside, here I was being walked off with by a married woman, the rib of Terrazas—a floating rib, it now appeared—one who had been ten times married to that man already without cleaving to him any more than mud will to a sunny wall. What were we to do for a living, assuming that the general was jailed, Inky divorced and remarried to your humble servant? Set up housekeeping, I to collect dirty linen in place of the general? I couldn't see it, and still I felt awfully committed to it. It was the most humiliating moment in my life.

I told myself that I had to reckon in the fact that she was physically my superior, and that any plan I set on foot to ship her outright would have to be carefully matured.

Human beings are queer, aren't they? One moment I felt the full force of this reasoning. I knew that I ought to disengage myself, and I wanted to disengage myself; and then in a flash I didn't want to. Account for it how you will. I was still on the other side of the wall, I suppose. I didn't love Inky of set purpose, and I mistrusted from the start that she was too much woman for a bashful youth, and yet I did feel as if there was a kind of wild justice in this escapade.

It took the taste of that Australian out of my mouth for one thing. I felt that I was in process of being farmed out, to grow in experience to a point where I could afford to smile indulgently at May's attempts at patronage; and if I didn't actually take to my heels it must have been furthermore because Inky did exercise some kind of spell over me in spite of everything. I must have loved her involuntarily, as Plato says, just as you love life, even on your worst days, because you realize that it's better to prolong a mystery than to reach a black solution of it.

Incarnación contributed something—she certainly did. I should be a moral leper to deny it, and I don't deny it. I went stealing along that glittering wash, and step by step my views changed again, and I was less and less chagrined progressively. For even granting Inky's game, even supposing her capable of playing one, what more delightful than to take a hand myself? Politic, too, from every point of view. I couldn't forget that that star given me by Maricopa was glittering on my undershirt even then. I couldn't forget that life was stern business. I had my arm round her. I didn't mean for her to escape me, and for that matter she was the most compliant woman in the world, and we were nail and flesh, as Juan would say. I told myself that I had simply dropped the thread of one life and picked up another there in that enchanted laneway of cottonwoods, and I account for it by saying that I wasn't the same man, and a character analysis taken at the time would have proved it, I verily believe. My ideals and resolves were totally different from what they had been in that other world, and what makes character if not ideals and resolves?

I got another setback when Inky tightened her hold on my arm and whispered: "Faster! We shall be overtaken by that old carrion. You have no hunger for a shirt incarnadined, I think, my friend."

A shirt incarnadined! She knew well enough my lack of appetite for that same, I apprehend. And yet it was the very thing I had been sent here to procure. I wondered suddenly what Clint would think of this jettison of my whole cargo of morals, which had at no time threatened to sink the ship. What would Syd think? What would—May?

May! That dear phantom rose up in my path, and I did have the grace to blush for the oblivion she had fallen into. I could hear the very words as she bit them off one by one, the scornful intonation in the separate syllables when she told me that she was pretty substantial and that it would take the right man to carry her off. Was I being carried off by the right woman? What would be May's thoughts, waiting, waiting there at the headgear of that gloomy shaft for the accomplice who never returned? Her eyes seemed to meet mine there in the ether, and there was a burning flash of contempt in them. A sort of duel of our two projected personalities was going on there at white heat, when Inky closed her fingers on my arm.

"Voices!" she said.

Voices! Right away I got a picture of that assassin, Terrazas, creeping along at our heels with that crooked knife in his fist and murder in his heart, death looking out at his finger ends, to use his picturesque idiom. I thought all the blood had drained out of my body. There I stood, holding Inky by that fragment of chain, confronted by a wall of unscalable rock. I palpitated with that guilty sense of having crime hung around my neck, and I did hear voices—directly in front of us. I looked around for a good piece of earth to sink into. There wasn't time. Effective concealment was simply impossible.

I forced Inky to her knees behind a shred of spiny cactus. It didn't half suffice, and a fateful voice called, "Who is there?"

It was May, with the Australian at her elbow, and that second's vision of her swept me off my feet. She stood there in all her clean-cut self-sufficiency, like a young Greek of old, one of the wrestling sisterhood, and leveled that big forty-five at me without a quiver.

I knew what her prowess was with it too. There was lead enough in that barrel to eradicate a moose, and for one second I thought she was going to blot me out of her young life. I felt as blank as the Desert of Sahara, and there wasn't a quarter as much sand in my make-up, either. I was at a total loss for words, and I stood there with my arms over my head and my heart in my mouth, and May gazed her fill. She was wide-eyed, and you can't wonder.

"You!" she gasped.

And then she dropped her arm to her side, and that full-throated little laugh smote on my ears. She had caught sight of Inky.

"There seem to have been some very agreeable secrets in Pandora's box," she said, and she turned me the coldest little shoulder in the world.

And somewhere in the dark I heard Yim, that Arizona nightingale, begin to laugh.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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*The Perfect Rug for Bedrooms*

# THE RISE OF JAPAN AS A WORLD POWER

(Continued from Page 21)

with an entire freedom from preconceived ideas and prejudices, likes and dislikes, which could dim their vision or lead astray their judgment. They were in this respect placed in a position similar to that in which Mr. Wells' Martians would have found themselves if they had come to visit our planet, not with hostile intent, but for the purpose of attempting to gain an insight into the doings of terrestrial mankind.

When it was found desirable to glean from Western nations what could best be gathered from each of them for the purpose of initiating the Japanese people into the mysteries of the sciences, arts and achievements of Western civilization, the government in their choice of foreign teachers and advisers proceeded with a most open-minded eclecticism. Thus the organization of the University of Tokio was intrusted mainly to Americans, that of the medical college to German and of the engineering college to English professors. Likewise the organization of the army was placed at first in the hands of a French military mission, and that of the navy and of the naval academy in the hands of a similar English mission.

Generally speaking, until the Japanese Government found it to their advantage, for reasons which will be referred to later, to enter into a formal alliance with Great Britain, they carefully refrained from displaying any partiality or the reverse in regard to any nation with which they came in contact. Such a mental attitude toward other nations came to the Japanese quite naturally as a fruit of their age-long isolation, and it rendered it the easier for them to practice in their international relations the principles which Washington's wise statesmanship had in his farewell address advised his countrymen to adopt as a rule in the conduct of their foreign affairs, namely: That permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that in place of them amiable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness would be in some degree a slave; it would be a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which would be sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest.

### *Skillful Diplomacy*

Besides, there is another element that precludes the possibility of the Japanese ever being led astray by any such antipathies or attachments as Washington evidently had in his mind's eye, and that is the incompatibility of the mental outlook characteristic on the one side of the yellow and on the other of the white races, which, from a certain stage on, seems to erect between them an insurmountable barrier of mutual noncomprehension and instinctive repulsion. This, however, did not prevent the rulers of Japan from gaining very soon a shrewd insight into the latent dissensions, rivalries and animosities prevailing among the Western nations in spite of all their efforts to maintain an outward show of solidarity as against Japan, whose commercial exploitation most of them were eagerly coveting.

And they were not slow in learning how to turn to their own advantage such a state of affairs by playing off one power against the other, according to the necessities of the case as the promotion of their own interests might require. Of the proficiency of Japanese statesmen in playing this game of international politics the present writer is entitled to speak from personal experience, having been in a position, as representative of his country in Tokio during the closing years of the last century, to observe, so to speak, from the inside the skillful maneuvering by which, trading on the perennial, sometimes open but always latent, antagonism, born of rivalry on the field of Asiatic politics, between Great Britain and Russia, Japanese diplomacy at last succeeded in securing the coveted prize—the alliance with Great Britain—which was to enable Japan to risk the long-planned attack on her, in appearance, overwhelmingly powerful northern neighbor. Not less skillful was the management of the widespread propaganda by which the Japanese Government succeeded in making the world believe that the war, whose real aim was the conquest of Korea, was undertaken by Japan in self-defense against the formidable menace of Russian aggression, in defense of the independence and integrity of Korea and to secure the open door in Manchuria.

That for the success of this propaganda the Japanese Government was in a large measure indebted to the Russian Government's vacillating and ill-advised policy the present writer would be the last to deny, since at the time he had done everything in his power to open the eyes of his government to the perilous character of the policy they were pursuing and to warn them of its probable consequences. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that it was really the clear-sighted estimate of the helpless condition to which Europe was reduced by the division of her leading powers into two irreconcilably hostile camps, with watchful suspiciousness maneuvering for position in preparation for the expected general war—that it was this clear-sightedness, rendered possible by their entire aloofness from the contentions and feuds of Western nations, which enabled the statesmen of Japan, as the outcome of a contest between two equally iniquitous imperialistic policies in which they had worsted their adversary, boldly and unblushingly to proclaim the annexation of independent Korea, and to replace behind the open door in Manchuria the suspected legendary Cossack by the much more real and efficient Japanese warrior.

### *The Open-Door Slogan*

Not the least striking feature of the campaign of careful preparation for the war with Russia was the astute and skillful way in which Japanese diplomacy managed to manipulate the newborn slogan of "the open door," so as to pose before the world as the unselfish champion of freedom of trade and equal opportunity, and to make Russia appear in the odious light of an overbearing, grasping monopolist intent upon closing to the world's trade the door of Manchuria and to reserve this rich province of China for exclusive exploitation by her own infant industries.

These fateful words, "the open door," which were to play such a prominent part in the development of events, I remember having first heard some time in the summer of 1898 from the lips of the late Lord Beresford, who, as Rear Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, M. P., as he then was, had come out to the Far East on a mission on behalf of the Associated Chambers of Commerce. In the course of a friendly after-dinner chat at the house of my colleague, the then British minister, Sir Ernest Satow, when speaking of the impressions he had carried away from his visit to China, Lord Charles incidentally remarked that he had come to the conclusion that the only rational policy for all the powers to pursue in regard to China would be the policy of the open door. I also remember that I was much impressed—and I think I said so then and there—with the dangerously vague character of such a slogan as a fundamental principle of policy, recalling to my mind a similar slogan, only in a reverse sense, and applied to the famous Straits of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles as the door to our house whose key was to be put in our pocket according to the doctrine of our militant patriots, a doctrine whose fatal influence upon the unavowed but latterly ostentatiously proclaimed aims of Russia's policy has cost the Russian people rivers of blood and billions of treasure and has helped to bring about the ruin and destruction of the empire.

As a matter of fact, the slogan of "the open door"—whether Lord Charles Beresford had really been the first to give it utterance I cannot undertake to say—as applied to the case of Manchuria, did not fail to become the main stock in trade of the anti-Russian propaganda in the Far East, and we have seen how skillfully it was exploited by the Japanese in order to enlist on their side the sympathies of the principal trading nations. Of its popularity I had an occasion to convince myself from an amusing incident that

occurred in Tokio in the summer preceding the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, at some official function to which the diplomatic body had been invited and requested to appear in full-dress uniform. We chiefs of missions were standing in line, each of us having behind him the first secretary of his legation. It so happened that my neighbor was the British minister, and that his secretary, Mr. Hohler, having noticed that I had on the back of my uniform coat a large golden key fixed on a rosette of the blue ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew—the insignia of the dignity of Chamberlain of the Imperial Court, which I had held in my younger days—asked his Russian colleague, who was standing behind me, whether he could explain the meaning of the key I was wearing on my back.

"That," replied Prince Kudasheff, "is the key to the open door."

This remark, having been overheard by some bystanders, soon spread all over the Far East, and earned the prince the well-deserved reputation of a wit most proficient in ready and clever repartee.

When it comes now to interpret the meaning of such a slogan as that of "the open door," it may be taken to be no more than the proclamation of a vague principle quite harmless, reasonable and just. Or it may, because of its very vagueness, conceal a real mine of dynamite, as does the latest slogan of the "self-determination of nationalities." If, however, it is to be taken to have a well-defined meaning, such as the preservation of temporarily more or less defenseless China from exploitation by any one power, or a group of powers, and the keeping of the door of China open to all comers on a basis of equality of opportunity, and if that is to be one of the main objects aimed at by the coming conference, it may be found to be in conflict not only with the traditional policies which have hitherto always governed the dealings of stronger powers with weaker ones, but also with the innate tendencies of unregenerate human nature, which in a similar case would presumably be inclined to suggest a division of the territory coveted for exploitation into so-called spheres of influence, to be determined by the usual bargaining on the basis of purely selfish interests, rather than to accept an ordinance of altruistic self-denial.

Before passing condemnatory judgment on the Japanese for the pursuit of policies which, as experience had taught them, were freely practiced over weaker nations by the very protagonists of international ethics who had imposed upon their country the open door by superior and in those days quite irresistible force, it would be but fair to examine the question how far nations in possession of a superior and more efficient civilization are justified in imposing their undoubted benefits on weaker sisters who may have been resting quite content in their inferiority, or even in their isolation and complete seclusion from intercourse with the outer world, as Japan herself had been, or the Hermit Kingdom, Korea. This, however, would lead us farther than the limits of this article will permit.

### *Dominating the Far East*

Suffice it, therefore, to say that if we take for granted the justification from an ethical viewpoint of the willingness shown by some of the foremost Western nations to take up what has been described as the white man's burden in regard to colored races, there would seem to be no reason for denying the right to a similar plea of justification to the most advanced nation of the yellow race in palliation of her conduct in regard to the more backward sister nations of her own color. Then also reproaches as to abuse of superior power in the pursuit of purely selfish interests, albeit under the cloak of higher motives of service in the cause of the spread of civilization and enlightenment, had perhaps better be dealt out sparingly, considering that in this respect leading Western nations have been themselves dwelling in glass houses in the neighborhood of which indiscriminate indignant stone throwing is hardly to be commended.

Besides, it would be well to remember always that an all-important lesson was brought home to the Japanese from the very beginning of their intercourse with Western nations—namely, that force was the guiding principle of their policies, not only in their treatment of weaker Asiatic nations but also in their dealings with each other; for was not the enforced opening of Japan contemporaneous with the Crimean War, fought by allied France and Great Britain against Russia professedly in order to protect from her ambitious designs him whom a great English statesman in later years was to describe as the unspeakable Turk? Would it not, then, be but fair to admit that Japan, on being forcibly compelled to emerge from her age-long isolation and having found the world as it is, in adopting for herself the cult of force was merely taking to heart the lesson taught her by her teachers?

From the beginning Japanese statesmen had realized the necessity, in order to insure the safety and independence of their country, to build up as quickly as possible military and naval forces capable of compelling the respect of foreign powers. This task once accomplished, and the efficiency of her modern armament having been tested in a short and completely victorious campaign against China, who had neglected to provide herself with sufficient means of defense on the Western model, Japan evidently felt herself competent to aspire to the position of dominant power in the Far East. The temporary setback inflicted on her by the joint intervention of Russia, France and Germany, which deprived Japan of the principal fruit of her victory by compelling the retrocession to defeated China of Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula, far from acting as a deterrent, merely spurred her on to further and greater efforts. At the same time Japan's brilliantly demonstrated military prowess had made her appear in the light of a possible new element in world politics which might be found of potentially great use to a power farsighted enough to have secured its good will.

### *Japan in World Politics*

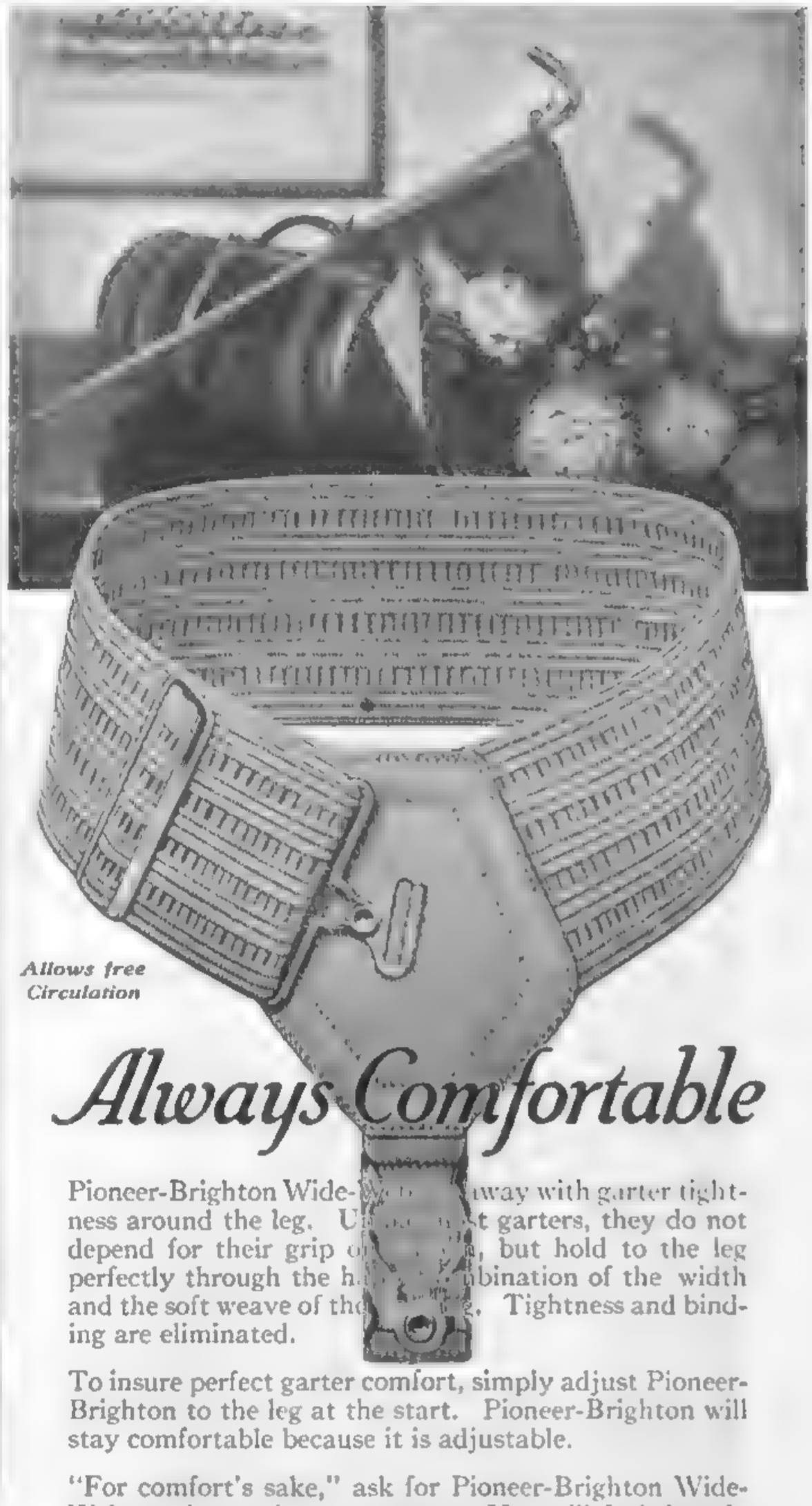
It may be doubtful whether those who welcomed and applauded Japan's victories in her war with Russia ever realized the far-reaching meaning of the injection into world politics, which theretofore had been the white man's exclusive domain, of the triumphant leading power of the yellow race.

After the total collapse of Russia's Far Eastern policy and her sea power in the Pacific, eliminating any further rivalry between her and Great Britain in that part of the world, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance would, of course, have lost much of its importance in the eyes of British statesmen were it not that it enabled them to withdraw the bulk of England's naval forces from the Pacific—just as the entente concluded with France rendered them the same service in regard to the Mediterranean—thereby permitting the concentration of the British Navy in English waters in preparation for the expected war with Germany, a contingency to which Admiral Lord Fisher, perhaps indiscreetly, refers in his Memories and Records, when, on Page 22, Volume I, in a note appended to the text of his letter to King Edward of March 14, 1908, he writes:

"This letter to King Edward followed on a previous long secret conversation with His Majesty in which I urged that we should 'Copenhagen' the German fleet at Kiel, à la Nelson, and I lamented that we possessed neither a Pitt nor a Bismarck to give the order."

The master stroke of Japanese statesmanship has unquestionably been Japan's participation in the internecine suicidal war of the leading nations of the white race, a war from which she emerged not only entirely unscathed but immensely benefited in wealth and credit, and having reached the goal of her ambition by being acknowledged as one of the five only remaining great powers of the world. That these five powers have undertaken to lay down the law to the greater part of Europe, with a population of some two hundred millions of the white race, completes the triumph of Japanese statecraft—a triumph that has just found a fresh and rather startling sanction in the fact that the two dominating powers of Europe, unable to agree on a reasonable solution of a grave question which involves one of the causes of the present chaotic condition of Central Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles, have seen fit to submit their case to the arbitral decision of a council composed of representatives of China, Brazil and Spain, and presided over by a representative of Japan.

It should, however, not be forgotten that the very possibility as well as the

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SOMETHING for nothing! Gain without risk! Reward without effort!

Isn't that what human nature is always looking for? But how seldom we find it.

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The wise man who saves some of this has a surplus.

Surplus invested is "capital."

1,450,000 thrifty men and women from every walk in life have invested in the electric light and power industry.

Their "capital" works hard.

It furnishes the means for building dams and power houses and installing boilers, engines or turbines, and generators. It builds transmission systems and wires homes, factories and office buildings.

In a word, it works that you may have electric light and power.

When capital works it must be paid fair wages, just as humans must be paid for their work.

There is no such thing as "Something for Nothing."

There are 14,000,000 unwired homes and several million farms without the advantages of electrical service. Many of these will require electric service within the next few years.

In addition, there are 1,500,000 homes, 500,000 factories, 5,000 churches, 60,000 apartment buildings, 15,000 theatres and 5,000 public schools to be built before the housing and industrial problems can begin to be solved. Naturally, these too must have electrical service.

There is real work here for the capital already invested and for hundreds of millions of new capital.

All of this must be paid fairly for its work in order that it may help the unemployment situation by paying humans fairly for their work.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

opportunity for Japanese statesmen to display their cool-headed proficiency in statecraft, which was to enable them to achieve for their country the proud position it occupies at present on the stage of world politics, had been created by the rivalries, jealousies, suspicions and perennial feuds dividing Western nations and influencing their policies. What, for instance, could have furnished the Japanese with a colorable pretext for invading Siberia with considerable forces had not the prevailing war psychosis inspired the fantastic plan of military operations in Siberia.

In entering the conference Japan will have the advantage of being Great Britain's ally, and therefore entitled to claim her support, although the extent to which she will find this support available may be subject to doubt, inasmuch as any such claim, if conflicting with its policy in another direction, might prove embarrassing to the greater power. The situation with which the coming conference will have to deal is, indeed, a complicated one, embracing the problem of future American-Japanese, as well as that of future Anglo-American relations, both problems being, moreover, conditioned upon the relations existing between England and France and between both of them and Japan.

A curious sidelight, from the French point of view, is thrown on this peculiar situation in an article by a distinguished French writer, Jacques Bainville, in La Liberté, quoted by one of the New York newspapers, in which he states the case as being a very simple one—namely, England and France have accords with Japan, thanks to which British and French possessions in Asia were not threatened during the war, and for the service thus rendered Japan demanded compensation at the expense of China, and the United States demands for her services in the war similar compensation at the cost of Japan; thus France is placed between two ingratitudes and two dangers. If she opposes Japan she compromises the security of her Asiatic possessions, and if she antagonizes the United States she exposes herself to the risk of being pressed too soon for the repayment of the dollars she borrowed.

### America's Power

This, although coming near enough, as far as Japan's claims are concerned, to the kernel of the situation in the Far East, is but a superficial and very one-sided statement of the case, leaving entirely out of account its connection with the question of the general limitation of armaments—let alone that of general disarmament—upon which the heart of the people is manifestly set everywhere.

It contains, however, a very plain and outspoken allusion to that which assures to the United States a commanding influence on the world's affairs, and of which a distinguished English writer, Mr. Austin Harrison, editor of the English Review, says in a statement given to the New York Tribune and printed in its issue of October second:

"America can save the world if she uses her powers. She has all the trumps to play. First, she has all the gold; second, she has the only real credit; third, she has the power to wipe off debts or to insist on their payment; fourth, she has the power to make all the German reparation bonds valueless; and fifth, she alone can prevent wholesale European bankruptcies."

He goes on to say: "Real disarmament is only realizable when the conditions are just and the nations contented. Europe to-day is a map broken with expropriated and injured nations who will never be reconciled to their lot. That is why France sees the only security in the sword. If that attitude is to continue there can be no return to security and real peace, and Europe will dissolve into paper insolvencies."

In this last sentence he alludes to the crucial point of divergence between the English viewpoint, as stated on several occasions in very plain language by the British Premier, and that of France, the one favoring, for compelling economic reasons, the recovery of Germany, and the other aiming, for political and military reasons, at its prevention. Therein lies the peril of the actual situation; for if this divergence were to be worked upon by skillful propaganda it might sow the seeds of discord between the two great English-speaking nations whose interests in the economic recuperation of the world run very much on parallel lines, to whom belongs the leadership of mankind and whose serious failure to agree on any fundamental question of world politics would mean the breakdown of civilization.

If there is an obvious and incontrovertible truth, it is that the economic recuperation of the world will be possible only with the return of real peace, whose advent in its turn will depend in a large measure on the removal or at least abatement of the influence of the moral causes which stand in the way of its reëstablishment. That illustrious Italian statesman and former wartime Premier, Francesco Nitti, rightly says in a recently published article in the New York American's issue of September twenty-fifth:

"France, Italy, Germany and Belgium comprise altogether about 150 million inhabitants, spread over a surface less than double that of Texas. In this comparatively tiny spot of the world, rendered so illustrious by its history, men are divided among themselves by profound hatred and bitter rancour; production and exchanges are stopped by almost insurmountable barriers, and as a result of the war the bonds of economic solidarity have snapped."

### Mental Disarmament

And the same moral causes which stand in the way of the return of real peace and of the economic recuperation of the world will be found, as must be apprehended, to obstruct all well-meant endeavors to come to a general agreement on the limitation of armaments—not to mention general disarmament, that remote ideal of all lovers of peace. For, as Lord Northcliffe, in a speech delivered not long ago at Vancouver, is reported to have said, "We must disarm our minds first before we can reduce our fleets."

He uttered there an indisputable truth. But the task of disarming minds inflamed by seven years of propaganda is not an easy one, nor does it seem to have been seriously taken in hand so far. It is self-evident that such disarming of minds can never be achieved by a League of Nations whose only merit in the eyes of those who reluctantly accepted the inclusion of its covenant in the Treaty of Versailles was that it indorses that settlement, which, however, has erected so many new and almost insurmountable barriers impeding the urgently needed economic recuperation of Europe and has rendered real peace unattainable by arming so many dormant racial and international hatreds and creating so many causes for armed conflicts in the future.

And yet this disarming of minds will have to be undertaken, because otherwise any endeavors aiming, if not at general disarmament, at least at limitation of armaments, for which the whole world is clamoring, are bound to remain feeble attempts at palliating effects whose cause is left undisturbed—a cause which, being a spiritual one, can only be combated with spiritual weapons, with ideas spread by means of the printed or spoken word. Everyone, therefore, who possesses the faculty of effectually using his tongue or his pen should hold his gift to be a sacred trust, for he has it in his power to make his fellow beings listen to words of reason and of truth, or to poison their souls with the evil passions of ambition and greed, of jealousy, of hatred and of revenge. In a word, to quote from a remarkable editorial which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some time ago:

"The great mass of people and their real leaders in the press and on the platform must start a campaign to pound into the heads of rulers and ministers, and diplomats and talkers who are preaching hate, keeping alive strife and trying to lay the foundation of an even more monstrous war, that the world will have none of it or of them, whether they be Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Italians or Germans. . . . Finally, if the world has a spark of humanity, a bit of imagination left, let it call back the bloody and mangled millions whom it has half forgotten and ask whether what the bunglers and the parrots and the bullheads say is true—that this thing is necessary and inevitable. If it is, there is just one redeeming feature to the whole business—the new war will be an affair of strangling death on land and swift destruction from the sky. . . . And the new war will be the last—at least the last that this civilization need worry about, for it will send mankind back to the caves and to the jungle for a fresh start!"

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# THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 19)

figure it at the present rate of exchange; although the exchange wall against her is so high that the lira is worth less than five cents and her costs of government have thus risen enormously, yet she closed her last fiscal year with a budget deficit of only 10,000,000,000 lire, and the current year will probably show a deficit of only about 5,000,000,000. This result is much better than appears on the surface, as her budget includes large army and navy items and other extraordinary expenses.

Italy has progressively increased her revenue from taxation since the close of the war; her income from her several state monopolies has been large, and though the balance of trade remains heavily against her, she has profited greatly this year from the resumption, on a large scale, of the foreign tourist business. Every type of foreigner toured Italy this year—even some Germans. The low value of the lira made traveling cheap for not only Americans, British and Dutch, but for French and Belgians as well, and it was within reach of even some Germans. This influx of foreign travel, bringing a large amount of foreign capital into the country, is being reflected in a clear tendency toward normalcy in her economic and business situation.

### *Gradual Deflation*

And during the past year, as has been the case in France, Italy has made progress in contracting her currency. Since the beginning of 1920 she has cut down her circulating notes from a high figure of 22,000,000,000—including state notes—to about 20,000,000,000 on June thirtieth. This is a good omen for the future. But unfortunately, because of her continued economic needs, Italy has not been able to reverse her balance of trade as has France, and there is little opportunity for her to do so in the near future. Another disadvantage that Italy has is that her foreign debt amounts to over 20,000,000,000 gold lire, or perhaps 80,000,000,000 paper lire, a situation which causes a constant drain from abroad on her credit. This is one of the primary reasons why the lira is worth, in dollars, only about 60 per cent of the French franc. France is in a far more fortunate position, for, although her funded and floating debts are even higher per capita than those of Italy, her foreign debt is relatively nominal. The French Government pays interest and other tribute mainly to her own people; but Italy has to make heavy payments to people in foreign lands. Of course a considerable portion of her foreign debt is made up of advances from her war allies, on which she is now paying no interest; but the reality of this debt, whether paid or not, affects her credit and her foreign-exchange position. This is true of all the allies. If Great Britain owed America nothing sterling exchange would be much nearer normal than it is; if France owed Great Britain and America nothing, then French exchange would be nearer normal, and so on. On the other hand, if Great Britain, France and Italy actually attempted to pay America interest on their borrowings at present the bottom would drop out of the exchange market.

Visiting Milan and Rome in the summer of 1921 one gets on the surface the same impression of normalcy that seems so characteristic of London, Paris, Brussels and Berlin. Everything is functioning as before the war; the same crowds in the streets, the same commercial and trading atmosphere in the business sections, the same miscellaneous mixture of taxis, cabs, trams and trucks rumbling along the roughly paved streets in Milan and the much better avenues and streets of the more modern commercial sections of Rome. Like the Germans, the Italian populace impresses one as being more interested in making a living than in wasting much time indulging in revolutionary propaganda. Unrest is still evident among the people, but it appears to be a receding influence, and the typical Italian of fair intelligence prefers to talk now about the possible recuperation of Italy, with the present government undergoing gradual stabilization, rather than to picture any Utopia with the revolutionary or extreme socialistic elements at the helm.

Certainly the bankers and substantial business men of Northern Italy are confirmed in the opinion that the country has left its worst crisis behind and is now headed safely in the right direction, even though the road back to full stability is a long one. As a thoughtful financial and economic expert of Rome expressed it to me: "Italy is slowly working towards the advent of better and safer times. Her hard-pressed population, upset by the privations and horrors of the war, for a time lost their balance. The wave of Bolshevism, rolling down through the Balkans and across Austria from Russia, very nearly overturned us during the year after the war; and this wave, fostered by agitators of various radical types, threatened to be our undoing. But we pulled safely through till the sober second thought of the people began to have its effect, and the fortunate progress made in restoring productive activities during the past year has brought the country safely to solid ground again. Food and fuel are now sufficient, and this summer the stream of tourist expenditures is flowing freely and having its favorable effect on the situation."

Though Italy is largely agricultural, yet its industrial development has been notable during the past two decades, its silk and other textile industries, iron and metal manufactures and chemical industries having reached an important stage of development before the war. The forestry and quarrying industries have also been important, while wine culture has grown to be a large factor in her general wealth production. Though to a large extent Italy carries on her agriculture to feed her own people, many of her other products go largely into exports; and as industrial Italy has grown her foreign trade has grown. Before the war Italy's exports to Central Europe were increasing, but the possibilities of large development in this direction seemed limited. Under the changed situation in the Balkan section, however, a new outlet is even now being opened for Italy. During the past year her exports to the new Austria, to Germany, Bulgaria, Rumania and even to Jugo-Slavia have been steadily increasing. At the present time Italian business men and traders are penetrating aggressively through these new countries and leaving no stone unturned to establish themselves firmly before other Western nations, like France, Great Britain and America, fully wake up to the opportunities there, and before Germany gets well enough organized to monopolize the field.

### *Italy No Longer Threatened*

Unquestionably Italy is at work, and her business leaders are displaying vision and imagination. This is why, in spite of her top-heavy financial structure, in spite of the great handicap caused by the low exchange value of the lira, and in spite of the curse of a redundant currency, she is so confident regarding her ultimate future. There is militarism in Italy of course; but it is no longer dominant, and the factors which tend to keep it alive in France—fear of future wars or combinations against her—are rapidly dying out. While the Fiume controversy was at white heat and while the friction with Jugo-Slavia was threatening future trouble, Italy was still brandishing the sword. But to-day the impression one gets in Italy is that, as in England, the people are daily becoming more and more bored with wars and rumors of wars and are eager to get into a period of stabilized peace again.

Naturally this evolution of the national consciousness has been easier in Italy than among the other Continental belligerents. As in the case of Great Britain, there is now little fear in Italy of a formidable enemy arising during the coming generation. All Italy's former enemies are laid low and are to-day so weak that they may never hold up their heads again in aggressive rivalry. With the former great Austrian Empire carved up into several countries, all of which can be made dependent on Italian trade and influence to a marked extent in the course of time, Italy views Central Europe with the utmost equanimity. She is not like France, where militarism has the German menace, receding though it be, to feed on; or even like Germany, where the declining military spirit could easily be revivified should her former enemies follow a crushing policy for the coming years.

Nor is Italy affected by the things which tend to keep the military spirit alive in

states like Austria, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Greece, Bulgaria, Poland. The only thriving business of the Greeks or Poles these days is war, which is kept alive in Greece by the Turks and in Poland by the Bolsheviks. In Jugo-Slavia the long slavery under the Hapsburgs seems to have produced a race which will not, for this generation at least, depart very far from the idea that to live in peace and safety is always, figuratively speaking, to carry a gun. To the Jugo-Slav the idea of a victorious nation disarming itself seems grotesque. To his mind it is more important to maintain an army than to keep the people from starving, even though there is no enemy to fight at the moment.

The mere fact that Austria has been laid low, is disarmed, bankrupt and hemmed in by antagonistic peoples, has not the same effect on the Jugo-Slav that it has on the Italian. Jugo-Slavs are not commercial; they are crudely agricultural, though with a fair standard of intelligence and capacity for great industry. The modern Italian, on the other hand, is more and more industrial; not by nature a soldier. Consequently I think it will be found that of all the European nations Italy will in time accept the idea of general limitation or reduction of armaments as honestly and perhaps more willingly than will some of the other Continental countries.

Indeed, a reduction of military expenditures is a crying need in Italy. Only in this way can she hope to come anywhere near balancing her complete budget for years to come; only in this way can she hope to build up her credit to a point where she can exercise her full productive powers, increase her volume of exports and equalize her exchange position. Like France and Germany, she is finding it easy to secure raw materials from Central or Eastern Europe—when they are to be had—where the exchange rates are in her favor; but she is even worse handicapped than France and Belgium in trading with Great Britain and America. And this handicap will continue to be a back-breaking load until her credit can be more fully restored to the west.

The tourist who takes the surprisingly good railroad route from Rome to Vienna, passing through fascinating Florence with its rich treasures of art and history, through Bologna and romantic Venice, will get few impressions to-day of a war-worn country; but he will expect, when entering Austria, to be shocked by the vast changes which he is assured have taken place in that unfortunate country within the past three years. But the superficial view will not shock him at all. When he crosses the border into Austria he will have to draw upon his imagination to picture much difference in the appearance of the country. He will see poverty and shabbiness along the countryside; but he will have seen plenty of that in Italy.

### *Undernourished Vienna*

It is only when one gets to Vienna itself that the sharp contrast between that city and the other capitals of Europe, like London, Paris and Berlin, will be more clearly evident. Vienna, physically, looks the same as ever. The streets are full of people, the cabs are rumbling about, the hotels are full. Food is available for the man who pays for it; there is plenty of beer and wine and amusement for those who seek it. But among the people themselves the rigors of hardship and privation are only too apparent. The evidences of low vitality and underfed conditions, which I saw little indication of in the cities of Germany, are to be found in Vienna; and the people look ragged; wear grotesque clothes; are evidently struggling as a mass to make both ends meet and keep body and soul together. Not that this condition seems universal; for, indeed, well-dressed and well-fed Viennese are also to be seen, and the cafés seem to be doing about as much business as ever.

Vienna is one of the handsomest of European cities. There is a distinct air of romance about it, and the city is generally pictured as mainly important as a center of art, music and luxurious royalty of the old-fashioned sort. But as a matter of fact it has been for generations and promises to continue to be the chief commercial and financial center of Central and Eastern Europe. It is the most important railway and shipping city of Central Europe, has extensive manufacturing industries of iron and steel, silk and cotton. Its banking facilities are highly developed, and some of the most powerful banking organizations and most efficiently organized trading and commercial concerns of all Europe are located there.

Since the partition of Austria much superficial comment has gone the rounds regarding the inevitable decline of Vienna. With hostile nations on every side, with the new Austria so contracted that its producing powers have been reduced to a minimum, the impression has become pretty general that the position of Vienna as a banking and commercial center must inevitably pass away. It has been said that Vienna will become so isolated because of the political changes in Central Europe that within another generation she will be no more important, commercially or financially, than Rome was before it became the capital of a united Italy. This, indeed, was the notion and the hope no doubt of the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs at the end of the war. The former were loud in their assertions that as Prague rose Vienna would fall; the Hungarians were sure that Budapest would inherit all Vienna's glories.

But this development is not taking place at all. In spite of the fact that strenuous efforts have been made during the past two years to turn the source of trade and finance away from Vienna; in spite of the fact that attempts have been made, through preferential customs, pressure on the part of governments and by every other method, to build up commerce in Central Europe independently of Vienna, it is to be noted that the old city is still doing business at the same old stand. Of course the Germans are doing business with and through Vienna; they are making use of her commercial and financial machinery to the fullest extent possible. And Germany can do business with Austria to-day, particularly in making purchases of raw materials, because of her advantageous exchange position. It must be remembered that Austria does business in crowns, while Germany does business in marks.

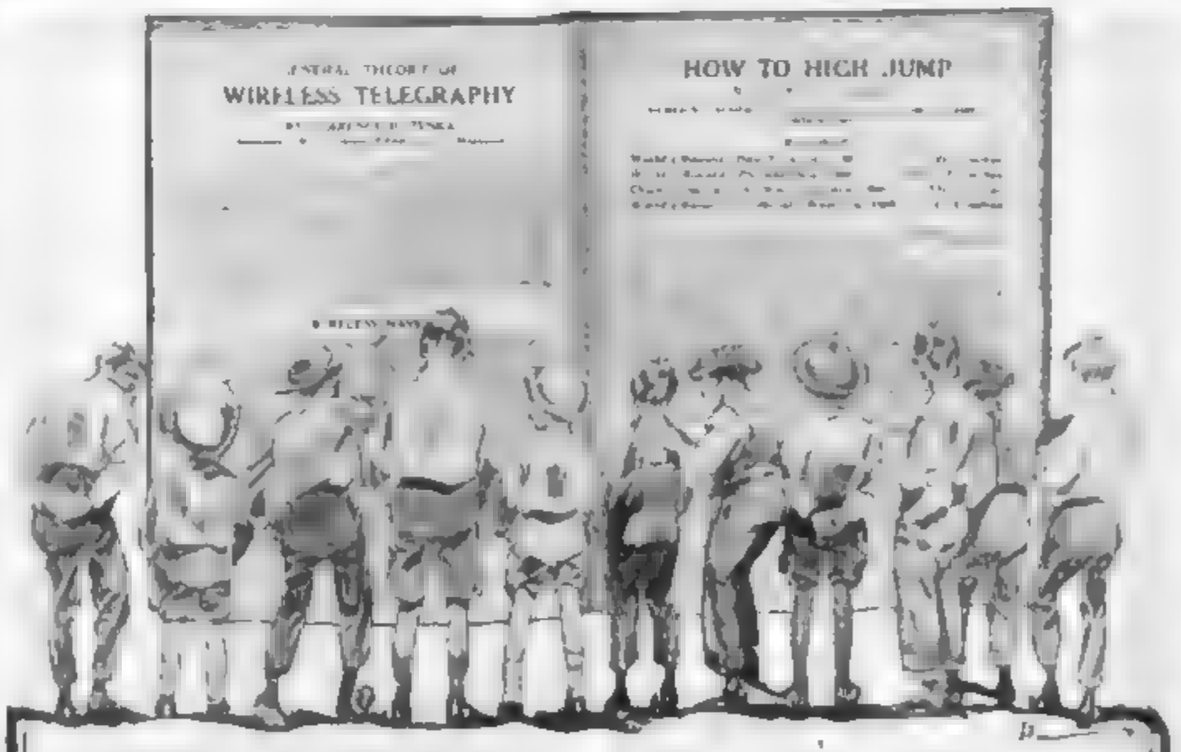
### *Austria's Future Brightening*

But not only Germany but all Austria's former enemies are doing business through Vienna. The new countries are finding that they do not know how to trade efficiently with the outside world except by employing the financial machinery of Vienna. They have been having the same sort of experience that America has recently gone through in attempting to build up trade with South America. They have made blunders galore, and merchants and producers in Southern Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and elsewhere, notwithstanding war animosity and political prejudice, are gravitating back into the old channels with surprising agility this year.

The truth is Vienna is not dead and Austria is not dead. The new Austrian Government is of course practically dead; the country is to all intents and purposes in the hands of receivers. Her debts are appalling, her currency practically worthless and her financial reorganization will be drastic. She cannot function at all without outside aid, and there is no chance whatever of any important part of her war obligations ever being made good. But she has a population of 6,000,000 people, with 2,000,000 of them in Vienna. Her territory is largely agricultural, and under modern methods could be developed to high productive power. Probably she cannot produce, with her restricted territory, enough to pay her way for many years to come; but under an efficient government she could come very close to doing this.

Austria is disarmed, like Hungary, Bulgaria and Germany, and military expenditures have not been a factor since the formation of the republic. But nevertheless she has piled up a debt of about 25,000,000,000 crowns within the past three years. Most of this will have to go by the board when she establishes a new financial system. Currency inflation has been carried to unheard-of limits; there is more paper money afloat in the Austria of 6,000,000 people than in the Germany of 60,000,000, and the value of the crown has fallen so low that from 1000 to 2000 crowns can be secured for a single American dollar bill. Before the war less than five crowns could be secured for a dollar.

The future of Austria will undoubtedly be closely linked with that of Germany, regardless of whether Germany is allowed finally to merge with or absorb Austria or not. A vast majority of the population are German or of German antecedents; and

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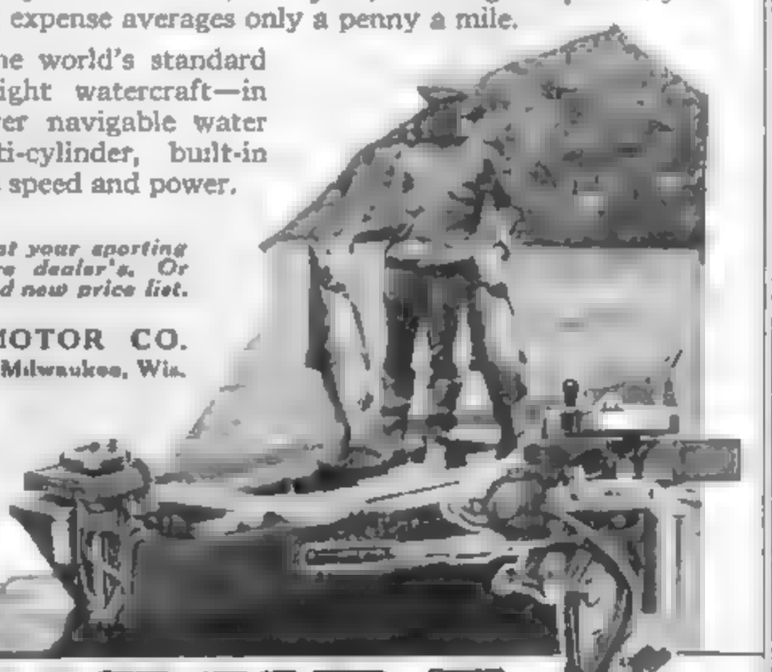

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regardless of political barriers, the financial and commercial relations of the two countries are certain to remain close. Western Austria is wedged in between Italy and Germany, and more than half of her northern boundary joins the southern boundary of Germany. Trade between the two countries is developing to-day in a very normal and natural way. Germany is taking goods from Austria and selling to her; German bankers are financing credits for German merchants in the Austrian field; and both Austrians and Germans are diverting all the trade to each other that is possible under present abnormal conditions.

And on the other hand Austrian producers are finding markets for their goods through Italy to some extent. Italians are, as I have already said, taking great interest in the possible future development of trade with Austria, and it is to be expected that this tendency will develop as time goes on. As a result, Austria, instead of being completely isolated, as was apparently desired by the new nations formed out of her vitals, promises in time to emerge into a very satisfactory position after all. With nations bordering both north and south that are bent on cultivating trade with her and whose interest will be to make her a prosperous producing country for their mutual benefit, it is entirely probable that the Austria of twenty years hence, even though she never reacquires any of her old territory and secures no direct political alliance with Germany, may become a prosperous and stable little nation like Switzerland. It all depends on whether the standard of living can be raised and maintained, credit restored and a large volume of production developed. Certainly Vienna, Austria's great asset, will continue to be the financial and commercial capital of Central and Eastern Europe.

Austria will probably never be a military nation again. She is certain to be kept militarily weak by the policy of the surrounding nations, and thus kept from becoming a thorn in the side in any program for the general remaking of Europe. Nor do I believe that her people want a return to militarism. Of course to-day there is no thought of it, as the population of Austria is so subnormal and so involved in the problems of the struggle for existence that any thought of recovery of military power or glory is not indulged in by one person in a hundred. But if a condition of comfort and prosperity could be brought to these people it is entirely probable that they would develop in time like the Swiss or Belgians, who are never military, simply because they have not lived under powerful military governments.

### *Unburdened by Defeat*

But though the German and Italian boundaries of Austria are facts of benefit rather than injury to her future, one cannot be so certain regarding the countries which surround her on other sides. Hungary is unfriendly, of course, but Hungary is herself weak and bankrupt, and has been disarmed. The Hungarians lord it over the Austrians to-day, for they still remain a nation of more territory and more population; and their punishment, though severe, has been lighter than that of Austria. But a greater uncertainty regarding the possibilities for progress towards permanent stability in Central Europe has to do with the two new nations northeast of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. The former was carved entirely out of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire; the latter partly. Both of these countries are unknown quantities as yet, and their future careers are debatable. They are both carrying heavy military establishments; Poland especially is armed to the teeth.

Indeed the great fact which stands out to the observer in these Central European countries is that the defeated peoples have been relieved of military burdens, while the victorious peoples have loaded themselves up with them. It presents an odd picture—Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria completely disarmed; no military establishments worth mentioning. On the other hand the victors, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland carrying military burdens which are breaking down the people with heavy taxation and keeping their countries flooded with redundant currencies.

All of which goes far to explain why the people are no better off in the victorious lands than in the defeated ones. Of course in the case of Greece there is reason for maintenance of a large military establishment because of the menace of Turkey; and in Poland the need has been due to the Bolshevik situation. But the Little Entente seem to be hypnotized with the idea that credit-breaking military establishments are necessary to keep Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria from combining and jumping at their throats. To any American all this looks rather ludicrous when it is realized that Austria's army is limited to 35,000 and only voluntary enlistment is allowed. Hungary is limited to 35,000, and Bulgaria to 20,000 soldiers and 10,000 police. On the other hand Czecho-Slovakia has a standing army of 150,000, Rumania 150,000, and Jugo-Slavia 150,000—these all being peacetime armies, fully mobilized, with conscription systems in force by which these countries would be free to mobilize 1,000,000 or more men each on short notice. As for Poland and Greece, their armies are both still on a war footing.

It is this continued military or war atmosphere that one meets in these Central European states which appears to present the greatest problem in visualizing the possible stabilization of this part of Europe.

### *Paper Money Almost Worthless*

These new countries are all overloaded with debts; they have been getting deeper and deeper into the mire ever since the peace settlement. The countries are flooded with paper money; floating debts mount month after month; the printing presses are started up whenever the cash till runs dry, and the problem of balancing budgets is a purely academic one. Under such conditions it is surprising that the people of these several new countries have been able to raise their standard of living at all during the past two years. It seems almost a hopeless situation for the people of any country to work and produce efficiently under such conditions. When the currency of a country is daily becoming more valueless; when credit is so restricted that urgent necessities cannot be imported; when every man becomes suspicious of the money he earns and hastens to turn it into foreign currency or real property; and when the tax burden, instead of lessening, steadily increases with the mounting expenses of the government, what encouragement is there for him to labor or produce? He keeps on functioning only because he must or starve.

And yet in spite of this disconcerting financial outlook in Central Europe one cannot help but feel optimistic regarding the future. This section of Europe contains millions of wealth producers, and their standard of education and intelligence, especially in the northern sections, is relatively high. One feels that with so much intelligence among the masses a reorganization of the debt-burdened countries will be inevitable before very long. One feels that the force of public opinion will be awakened in time, and that through either individual or concerted effort plans will be worked out whereby these smaller countries will give more attention to economic needs than to military power or display. Indeed with the steady struggle that is being made toward a more normal situation in Vienna, Prague and other centers in the face of all the handicaps by business men and producers, the future looks every day more hopeful. Given the facilities of reasonable credits, or a moderate infusion of foreign capital, countries like Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Rumania—and to a lesser extent Hungary and Bulgaria—would come back fast; and as industry revived the military spirit would progressively decline.

But unfortunately the matter of securing credits or foreign capital, except under the greatest restrictions, is terribly handicapped by the financial condition of the governments themselves, and it will change very little until some definite changes occur in the programs of these governments. Austria is in the hands of the receivers, as I have already said, and thus foreign capital is more interested in going into Austria to-day than into some of the other countries which have not as yet appealed for outside aid but are trying to function with their top-heavy and hopelessly bankrupt condition still maintained.

This fact is not, of course, so fully true of some as of others. Poland and Hungary, Bulgaria and perhaps Rumania can never get very far without being picked up out of the abyss, as Austria has been, but there is one new country in Central Europe

*(Continued on Page 80)*

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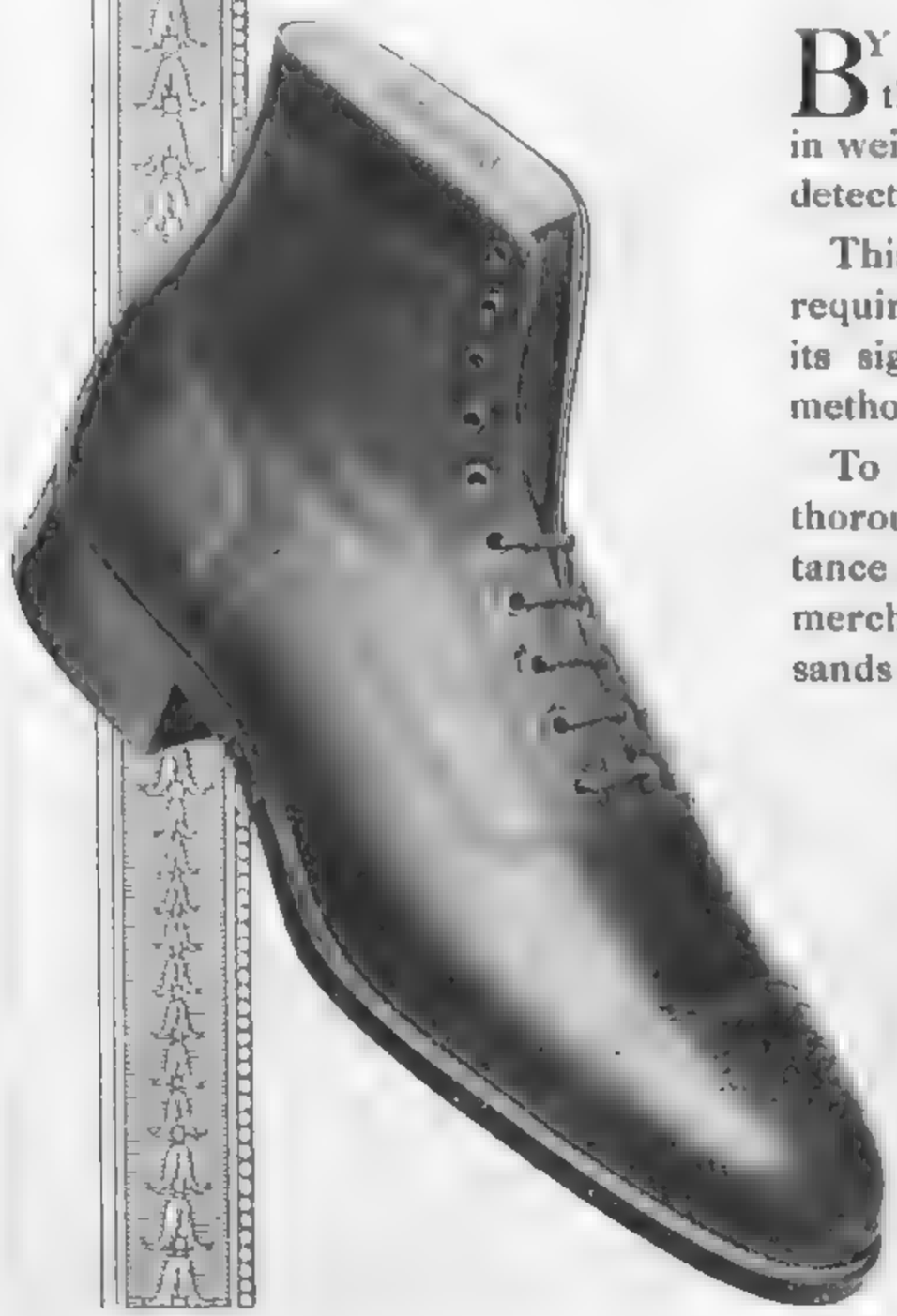

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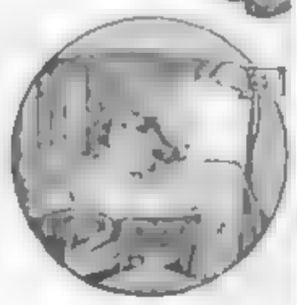

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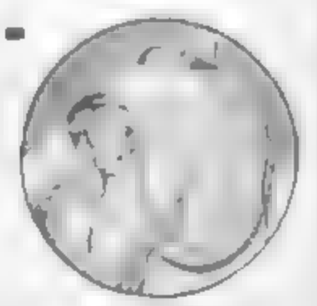

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TRADE FARBERWARE MARK


(Continued from Page 78)

which, if it were not for the worse conditions that surround her on every side, might be able to work back to solid ground as successfully as France, Italy and Belgium will if they are able to reduce military costs to a substantial degree in the near future. This country is Czecho-Slovakia. There would be no reason why the credit of Czecho-Slovakia should not recover far faster than that of any of the other new Central European nations if her military costs could be radically reduced.

This new nation is made up of about 14,000,000 people—nearly two and one-half times the population of Austria and nearly double that of Hungary. The standard of intelligence is unusually high, the people enjoy a high standard of education and for the most part are energetic and industrious. In the western section, which embraces the former Bohemia, the character of the people is of the best and compares favorably with that of any country in Europe. The capital, the old city of Prague, is one of the highly cultured cities of Europe, and is located in the midst of a rich agricultural and industrial section. The impression of comfort and intelligence one gets in crossing Czecho-Slovakia is striking. It is a country of much natural beauty, like parts of Bavaria, dotted with towns and villages with red-tiled roofs, like those of Northern France and Belgium. Unlike the dreary agricultural plains of Austria or of Prussia, this old Bohemia carries an atmosphere of Old World comfort and prosperity. The peasants are energetic and clean, like the South Germans or Swiss; quite the reverse of what one sees in Austria or farther to the south.

But it is when surveying the industrial side of this new country that one feels confidence in its ultimate future. It is an important producer of iron, steel, coal, silver and other minerals; its manufactures include textile products of all types, glasswares, paper mills, chemicals, machinery and many other important articles. Over 8000 factories were in operation in this country last year, and its exports of manufactured articles and other goods actually equaled its imports in 1920. The people are hard at work, just as the Germans are; and the standard of comfort, at least in the western end of the country, appears to be good, and is improving.

### *The Resources of Poland*

Czecho-Slovakia has been obliged to assume a portion of the old Austrian prewar debt, and this, unless compromised, will be her heaviest burden. She has created new debts since the treaty, but her government obligations are not abnormally high, and though her currency is inflated, its position is better than that of the surrounding countries. Her credit is altogether better, and a considerable amount of foreign capital has already gone into the country. The general character of her governing body is high, and as a result more confidence is felt in her future than in that of many other countries in Central Europe, in spite of all her handicaps. Even the Germans speak well of Czecho-Slovak business risks, notwithstanding the political animosity between the two nations.

The overshadowing factor in all these sections of Europe, and probably the most important influence which maintains uncertainty of outlook there, is the continued chaotic condition of Russia. Russia's condition has been Poland's undoing so far, and it has had much to do with keeping all these new nations on their military mettle. The new Poland has an area nearly equal to that of France, and a population which is estimated at nearly 30,000,000. The country is rich in natural resources such as coal and petroleum, and her salt mines, phosphate, zinc and ore deposits are among the richest in the world. Her industries before the war had been developed extensively, if somewhat crudely. Textiles, pottery factories, cement, glass, crockery and terra-cotta works then employed something like 1,000,000 workers. But the war, which was fought for four years on Polish soil, practically ruined the country. And ever since the formation of the new Polish republic the Russian menace has kept the condition of the people at low ebb, while the disastrous situation in which the finances of the country now are makes any immediate improvement seem hopeless.

That the general recovery of Europe cannot be accomplished to any real extent until this vast reach of territory from the doors of Italy northeast to the Baltic and to Russia has been stabilized is a foregone conclusion. A glance at the map of Europe will show this great sweep of country reaching from the very doors of Italy and Germany to Russia and the Black Sea. With stable governments established and the general standard of living restored, these lands could be started on the road to health and prosperity; and the infusion of foreign capital would mean much for the general prosperity of a reviving continent. But left as they are, with broken-down financial systems, without credit or the facilities for securing it, they are certain to remain danger spots for the whole European situation.

It will not avail, therefore, if Western Europe alone seems to be coming back to normalcy, for Eastern Europe as well must be included as part of the general problem. I have already pointed out that the revival of Germany as a wealth-producing nation is the key to the remaking of Europe. But I have also insisted that Germany must spread to the east industrially and commercially. It is in this region, in the reorganized Balkans and in Russia, that a future prosperous Germany must find her salvation. German commercial penetration, in spite of all handicaps and political barriers and animosities, is even now evident in Poland, in Czecho-Slovakia, as well as in Austria; and it will further develop in a very marked fashion when Germany gets a little farther along toward a normal basis.

### *Little German Activity in Russia*

There is much talk of German activity in Russia, but actually the Germans are not spending much time on Russian problems as yet. Aside from limited activities in the new Baltic states, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, German penetration of the old Russian territory is trivial in extent. The Germans are probably as good judges of the actual Russian situation as anybody, and perhaps better judges. They know that the time has not yet arrived to be very aggressive in that direction. As a German banker said to me last summer: "We are waiting for Russia to burn herself out. England and France are getting in there a little, on paper, but it is just a toy business so far. Our merchants are more anxious, in these uncertain and troubled times, to do what business they can with Austria and the Balkan countries. A few years hence, if we are still alive, we hope to build up some real business with a stable Russia."

It is not my intention to give any conclusive view regarding the present Russian situation. It is still very mixed, but the general impression among thoughtful people in the near-by countries is that Russian affairs are undergoing a slow evolution toward the normal. Bolshevism is becoming more and more of a shell, and the time may be nearer than some of us think when the Bolshevist government will have completely changed its coat, and will be found with the practical business and financial elements of Russia in full possession of it. Either this will happen or a condition similar to that of Austria will finally develop, where receivers will be appealed for, and some foreign commission will undertake to keep the nation functioning.

In this general picture of Europe which I have been attempting to sketch one great fact stands out from whatever angle we view it. This fact is that the problem of setting Europe on her feet is a world problem; it can never be solved unaided by these European peoples themselves. Europe is convalescing in many ways; her people are for the most part at work; they are slowly restoring the wealth lost or destroyed through four or five years of war. But health cannot be restored to this large section of the civilized world without the interest, aid and coöperation of the rest of the civilized world. Nor can the rest of the world escape the continuing effects of European unsettlement and attain real health and prosperity while Europe continues sick unto death. More than any other large nations of the earth, Great Britain and the United States are deeply involved in this European problem; in reality they are a part of it. And in a further article I shall attempt to show to what extent the problems of Continental Europe are also the problems of Great Britain and the United States.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Moody. The sixth will appear in an early issue

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# BRISTOL EYES

(Continued from Page 18)

Traline merely signed it—in a swift scrawl.

"That everything?" he asked.

"Except this," said Scarisbrooke merrily, holding out the check. "Yes, that's everything. The ownership of the north field has passed to Mr. Parron—that is, to Mr. Parron's client."

"Colonel Crayo," said Traline, appearing a little happier as he slipped the check into his pocket.

"Colonel Crayo?"

Scarisbrooke and the London lawyer, Parron, repeating the words, eyed him in perplexity.

"He's your client, isn't he?" asked Traline, turning to Parron. "I don't believe you mentioned his name, but ——"

Scarisbrooke laughed outright. "There's the man who knew all about it!"

"I am not acquainted with any Colonel Crayo," observed Parron, more ill-humored than ever. "My client, an orphan, who most unfortunately came of legal age two months ago, and, against my—my urgent pleadings, has sunk practically every shilling in the purchase of this field, for some inexplicable reason—my client is not called Crayo; as you might have ascertained, sir."

"Oh-h?" said Traline. "What's his name?"

"*Her* name," replied the lawyer, "is Miss Jeanne Rose Lafone."

The only sound in that stuffy, book-lined, paper-piled room for several moments after that was the slight hiss with which I sent my breath between my teeth. By some extraordinary oversight, in the whole of my career I hadn't cheated an orphan girl. It was worth doing—for two hundred and sixty pounds. All the same, I felt—well, I felt too much her elder for that sort of thing.

"Deal's off, Walter," I said.

"Yes. I can't—I'd rather not sell," ejaculated poor Walter, his cheeks flaming.

"But you have sold!" snapped Parron, staring in astonishment. "The field is my client's now; and I know she will not consent to a reversal of ——"

"Certainly not," interrupted Scarisbrooke. "Why should she? What's the matter, Traline? You might explain this change of front."

But this was what Walter could not do. Had I alone been concerned I should have told them everything, and not turned a hair. But Walter, despite his financial embarrassments, was accustomed to hold his head high in the district. It was not to be expected that he would confess to participation in a somewhat slim piece of work.

"I don't care to—to take a girl's money like this," he muttered lamely.

"Nonsense! She wants the field," said Scarisbrooke.

"She has it," said Parron with a note of finality in his voice.

"Oh—well—all right," answered Traline. And the discussion ended.

■

TRALINE, to allay his conscience, paid his creditors right and left, thus getting through a good deal of the purchase money. I, having no conscience, opened a banking account and refused to pay Traline the amounts I had borrowed from him.

The banking account gave me a fine feeling of financial solidity. But my satisfaction was not so complete as it would have been if Crayo had provided the funds—for a further reason than that Crayo detested me. In spite of my lack of conscience a certain phrase, which I had expected to forget in a few hours, kept recurring to me: "My client, an orphan."

On the Saturday after the sale I went into Dover and got measured for a couple of suits. Looking at the patterns I could not help thinking, "She—that kid—is buying these clothes for you." The reverie was uncomfortable. I had a really expensive drink to dissipate it. But—"And this too—poor little beggar!" I found myself saying.

Lying on my bed that afternoon—I had walked out from Dover, overtired myself, and fainted once or twice—I had "my client, an orphan" dwelling in my mind with a persistency that was annoying; and I realized suddenly that Traline's best way of clearing his conscience would be to buy back the north field from Miss Jeanne Rose Lafone when she was tired of digging in it. He had scattered off so many checks, however, that he would have to sell another field before he could repurchase it, and he would certainly storm at me for the return of my commission. That last point decided me at once. The plan was impracticable. I was not going to suggest it.

Four more days slipped by, during which neither of us mentioned the north field or went in the direction of it. Then acting on an impulse I waylaid Stevens, the house gardener, and asked him to go and see if there were "any signs of the new people."

Stevens, it appeared, was already possessed of some information.

"Bit of a hodd turnout, I'm told, sir. There's a chap stays up there o' nights in that tent you was in; and a young lady—got a room at the Crown—she's up there all day setting this chap to dig. Can't be coal they're after, can it?"

"Ask them if they would like the tent for a week or two. That'll give you an excuse for asking what they're doing."

Stevens returned from his investigation decidedly soured.

"Can't get nothin' out o' they, 'cept they'd be pleased to 'ave the tent. Four great 'oles they dug, near height foot deep, one of 'em."

"Didn't you inquire what they're for?"

"Chap says ponds fer goldfish," said Stevens shortly.

About three o'clock that afternoon my common sense suffered a severe defeat. I simply could not resist a desire to have at least a look at the scene of the treasure hunt. I foresaw a remote possibility of being drawn into conversation with the searchers, but as I should be grimly careful to keep Traline's interests and my bank balance out of danger, there would be no harm in that.

Preferring to observe before being observed, I made for the field by a semicircular route, getting onto high ground, whence I should strike down towards it through a beech wood. Until I entered the wood I was in sunglare. The blue sky in some directions looked gray with heat; and the persistent, thumping call of cuckoos from every quarter of the shimmering landscape somehow increased the sensation of heat. I thought it must be a record hot day for England.

In the wood, with its cool green light and its vistas of bluebells and snowlike may, it was entrancing. For a minute I forgot the north field. There was a mistiness about the further vistas which gave me two lines of a possible poem, a poem of a wood vista:

*With a low, blue mist of bluebells*
*And a high white mist of may.*

But before I could add much the trees thinned and I saw the north field in the full glare. The dazzling whiteness of some heaps of chalk which had been thrown up on the grass was the first detail to attract my eyes. Then I noted, standing near one of these heaps, a girl—a girl of middle height, in navy skirt and white blouse and limp, broad-brimmed hat that looked like a panama and hid her face from me. Her sleeves were tucked up; her left hand appeared to be bandaged.

She was speaking to a man who, knee-deep in an excavation, had paused in his labor to take off his cap and mop his forehead with a red handkerchief. I saw her motion to a basket which was a little way off. The man stepped from the hole—on which I recognized him as my acquaintance, the intruder—and, walking to the basket, sat down to absorb some refreshment. And after a moment the girl moved across to the hole, got into it, stooped, and lifted out a chunk of flint.

The man called to her. "No, leave it be, Miss Jeanne."

But she stooped again and hoisted out another chunk. Then with an effort she raised an iron bar which lay beside the pit, jabbed downward with it and began to prize and strain.

"Now, don't 'ee, Miss Jeanne," the man cried, starting up.

"Sit down, Josey—rest," came in her clear voice.

She strove at the bar, swinging herself from side to side, for the best part of a minute. Then, sinking her body, she hung on it motionless, her face on her arm.

"Blown," I commented.

I was now at the fringe of the wood, close to the hedge of the field. I had halted.

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But the drooped figure of the girl was rendering me ten times more uncomfortable than I had yet been; and I advanced thoughtfully to the hedge, set my foot on it—and hesitated. If she had altered her posture I probably should never have gone to her. But she did not move in the beating sunshine—and I climbed over the hedge and walked her way, with a plan for dissuading her from further excavations forming in my mind. I would mention casually that some three months ago Traline and I, pulling up a slab of turf, had discovered pieces of an old oak box marked "J. Lafone," and that, though we had dug deeply at the spot, we had found nothing else.

Partly in embarrassment, partly because I was seeking appropriate words with which to introduce myself, I stared at the turf during a dozen strides. When I looked up she was stepping from the hole, her hat in her hand. Her head was bent. I perceived with a quick sense of pleasure that her dark brown hair was dressed in a fashion which I had often idly admired in picture papers but had never seen in life. It was combed straightly, flatly from her forehead to a clasp at the back of her head; and about her ears and neck it was in tendrils and bunched curls.

She stood upright and looked at me. I saw the low, beautiful forehead I had anticipated; I saw a face a little sharper than oval, winningly pretty, an inquiring smile on the lips; but far more definitely than anything else I saw her eyes. At first I could not tell their color, I knew only that they were clear and shining—marvelously clear and a-shine. They held my own eyes, so that when I stopped a yard or so from her I was still gazing at them. And now I saw that the irises were brown-green, with the most plainly defined black ring in each; and in these irises were such lucent depths, such unconscious revelations of the tenderness and compassion they were capable of expressing, that, thinking just for a second of my bank balance, I bade it a hearty farewell.

I had not, for the last ten years at any rate, imagined that a piece of femininity could influence me. It was with a rare shock that I discovered that to these eyes I could not help surrendering every farthing I still possessed of the money I had robbed them of.

I wore no hat. I suppose I should have bowed. I did not. Under the spell of her eyes I merely drew a long, unsteady breath and exclaimed, "I believe you were born in Bristol!"

She widened the eyes in surprise, giving a little laugh.

"Westbury; it's really part of Bristol. I live there. Someone told you?"

I shook my head.

"But how —"

"You'll deem me a cad if I tell you," I said. "But as I've got to confess myself a cad anyway, that'll not matter. A friend of mine declared to me that the eyes of Bristol girls were the most wonderful eyes in the world. When I saw yours I just believed you came from Bristol."

She stooped to flick some chalk from her skirt. Her very neck was blushing.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Why 'a cad anyway'?" she asked, flicking still.

"Because there's no treasure. I wrote that memorandum of old John Lafone and put it in the house they were pulling down."

Midway in a flick her hand was arrested—rigid. As though too startled to think of straightening her body, she forced her head back to gaze at me, her shining eyes exhibiting only sheer astoundment, her brow in tiny furrows. With a kind of gasp she became erect, letting her hat fall.

"What—do you know of a—memorandum—John Lafone's?"

"'Writ this nineteen day Aug., sixteen fifty-one, and to be hid in my wall against my return,'" I quoted, pretty disconsolately; and I looked away from her. "I know all about it. I tell you I wrote it—forged it."

"Oh-h!" I heard her say whisperingly, with a long breath. "For me to find! To fool me to buy your land! A regular trap for me. Oh-h, what a caddish, caddish trap!"

"It wasn't meant for you. I laid it for Crayo—Colonel Crayo."

"An old man of seventy!" Her voice was incredibly withering.

I passed my hand across my forehead. There was a strain about this business, and it was making me feel a trifle queer. "I'm afraid to meet your eyes," I said with a rather helpless laugh. "I expect they're looking at me as though I were dirt."

"Absolutely."

I pressed my temples with thumb and finger tips, noting that her man had tactfully composed himself to smoke by the basket, where he was more or less out of earshot.

Then lowering my hand I faced her.

"Guess I'll be brave," I said. But I breathed unevenly at the sight of her anger and contempt—cold and intense, both of them, and promising to stay in her eyes for eternity.

"There are one or two things which need explaining," I went on.

"There certainly are," she answered, whispering again in her anger.

"When I wrote the document I had no idea that you or any descendant of John Lafone existed. You are a descendant, of course?"

"Yes."

"Your name and your finding the paper gave me the biggest surprise I'd ever had. You don't live here. I don't believe you'd ever been in the village before. I'm quite sure Crayo didn't send you the manuscript. I'd like to know by what marvel you came along and beat him for it."

I thought she was not going to deign to tell me. But after an instant, with a scornful twitch of her lips she said: "I read in a London newspaper that the house was being pulled down. I wanted to see it while there was a chance, so I came here from Westbury. I got up very early one morning to look about the house before the workmen arrived, and I discovered your—your handiwork. You say it wasn't meant for me. You must have guessed why I was buying your field—and you let me buy!"

"We never heard your name till the field was sold; and then the lawyer, Parron, refused to cancel the sale."

She swept her hand in disdain. "You could have explained about the forgery. He would have canceled then. He would have realized it was because of the paper I wanted the field."

"I could have explained, but it was awkward for Traline."

There was a movement of her eyelids.

"Aren't you Mr. Traline?"

"No," I said; "Traline is not the sort of person who forges treasure documents."

"Or countenances their forgery?"

The irony in the question made me aware that I had given Traline away badly. My thoughts whirled in search of some plausible lie which would eliminate him from the matter. In five seconds I had one—a prize winner. But exactly then I became aware of something more. I was not going to lie to this girl. I should never lie to her.

"Traline considered that Crayo had practically cheated him over a deal," I said. "I worried and wheedled Traline into letting me try to cheat Crayo in return. Really, Traline hated the idea. But my influence and the fun and excitement of the thing were too much for him. Considering his status as one of the gentlemen of this place, you couldn't expect him to confess to Parron that ——"

"Indeed, no!" she said, her irony bitter. And then: "It's distressing luck for him that his friend doesn't mind betraying him."

"I had to," I answered, looking at her combed-back hair and thinking how fresh and sweet it appeared, and wondering, in spite of the circumstances, what fellow would be fortunate enough to be allowed to touch it with his lips, because she had consented to his becoming the earthly protector of its every strand. "I had to—to you."

"I suppose you are the man Macalise?"

My face grew fairly hot at that.

"Yes, Richard Macalise," I said. "You managed to phrase it very stingingly. I'm half inclined to sting back. You seem to take it for granted that all the wrong was on our side. Were your own proceedings ——" But there I stopped.

"Go on."

I shook my head. "No," I said vehemently, "I'll not speak a word that might hurt you."

"Oh, I know what you meant to say. Were my proceedings honest?" Her eyes spurned me. "It happens that they were—perfectly. I am John Lafone's direct heir, so I had every moral right to this property of his. That was clear to me, but I was not

(Continued on Page 84)

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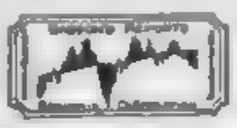

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*(Continued from Page 82)*

sure about the law. I was not sure whether Mr. Traline could claim a share, or even the whole; or whether the law would call it treasure-trove and take a lot from me. I had a feeling I should be treated unfairly by somebody, so I determined I wouldn't say a word to Mr. Traline, or give one hint to Mr. Parron, who would insist on the law being obeyed. I've told nobody except Josey there—he worked for my father for thirty years. I went back to Westbury and told Josey on the day I found the paper. When two people, to whom I sent scraps of it ——"

I whistled. Traline had surmised accurately.

"Yes, you were clever!" she exclaimed. "They said the writing was genuine." Then in a lower voice she continued: "When they said that, and Josey could get leave from his work, I brought him here. On the night he measured the distance I came as far as that hedge with him. I stayed on it, nursing my ankle—I'd wrenched it, and for a minute it hurt frightfully—and watched Josey reach the spot. We had a pick and a spade; and if there had not been the tent with someone in it we'd have dug that night—many a night. I did not intend to buy the field if I could help it. Yet"—her face, her voice, her very body challenged and defied me—"was I dishonest?"

"No." I sank my hands into my jacket pockets, and pressed pensively at the turf with one heel. "But it's a pity you didn't confide in Traline. It would have prevented all this ——"

"Fraud," she supplied quickly. "Perhaps." She turned her shoulder to me. With her bandaged hand she touched her hair by her ears. "I might have gone to Traline, after finding that someone slept out here every night. But by then I had been told that—that Traline was a fool, that he was sponged on and swayed by a thorough-paced scamp; a rank, swindling outsider called Macalise." I saw her quiver in her rage. "I did not relish the idea of Mr. Macalise learning my secret. That would mean I should not so much as see the treasure."

I made no comment when she stopped. With my eyes on her cheek, so radiant from her emotion, I drew two or three deep breaths and stiffened my shoulders. It seemed absurd that English hot weather should affect me; yet this heat and glare that we stood in were giving me a tendency to rock. She appeared to wait for some reply.

When it did not come, she said, "There would be no scruples on the part of Mr. Macalise—who robbed an old Chinese amah, a poor old nurse woman, of a hundred dollars, in Hong-Kong."

"Didn't know that anecdote had reached Kent," I said.

"There's an officer's wife staying at the inn."

"Ah. . . . If I defend myself I suppose you won't believe me?"

"No."

I had known her ten minutes. Nearly every sentence she had spoken had been aimed to wound me virulently. With justification—but still I had no cause to like her. Yet that swift, confident "No" of hers produced in me exactly that sense of great wretchedness, that actual aching in the throat which one experiences when some person, held in affection, is unkind and unjust to one. Struggling with this visitation I thought it about the strangest phase of this strange north field affair, which more than once since I had come to a stand here had seemed to me for a second to be, from inception to climax, unreal—a dream.

"Well, I won't make a defense," I said, speaking rather huskily. "Consider me guilty. And now"—I squared my shoulders again; I was very unsteady; my heart was sledge-hammering—"and now we'd better get to business."

"BUSINESS!" She turned slowly, her eyes looking more beautiful than ever in spite of their scathing enmity. "What business could you have with me? Do you think I would degrade myself ——" And then her expression began to change. Her eyes were not quite so merciless. Something of inquietude was in her air. "You look—very ill," she said.

"It's nothing. Listen—I had two hundred and sixty pounds of your money. I've spent some; but I'll give you a check presently for, roughly, two hundred and thirty. I can promise you Traline's check for two hundred and seventy. So you will have five hundred back, and the field, which nominally is worth more than the eight hundred you will have paid for it. I'll try to get Traline to buy the field again—try hard. I wish I could return you all I had; but I doubt if I've a penny over the two-thirty."

"This is in the hope that I shan't take legal action?" Her lips were icily contemptuous.

"It isn't. I never thought of that. Legal action? I don't believe you'd win." I made one shaky step towards her. "It isn't!" I repeated pleadingly.

"Then why such an offer from Mr. Macalise—from *you?*"

"I never saw the stars," I said, gazing at her eyes. "I never saw the stars—before. I—honestly, I'm half crying, to find how far I am below them."

She glanced away, her chin sinking a little, her color steadily deepening. As if aware of this she called out suddenly, "Waste of time, Josey. There's no treasure."

I saw that her man had got up and was walking to the hole he had been busy in. At her words he paused and stared at her. Then he came towards us. He was a lean, muscular fellow of forty-eight or fifty, with a drooping flaxen mustache and, I perceived when he drew near, a tangle of flaxen hair on his big forearms.

"No treasure, miss?" he asked, quietly but in plain consternation.

"It was ——" She hesitated. "Oh, it was only a joke. Mr. Macalise here wrote the paper to fool somebody else."

"Joke?" The man's blue eyes gave me a sour, a venomous glance. "Joke, miss? When I been working 'ere for days; an' you been working an' cut your 'and all abroad? Don't see no joke, Miss Jeanne. An' we'm 'eard tell o' Mr. Macalise. Do 'un say they'll take back this field an' give 'ee your money?"

"Some money. I may have to keep the field. But that doesn't ——"

"If it ain't cruel!" He inhaled with a kind of long snuffle, his brown face swelled with rage. Then with amazing suddenness he took action. "I'll learn 'un!" he exclaimed in a choky snarl; and he launched forward at me with clenched hands.

"Josey—no! no! How dare you!"

The girl's voice, full of indignation, of terror, rose to a scream that should have stopped both of us. But Master Josey was beyond control, and as for me—well, in my turn I had lost my temper. I forgot instantly the weakness and giddiness I had been striving against. For the moment I was strong—and blackguardly vicious. As I went to meet Josey I intended to crack his jaw as I had cracked a fellow's in Barranquilla.

I got my right fist ready, about a foot outward from my side; I caught Josey's foremost driving fist in my left palm; and I swung that right of mine with all my power at his jaw. It reached—faultlessly. But to my stupefaction I felt it land with less strength than a schoolboy would have put into it. And, worse, my legs were giving way; I was falling across Josey. A smash between the eyebrows from him knocked me upright. Then one of his arms swooped round my neck and crushed my head down against his hip. I knew I was fainting. In fact, that was all I knew—until some hours after the fray.

VI

THREE of us sat in the veranda a month later.

Traline had deposited the tea service on the tiled floor and was using the little iron table for writing purposes. His form hid the third person from me, but, knowing she was there, knowing that in a moment I should be looking at her again, I was as thoroughly happy as I could be with the thought ever in my mind that after a couple of days she would no longer come to tea with us—as now she so frequently did—but would have gone away to Bristol, perhaps without any particular wish to see either of us again.

Traline detached a check from his book.

"I have much pleasure, Miss Lafone," he said genially; and added in haste, "Now, please—please, not another word of refusing it."

"But I ought to refuse. Why should you take back the field? It's a very unfair to you."

"It's a fine stroke of business," I said. "I'll tell you a secret. He's sold his market garden to do it. He'll save four hundred a year by not having that."

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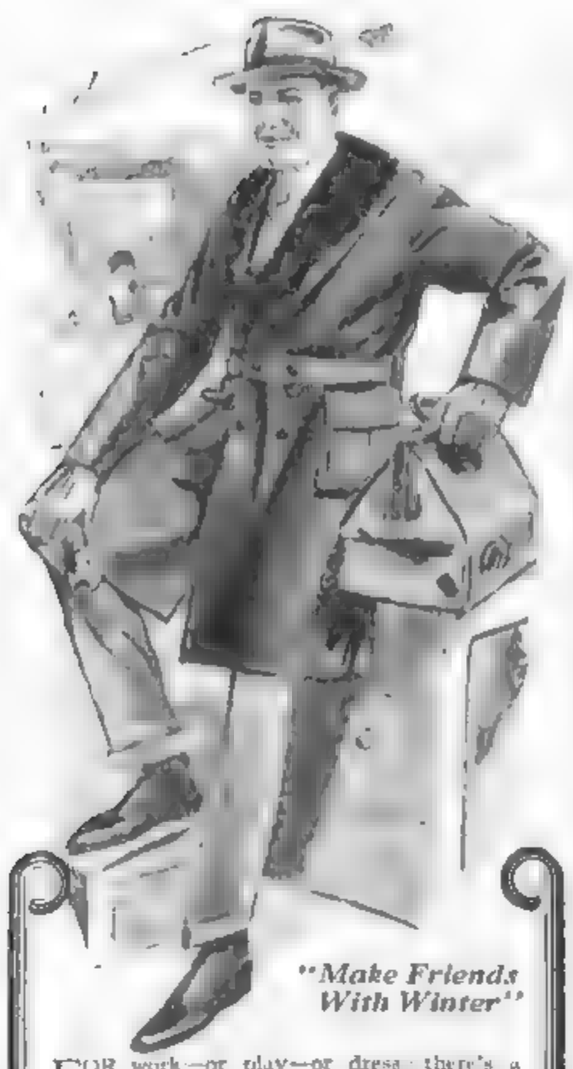

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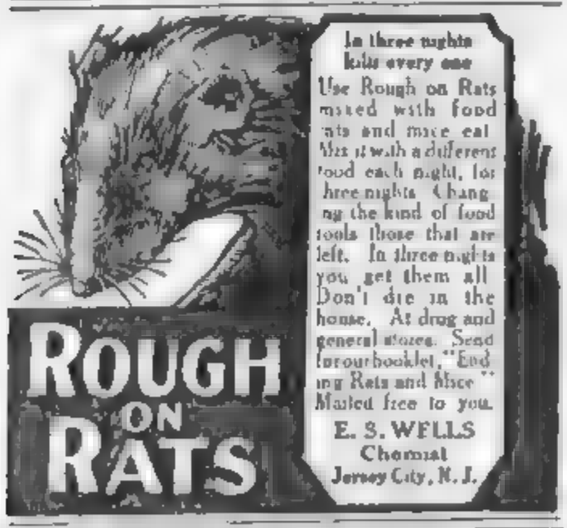

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"You'll find that the check is made out for thirteen hundred," said Traline before she could renew her protests. "And I really want the north field. I've sold rather more land than I wish to. I couldn't resist a surprisingly good offer for the garden that Macalise is grinning about, and for thirty acres of grassland."

He stood up and put his check book in his pocket. From another pocket he took a loose check which he placed on my knee. It was my own check to him for two hundred and thirty pounds.

"It's no use pretending they've dishonored it," I remarked. "That witticism won't ——"

I broke off and looked quickly at his face, for I had seemed to hear a "Sh-h-h!" I found his expression a curious blend of friendship, of amusement and of anxiety.

"Year's salary," he said under his breath.

"My dear chap"—and my voice trembled rather—"I can't. No, for once I'll do a decent thing. I won't accept this money from you."

"What with her and you," he muttered—"*you*, of all people—I'm precious near tired of forcing money on folk." He dropped his voice still lower. "You must take it. There's reason enough!"

"Reason enough?"

"I can see as far into a brick wall as most people," he observed with a certain complacence. He turned for his hat, faced me again, and bent over me. "I can see that you're wanting money fifty times more badly than ever you wanted it before—with jolly good reason. Two-thirty isn't much to pool with thirteen hundred. It's rough on her, but—it's all I can afford."

I tried to grip his hand, but he swung off abruptly. "Forgive the private conversation, Miss Lafone," he laughed. "I have to talk severely to this person occasionally."

He raised his hat and walked away over the lawn. Folding my check I stared after him, and then I looked along the veranda, yearningly at a profile. Jeanne Lafone's eyes were on the wooded hills. I hauled myself up to get into the chair next to her.

"No," she said, still watching the hills; "you're to stay in the invalid's chair."

I obeyed her, but I drew a second chair alongside; and at the sound a little smile, very, very sweet, formed on her lips.

"I had another letter from Josey today," I said. "'Respected Sir,' and many heartfelt respects to 'Miss Jeanne.' Come and read it. Poor Josey, I wish I could convince him he wasn't to blame for my collapse."

"You nearly died," she said quietly as she sat down beside me. She glanced at Josey's letter, which I had given her. "I felt terribly responsible. That's really why I've stayed so long. I felt I couldn't go home until you were better. No, listen," she added as I indignantly denied her responsibility: "Doctor Wright told me just now that you'll get thoroughly well and strong if you'll be careful. Do be careful! Will you promise me?"

"If you'll take off your hat," I said.

It was the limp-brimmed panama. As she sat, I could see only her throat and chin.

"Richard the frivolous! Will you mind if I'm not frivolous for the moment? I've a rather solemn sense of thankfulness—thankfulness that you can frivol."

"Do you realize how you said that?" I asked. "By some accident, you said it just as though your thankfulness were—were all on my account."

"Except for a selfish trifle on my own account and Josey's, it is." She turned a page of Josey's letter. "Naturally. Wouldn't you . . . term us friends?"

"We are," I said softly; "and there isn't an hour in which I'm not thinking about it, dreaming about it—marveling. . . . Your friendship; and now your thankfulness! And you are Jeanne, Jeanne who is perfectly aware of what I am."

"Perfectly," she answered with rather noticeable composure. She moved her head slightly, so that the panama's brim hid even her chin. "Perfectly; which—do you know?—is more than you can claim to be. . . . That's what saddens me. You force yourself to appear happily reckless, happily uncaring, almost without a break, but really you are terribly embittered by—by events of your life. You are so embittered that you haven't the power to appreciate the better things you have done—the better side of yourself."

"I've not had much time. There wasn't a better side till—till you came."

"Wasn't there?" she asked, gently but with a hint of impending triumph. She was silent an instant, then, reflectively: "I like to think of how frankly you forgave Josey, and of how you would never have cheated 'an orphan girl.' I haven't mentioned it, but on that awful night when you became delirious and I sat up with Mr. Traline in your room, you were muttering, hour after hour: 'I can't cheat an orphan girl!' And I knew you wouldn't have cheated me"—her head went a shade lower—"even if you hadn't seen me. You'd have put matters right. I like to think of those things, but I—I love to think of little Maria and Enrique Muñoz."

That explained the hint of triumph.

"So Walter's been talking?" I said. "What did he tell you?"

"Merely the story of a little Spanish letter in children's handwriting, a letter from South America, which reached you the other week, when you were so ill that he was obliged to hold it for you while you read it. It was a letter full of thanks, of blessings. You told Mr. Traline a lot about it, as you wished him to get someone who knew Spanish to answer it, if—if you would never be able to answer it yourself. Maria and Enrique, helped by their mother, had written to reiterate their blessings—because, four years ago ——"

She paused willfully.

"Because four years ago," she resumed, "when your friend, their father, was imprisoned for revolutionary plotting, you took the babies and their mother to a convent called Santa Barbara and left them there, paying forty pounds for their maintenance—all the money you possessed. You were in Muñoz' plot; you had meant to spend that money in escaping to the Coast. . . . That," she said sighingly, joyously—so it seemed to me, "that surely counterpoises some—some of the transactions which were—different."

I knew positively which, of the "different" transactions she had heard of, would be foremost in her mind, though we had said no word of it since our first meeting. . . . Still, it was probably counterpoised. I straightened myself in an effort to abandon the thought of it; and then looked again at the panama.

The hat had no pin through it. I bent towards her and very gently lifted it. I used both hands, but I laid it aside only with one. The other I had not the will power to take from where it was, close to her bright, thick, combed-back hair. And presently, for the first time in my life, I touched her hair, touched it tremulously with my palm.

"About the amah, in Hong-Kong," I said impulsively, hoarsely: "I did many of the meanest, the most rascally things—before I saw the stars. But—but—if I tell you that the amah's bag was empty—quite empty when I picked it up near the Peak Hotel, will you believe me?"

"Yes." Her head lifted a little, so that it pressed against my palm.

My other hand went to her hands, which held Josey's letter. "Of course, you know I love you," I said. "Though I've kept back the actual words until now, I haven't given you a chance not to know, have I? And in these last minutes I—I almost know that you care a lot for me." I moved my hand from her hair; my arm closed about her shoulders. "My Jeanne, my darling, I'm going to beg you to marry me. But first, because I love you so, I want you to think—to think clearly of how your dear life may be ruined if you do marry me. You'd have love, my Jeanne; you'd have never a doubt that I was honest in everything I did. But, think—a husband with no profession, who sometimes mightn't be able to find any sort of work, a sick husband, perhaps. Think ——"

"I'm thinking—clearly," she whispered.

At the same instant one of her hands slipped from mine. I believed that she was withdrawing herself from my life. The better for her; indeed it was! I would have told her so, strengthened her resolve, but I could not speak. In the misery which had come to me I found it physically impossible to utter a single word.

"I'm thinking," she whispered again, "so clearly."

And then with a swift turn in her chair, with a sound like a tiny sob of pity, she showed me her face, showed me those glorious eyes, with their pure depths of intense compassion, of strong, strong love.

Her freed hand was rising towards my neck. "I've finished thinking, now," she breathed.

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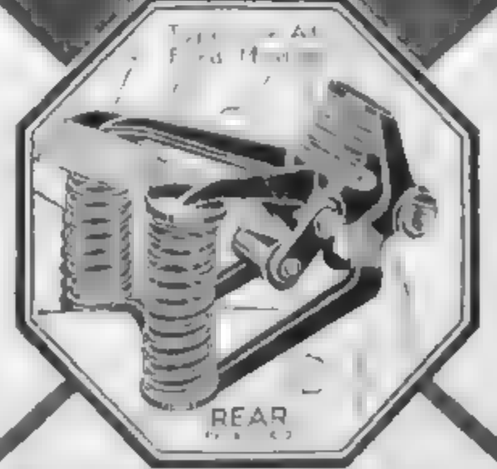


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# The Poets' Corner

### A Happy Woman's Prayer—on Thanksgiving

*DEAR GOD—there is so much of pain and sadness*
*Upon this earth, it almost seems that I*
*Must have more than my share of joy and gladness—*
*The days are all too full as they speed by!*

*The little things—my baby's soft hand lying,*
*Like crumpled rose leaves tossed upon my breast.*
*Yet other mother hearts like mine, are crying,*
*Sad hearts—unsatisfied, perhaps unguessed.*

*And other women sit alone, in sorrow,*
*While there is one who walks with me, whose care*
*Paints in warm colors every new to-morrow,*
*Whose love is just as certain as the air!*

*The simple duties that I have; the sewing,*
*The dusting, and the dainty cakes I bake.*
*Leave me no time to feel that youth is going—*
*I have so much to give, so much to take.*

*I have no time to spend in vain regretting,*
*My heart has never known a keen despair;*
*I have no sadnesses that need forgetting,*
*And so, dear God, I make to you this prayer:*

*Take just a little of my boundless measure*
*Take just a bit—for I am selfish, Lord!*
*And place it, as you would a priceless treasure,*
*In some poor woman's heart where pain is stored.*

*And let her feel the love that is my blessing,*
*And let her feel my comfort and my peace;*
*And let her feel my baby's wee head pressing*
*Down on her shoulder. Let her know release,*

*For one fair moment from the doubts that taunt her,*
*One moment drive her loneliness away*
*Let her forget the memories that haunt her.*
*This is my prayer upon Thanksgiving Day!*
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

### The Wind at My Door

*OVER the harbor, over the bar,*
*Over the strand of the silver sea,*
*Under the moon and the evening star*
*The south wind calls to me.*

*And my dream's again of the old, dear town*
*And the house with the lilacs by the door;*
*But no matter how fast my feet run down,*
*My heart has gone before.*

*The sun on the dial has marked the hours*
*Till the moon bows out in the haunted west,*
*And the bees have tended the wild plum flowers*
*By the redbird's swinging nest.*

*Now at the window where lilacs are—*
*The wind is soft in their purple gloom—*
*The ineffable light of the evening star*
*Trembles within the room.*

*And is it but shadows that drift between*
*The dark within and the outside glow,*
*Or ghosts of a memory sweet and keen*
*Out of our long ago?*

*Oh, what matter the aftermath that's mowed*
*By the trail that climbs to the heaven's blue?*
*Or the cares that have broken the lonely road*
*That leads to the stars—and you?*

*If the years be lost in a lovely hour*
*When the twilight's low on the silver sea,*
*And out of the wind and the wave and the flower*
*My love comes back to me?*

*When the one star jewels the evening's crown,*
*The wind comes whispering at my door;*
*Oh, no matter how fast my feet run down,*
*My heart has gone before!*
—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

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## Table of Contents

November 26, 1921

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES PAGE

Wild Honey—*Frederick Irving Anderson* . . . . . 6
Where is the Tropic of Capricorn?—*Richard Connell* . . . . . 8
The Pocket Snake—*Hugh MacNair Kahler* . . . . . 12
Music Hath Harms—*Octavus Roy Cohen* . . . . . 14
Bristol Eyes—*G. Appleby Terrill* . . . . . 16

ARTICLES

The Big-Store Business—*Edward Hungerford* . . . . . 10
The Remaking of Europe—*John Moody* . . . . . 19
The Rise of Japan as a World Power—*Baron Rosen* . . . . . 21

SERIALS

Men of Affairs (In eight parts)—*Roland Pertwee* . . . . . 3
The Canyon of the Fools (Sixth part)—*Richard Matthews Hallet* . . . . 22

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials . . . . . 20
The Poets' Corner . . . . . 86

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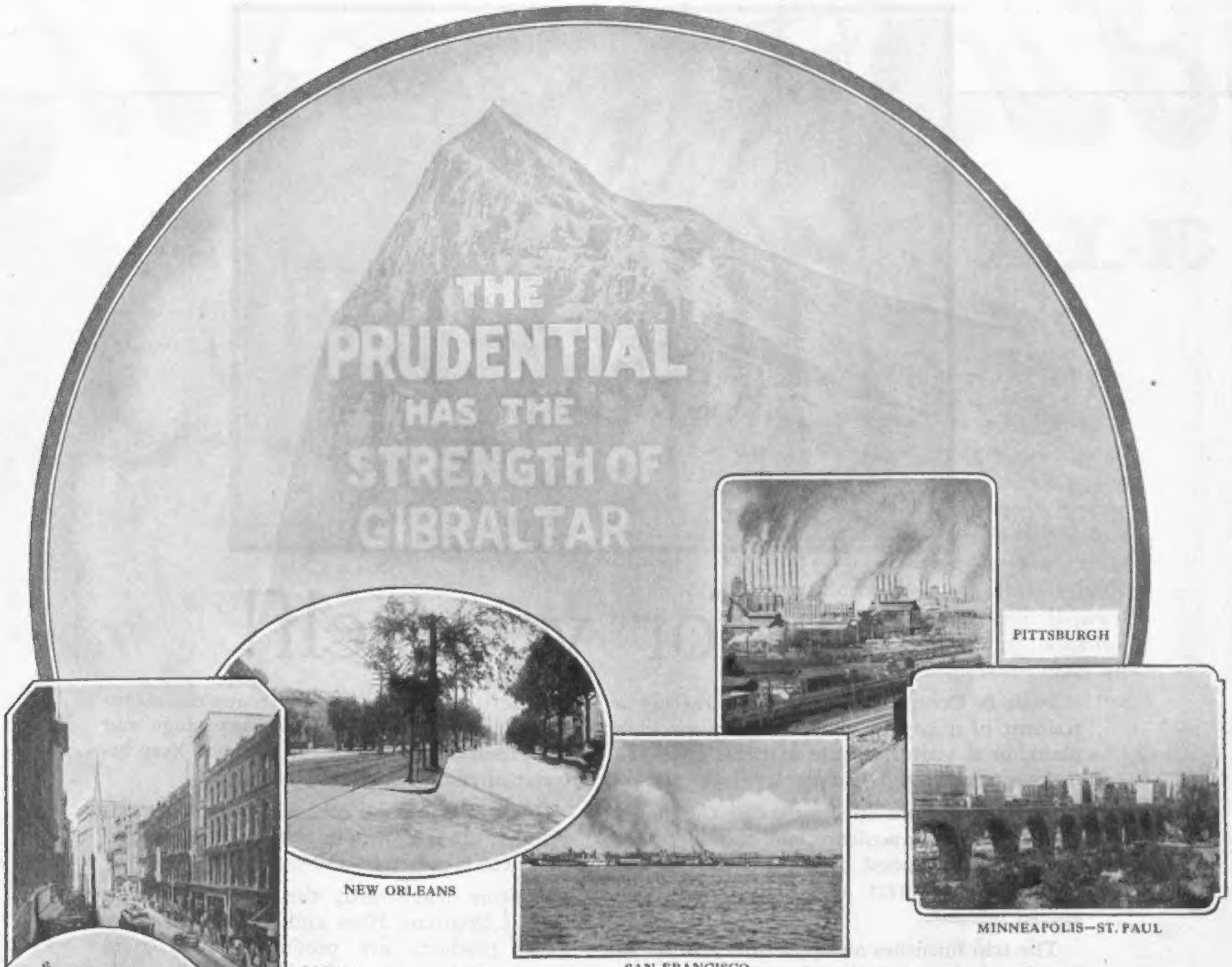


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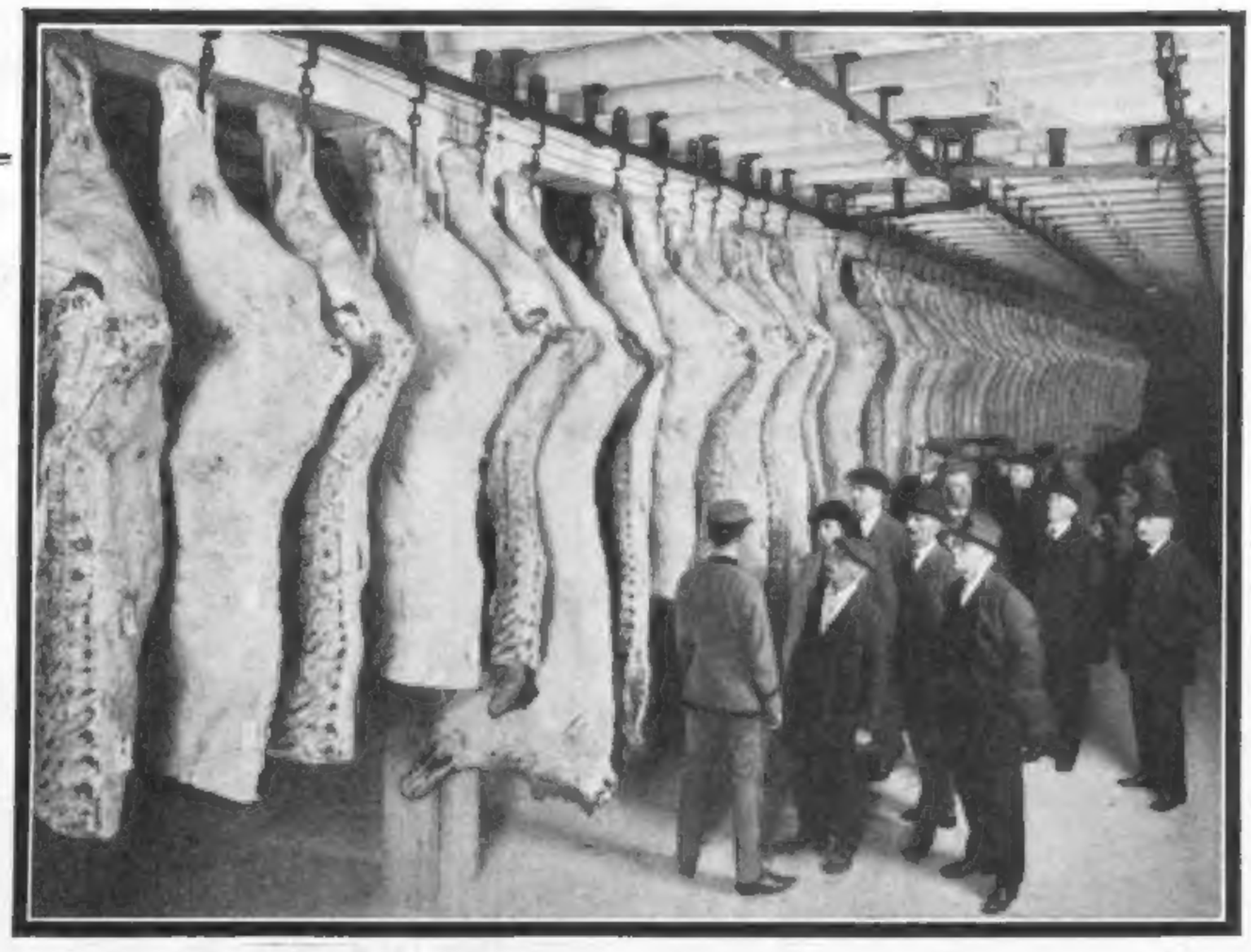

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